

*The National Guide to Motion Pictures*

# PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY  
25 CENTS

*Billie  
Dove*

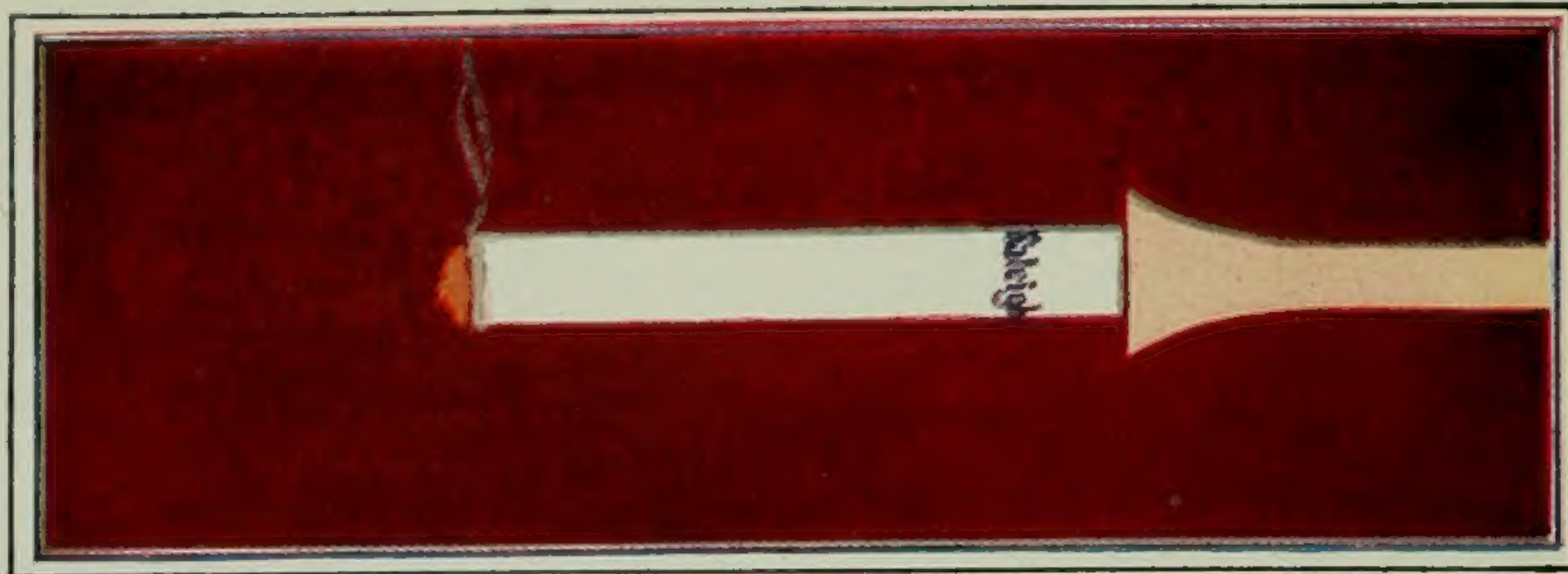
GARBO  
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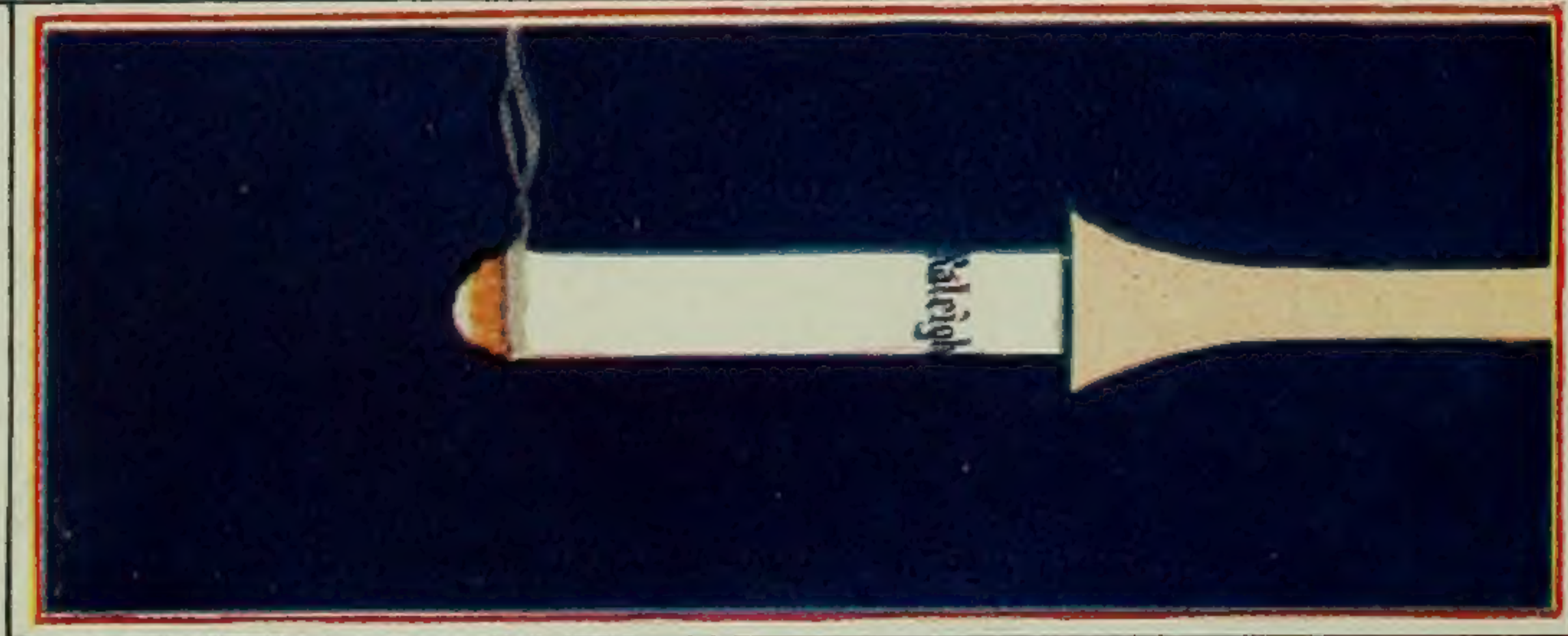
FITTING ROOM SECRETS



*The first puff*



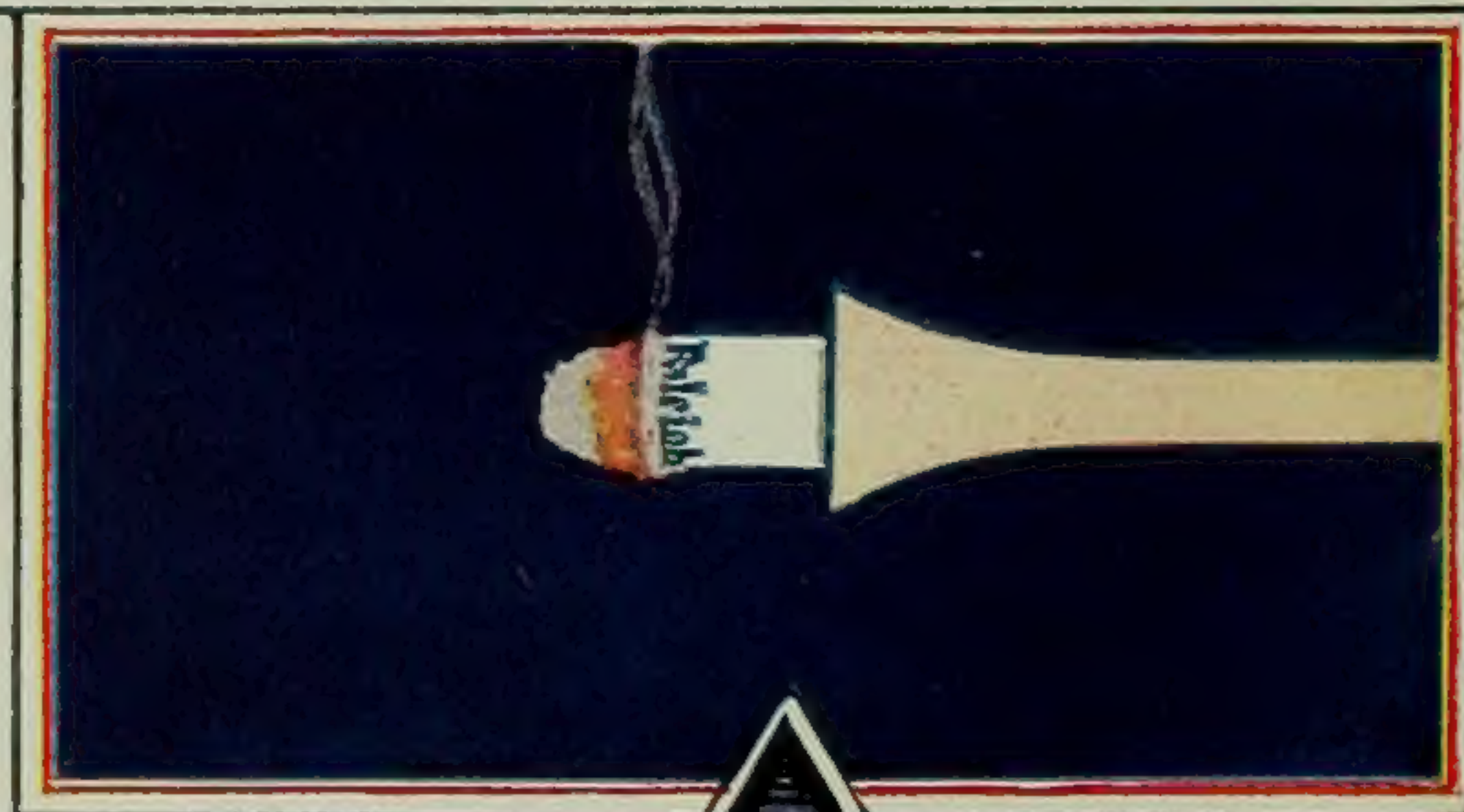
*like every next puff*



*is blended exactly, identically*



*right down to the last delightful*



*wisp of pure fragrance*



*TWENTY  
CENTS*

Plain or tipped



**Raleigh**  
*Cigarettes*



# It is better not to risk disorders of the gums

*Ipana's two-fold protection  
keeps gums healthy—teeth white*

**T**O go on, day after day, using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is to ignore the lessons of the past ten years. Today, such a tooth paste is only doing half a job.

For the gums, too, must be cared for. They must be nourished, toned and strengthened.

No matter how white, how perfect your teeth, they are in danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound—if you allow "pink tooth brush" to go unchecked.

Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, meets the needs of modern oral hygiene. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed. And your gums are strengthened, toned, invigorated.

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But Ipana and massage will rouse your



gums and send the fresh, rich blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana stimulates the gums—it invigorates the entire mouth while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession.

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Even if your tooth brush rarely "shows pink", for the sake of your gums play safe and use Ipana. No doubt there are some tooth pastes you can get for a few cents less—but with gum troubles the threat that they are, is the difference worth the risk?

Better start with Ipana today—don't wait for the sample. Get a tube at the nearest drug store. Tonight, begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. See how your teeth brighten, how your gums harden, how the health of your mouth improves!

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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# The New Show World is PARAMOUNT!

## The Greatest Name on the Talking, Singing Screen!

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY

LEONARD HALL  
MANAGING EDITOR

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For  
January  
1930

VOL. XXXVII

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 2

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review

**ALOHA HAWAII**—All Star.—Unusual production based on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (Aug.)

★ **ARGYLE CASE, THE**—Warners.—Fascinating mystery story with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**BACHELOR GIRL, THE**—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THAT CURTAIN**—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE**—FBO.—Cowboy Mix in a fast and thrilling one. Silent. (July.)

**BIG NEWS**—Pathe.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BIG REVUE, THE**—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year-olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**BLACK MAGIC**—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art-World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**BLACK WATCH, THE**—Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **BROADWAY**—Universal.—The original and best night club melodrama. In spite of its grandiose settings, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**BROADWAY BABIES**—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and booze man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Great melodrama, intelligently produced and with a fine performance by Ronald Colman. Don't miss it. All Talkie. (July.)

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**CAMPUS KNIGHTS**—Chesterfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding-school—as it isn't. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug.)

**CAREERS**—First National.—More intrigue and scandal in a white colony in Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**CHARMING SINNERS**—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE**—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error!) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

**CLEAN-UP, THE**—Excellent.—A noble newspaper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

**CLIMAX, THE**—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**COCOANUTS, THE**—Paramount.—Filmed version of the Marx Brothers' musical show. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE**—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**COLLEGE LOVE**—Universal.—"The Collegians" elaborated and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**COME ACROSS**—Universal.—Just a round-up of discarded movie plots. Part Talkie. (July.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O. Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN**—All Star.—Nicely done Chinese picture, with Lady Tsen Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rod LaRocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN, THE**—Rayart.—Adventures of royalty in America. Fairly entertaining. Silent. (July.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

★ **DRAG**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**DRAKE CASE, THE**—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**DUKE STEPS OUT, THE**—M-G-M.—Lightweight but amusing story of the romance of a cultured prize-fighter. Part Talkie. (July.)

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**EMBARRASSING MOMENTS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **EVANGELINE**—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America's best-loved poems. Worth your while. Sound. (Aug.)

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**EXALTED FLAPPER, THE**—Fox.—A princess turns flapper and upsets royal traditions. Frothy but funny. Sound. (July.)

**EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Universal.—Old-fashioned movie thriller. Silent. (July.)

**FALL OF EVE, THE**—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**FAR CALL, THE**—Fox.—Piracy in the Bering Sea. Plenty of action for your money. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **FARÒ NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **FASHIONS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou with a French accent. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Aug.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Cock Eyed World"  
"Hallelujah"  
"Hollywood Revue of 1929"  
"The Dance of Life"  
"Bulldog Drummond"  
"The Broadway Melody"  
"Alibi"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

**CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Gainsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug.)

★ **DANCE OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous backstage play, "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept.)

★ **DANGEROUS CURVES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**DARK SKIES**—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (Nov.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13 ]



They tried to be modern  
—but they couldn't escape

# "THIS THING CALLED LOVE"

with EDMUND LOWE  
and CONSTANCE BENNETT

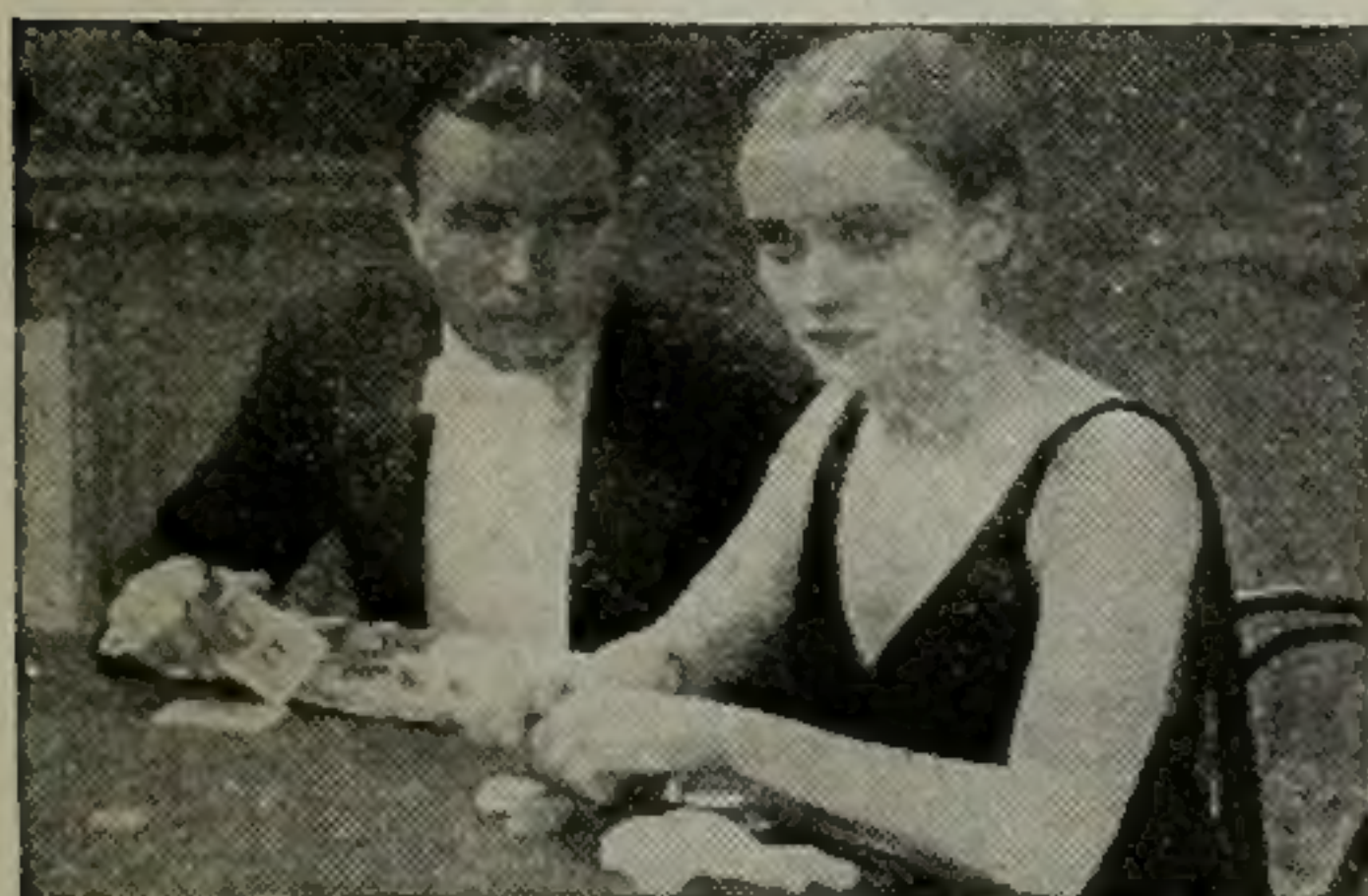
Watch for these other Pathe hits!



**INA CLAIRE in  
THE AWFUL TRUTH**  
The talking picture debut of Broadway's  
favorite star in her greatest stage success.  
Directed by MARSHALL NEILAN  
Supervised by MAURICE REVNES



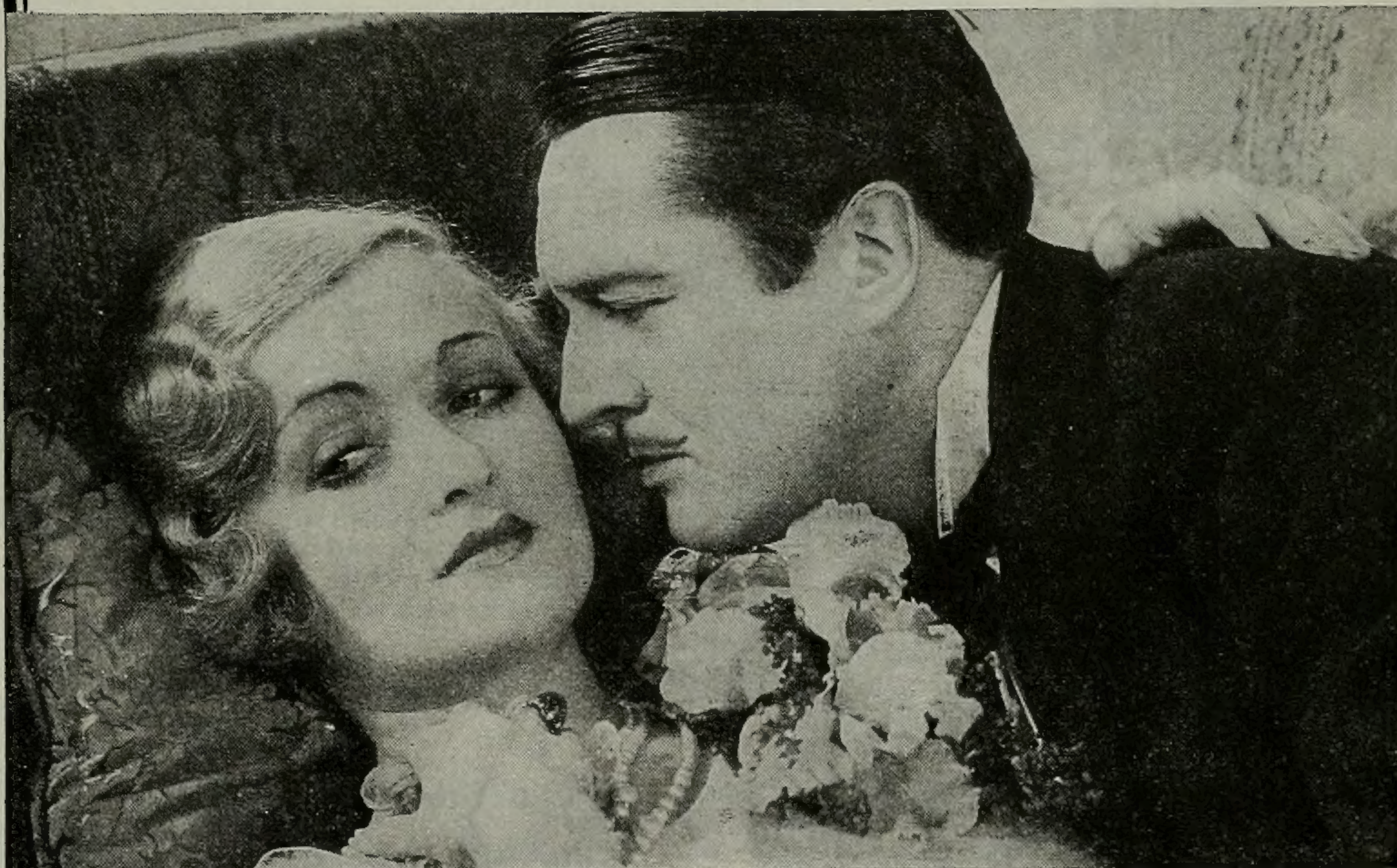
**ANN HARDING in  
HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**  
A picture of marital complications that both  
starts and ends with a reunion.  
Directed by PAUL STEIN



**ROBERT ARMSTRONG in  
THE RACKETEER**  
with CAROL LOMBARD  
The downfall of a gangster who loved out-  
side his class. A dramatic tale, grippingly told.  
Directed by HOWARD HIGGIN  
Associate Producer RALPH BLOCK



**WILLIAM BOYD in  
HIS FIRST COMMAND**  
with DOROTHY SEBASTIAN  
Action, thrills, laughs and romance against  
an authentic military background.  
Directed and Adapted by  
GREGORY LA CAVA  
Associate Producer RALPH BLOCK



Ann and Robert weren't going to have the usual kind of marriage with its petty quarrels and hampering jealousies. So they tried a new plan—Ann drew a salary for her services as a homemaker—Bob could have all the girl friends he desired, she all the male admirers she wished. It worked fine until the green-eyed god elbowed his way in in spite of them! Rich in humor, full of clever dialog, penetrating in its satire on "modern marriage." THIS THING CALLED LOVE is grown-up entertainment, with a brilliant cast including Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty and Stuart Erwin.

ALL MUSIC—ALL SOUND—ALL DIALOGUE

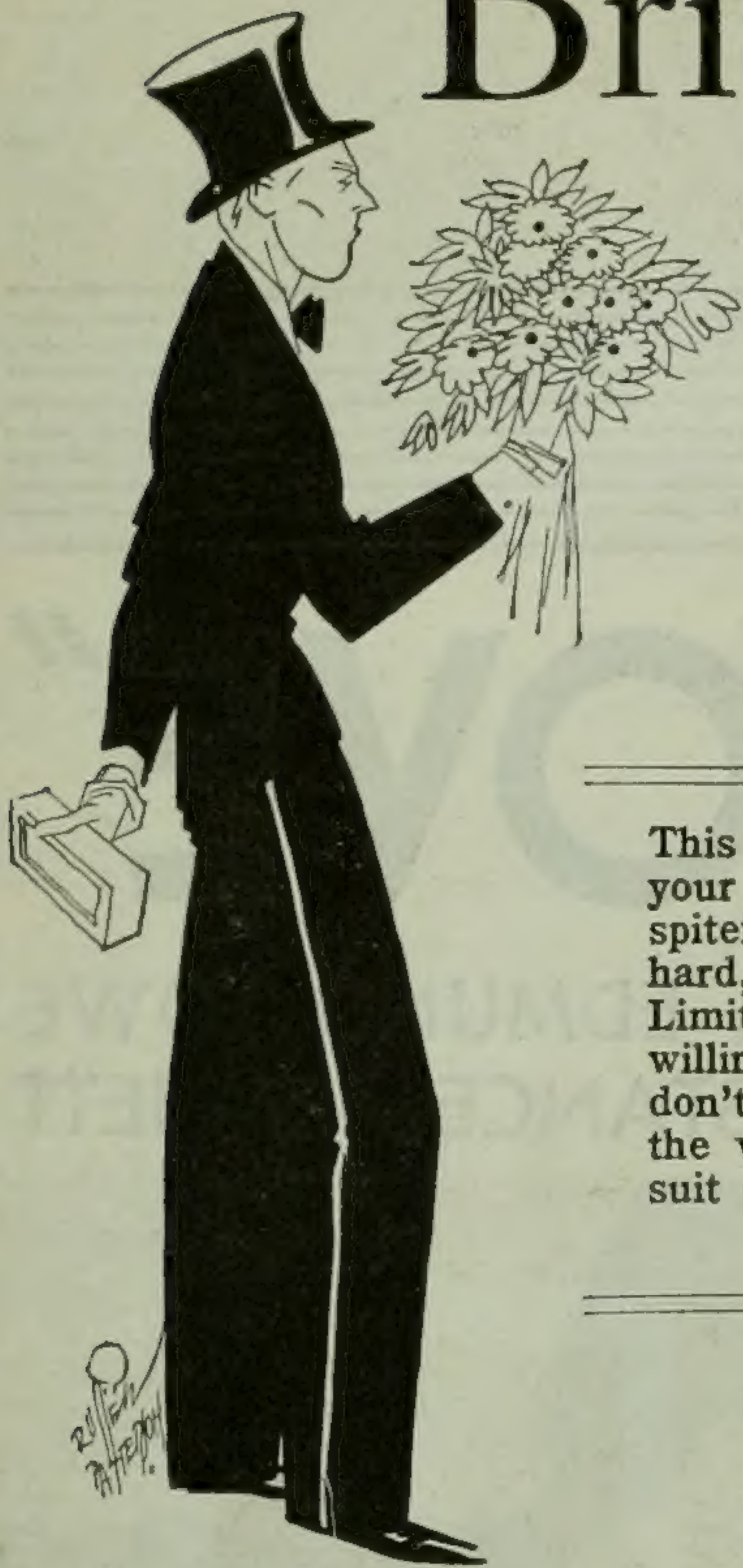
Pathé  Picture

DIRECTED BY PAUL STEIN

RALPH BLOCK PRODUCTION



# Brickbats & Bouquets



**YOU FANS  
ARE THE  
REAL  
CRITICS**

*Give Us Your Views*

*\$25, \$10 and \$5  
Monthly for the Best Letters*

This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. All anonymous letters go straight into the wicker. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

talkies teach our people to speak American in preference to some of our own horrible dialects they will have done a very good thing.

Another thing your films have done is to teach the girls on this side how to dress and groom themselves. Whereas only a few years ago clothes slung on anyhow, untidy heads and wrinkled silk stockings were as common as the roses in June, all that is altered now, and why? The movies, of course.

"A DEVONSHIRE VOICE."

## Canned Culture

Greensboro, N. C.

Count Keyserling has made the remark that Virginia holds the only semblance of culture to be found in our United States today. Virginia culture has long been associated with the broad "a" and the broad "a" in turn is now associated with the talkies.

The broad "a," as interpreted by Mrs. Cheyney and *Bulldog Drummond*, is doing new things to us. Time will tell, and Count Keyserling will swallow his words. The movies have long since dictated to Dame Fashion, but just watch Dame Culture bowl over.

WALTER B. SMALLEY.

## Some Like 'Em Silent

Santa Cruz, Calif.

The present talking pictures will never outdo the old silent pictures. Granted that those like "Madame X" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" are perfect examples; but fine as they are the four walls close in on the audience, and the silent outdoor beauty of the old days is gone. Most of us are tired of too much noise in the funny old world of today, and two hours of silence, with some good music (when it was good) seemed a tonic or a sedative as our case demanded.

LUCILLE MACDONALD.

## Old Plots for New

How is it that the directors and what-nots of the movie industry are wearing out shoes and brains trying to find new plots for talkies? Has no one thought of a few pre-war stories? By that I mean: stories that have no booze, no detectives, no backstage dramas, no jazz or aeroplanes?

Take "Hamlet"—there's a good murder plot, some mystery, some comedy and some heavy drama. Why not preserve Barrymore's wonderful performance for posterity?

For those who prefer anyone but Shakespeare, how about Rostand and his "Cyrano de Bergerac"? There's some more pathos, love, comedy, anger, fear—every emotion. Why not import Walter Hampden to Hollywood?

GEORGE L. BAULIG.

## Spare Our Blushes

Denver, Colo.

I should like to give my opinion on Elizabeth Norvell's letter in the October PHOTOPLAY.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 ]

## Sez You!

TO make this department a true expression of the fan viewpoint we would have to devote at least half of it to Garbo. What a woman! We have read so many raves about the Glorious One in the past month that we are getting a kind of Garbo fixation. Scratch a movie goer and you find a Garbo fan.

Altogether it's the old favorites who are topping the list—with the exception of Ruth Chatterton, who continues to build up a strong following. Bow, Shearer, Crawford, Gaynor, Asther, Colman and Gilbert still rate top of the heap, with Boles and Powell following close.

Stage stars who are going over big with the fans are Chevalier, Jolson, and the late Jeanne Eagels, who, judging from the bouquets received, was bidding fair to become as big a name in pictures as on the stage.

There was a deluge of "what-has-become-of's" this month. Fans would like to see some of the silent favorites—both stars and pictures—brought back.

The phonoplay continues to increase in popularity, although many bewail the fact that movies no longer move and would like to see less dialogue and more action.

An astounding number of letters telling of improvement through films has been received this month. Fans say that the phonoplay is teaching them how to talk, walk, dress, think and act.

That hardy perennial "The Desert Song" continues to flourish, and the more recent "Bulldog Drummond" is skyrocketing this month.

## The Church Speaks

### The \$25.00 Letter

St. Petersburg, Fla.

I am an ordained minister of the Gospel, educated in the old school of religion that teaches any diversion outside of church-going is sinful and destructive to the soul. But I have found that my education was narrow-minded and bigoted.

I am a patron of the movies because I believe

them to be a power for good and a stabilizer of the moral code of Christianity. Who could witness "Ben-Hur" without a true sense of the living Christ, or the "King of Kings" without a deeper feeling of obligation to Him, or who could fail to see the folly of sin after seeing Emil Jannings in the "Street of Sin"?

The usual flaming youth picture is designed to show the modern youth the folly of such living, and is not intended to be prediction or picture of our youth as it is.

I have attended many a movie performance and gone back to my study and built a sermon about the theme of the picture. Usually, my congregation are free with their praise of these sermons.

I not only believe in and attend the movies but I urge my congregation to do so.

C. LESLIE CONRAD.

## Let 'Em Marry

### The \$10.00 Letter

Portsmouth, Va.

The reason that has inspired me to write this is that I couldn't let this question, "Why do motion picture actors get married?" asked by Violet Hopwood go unanswered.

Why shouldn't they marry? There is no law against it, I hope. Haven't they the right to pursue love and happiness without the permission of this narrow-minded, jealous and fickle public?

Why shouldn't John Gilbert marry Ina Claire? I can't see where it spoils his popularity. Hasn't he the right to choose his own private life without your interference?

The actors give the best hours of the day working hard to give you just two hours of entertainment, yet you are so selfish as to demand their private hours. When are you public going to realize that the private lives of the actors are their own and not yours?

ROSALIE TEDESCO.

## Hands Across the Sea

### The \$5.00 Letter

Devonshire, England.

Now that the talkies have come, all our English schoolmasters and parsons have got up on their hind legs, and in loud voices are telling the world that all our poor little kids are going to learn the horrible American twang. If the





COOLS while  
you shave and the  
coolness lingers!  
LISTERINE  
SHAVING CREAM



Gargle with full strength Listerine night and morning, especially during winter weather. It inhibits the development of sore throat and checks it should it develop.

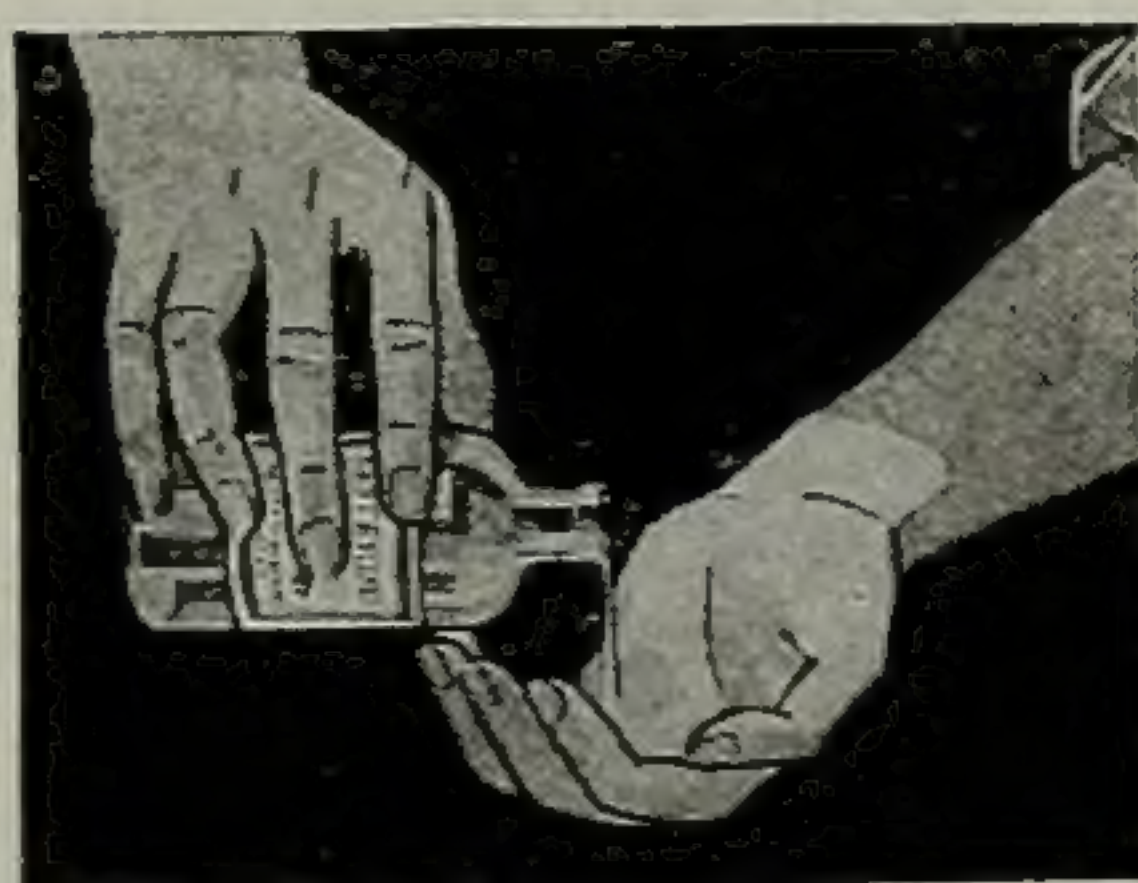
# Office workers...travellers Targets for Sore Throat

**Y**OU people who work in offices or travel during the winter are among sore throat's easiest victims.

Constantly present in even normal mouths are millions of disease germs. The most common are those of colds, sore throat, and influenza.

When, for any reason, body resistance is lowered, nature no longer is able to withstand their attacks. They get the upper hand, causing disease.

And people who work in offices or travel constantly are called upon to meet conditions that weaken body resistance—overheated rooms, poor air, sudden changes of temperature, over exposure



## To prevent colds

Physicians say that most colds are caused when germs are transferred from the hands to food which then enters the mouth. They advise rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, as a preventive.

to bad weather, and contacts with people in crowded cars, trains and buses.

At the first sign of trouble, gargle with full strength Listerine and keep it up systematically. Also, consult your doctor. Listerine checks colds and sore throat because it destroys the germs that cause them. Though absolutely safe to use full strength, it is fatal to germs—kills even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the complete satisfaction of medical profession and U. S. government.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office. Tuck one in your bag when traveling. It may save you a siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

*kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds*



# As We Go to PRESS

## Last Minute NEWS from East and West

**F**OR the first time in the history of Hollywood something other than movies is the chief topic of conversation. The recent Wall Street rumpus stilled all other talk. One star lost three hundred thousand dollars. A director dropped three hundred and fifty thousand and a popular song writer is reported ruined. A producer's loss went over the two million mark.

**L**IVING expenses are being cut to the bone. A sale held by a fashionable gown shop brought just three customers. Even a leading Hollywood physician reports a forty per cent decrease in his business. People with nervous breakdowns are prescribing their own treatment.

**"EX-WIFE"** will be an all-star production and not, as rumored, a vehicle for Greta Garbo. Garbo's next, after "Anna Christie," is to be "Romance," the play made famous by Doris Keane.

**H**OLLYWOOD will have to celebrate the holidays without King Doug and Queen Mary. The senior Fairbankses have decided to visit the Orient. They will sail from Hongkong and spend Christmas in Honolulu.

**T**HE latest bolt from the blue is the report that Nils Asther is going out on a vaudeville tour with the Duncan Sisters. Anything that can convert the aloof Nils to the life of a hoofer must be love!

**T**HE hitherto sheltered Lois Moran has gone modern. Her trip to London will be made M. M. (minus mother).

**C**OURAGE, all! Clara Bow's Medusa Clocks are doomed. The famous bricktop will have a shingle for her next picture, "The Humming Bird," in which she appears as a boy during several sequences. And—Clara has lost seven pounds

**P**RODUCERS, like novelists, can't resist sequels to past successes. Paramount will make a sequel to "Dr. Fu Manchu" with the same cast of characters.

**A**S soon as "Mammy," his newest opus, is edited, Al Jolson will make a trip to Honolulu with his wife. The next Jolson vehicle will probably be Al's stage hit, "Sinbad."

**A**LTHOUGH Joseph Schildkraut made his greatest success on the stage in "Liliom," Paul Muni draws the coveted rôle in the phonoplay version. "Liliom" will follow the "Holy Devil," which has to do with Rasputin, the mad monk.

**W**RITE your own headlines on this. As soon as Janet Gaynor returned from her honeymoon in Honolulu with Lydell Peck she hied herself to Palm Springs for a couple of weeks. And she went without Lydell.

**J**EANETTE LOFF is being escorted places by a very handsome song writer named Walter O'Keefe

**G**EORGE BANCROFT will be home from abroad for the Christmas holidays. Can Bond Street do without George

**D**OROTHY MACKAILL will have her first vacation in New York in three years. She admits that she wants to look up a few of the old boy friends.

**P**AUL MUNI is another who decided to give his own regards to Broadway. He stopped in all key cities en route just to prove that his real face wasn't so bad.

**T**ROUPERS all, these Barrymores. John—the one with the profile—waited until the final scenes of "The Man from Blankley's" were completed before he allowed himself to come down with influenza.

**G**OD'S gift to the steamship companies—that international commuter, Maurice Chevalier, will be back in New York in March to film—appropriately enough—"The Big Pond."

**L**ON CHANEY still has lockjaw. Although he announced that he would do a talkie, he has now decided to try one more silent first. If it goes over, he'll remain mum for good. If it flops, he'll have to figure out a thousand voices.

### Last Minute Reviews

"The Bishop Murder Case"—M-G-M.—Crime with nursery rhymes. Another Van Dine mystery, with Basil Rathbone acting Philo Vance, the detective, on this trip of puzzling slaughter.

"The Girl in the Show"—M-G-M.—No theme songs, no dance routines—just a charming unpretentious comedy with Bessie Love as little Eva.

"The Grand Parade"—Pathe.—Oh, she loved a minstrel man and he loved a burlesque queen. And that's a movie plot. Helen Twelvetrees weeps in accepted Gish fashion, while Fred Scott sings divinely. A pleasingly pathetic little yarn.

"Flesh of Eve"—Paramount.—Joseph Conrad would never recognize this as an adaption of his own "Victory." But never mind. Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll though, throw a few side-lights on life in the South Seas. Only fair.

"Devil May Care"—M-G-M.—The best Novarro picture in many moons. An altogether delightful romance with a Napoleonic background. The gracious Marion Harris helps Ramon with the warbling. And just watch for Dorothy Jordan.

"The Locked Door"—United Artists.—Weak dialogue mars this melodrama and makes the actors seem unconvincing. Barbara Stanwyck makes a promising phonoplay debut—but Rod LaRocque, William Boyd and Betty Bronson are not so good. United Artists might better have left locked doors closed.

**H**ERE'S an answer to one of the most frequent "what has become of's." Dorothy Dalton may come back to the screen in "Bride Sixty-Six," which her husband, Arthur Hammerstein, famous stage impresario, will produce for United Artists. Among other productions in view for Hammerstein are revivals of "The Darling of the Gods" and "Thais." Remember Mary Garden in the silent version of the latter?

**S**PEAKING of revivals—George O'Brien and Olive Borden are going around together again.

**M**AE MURRAY has just completed "Peacock Alley" and there is talk that she will phonoplay another of her old successes, "Fascination."

**A**NOTHER of life's little ironies. No sooner was the engagement of Gwen Lee and Charlie Kaley announced than the pair agreed to disagree. Now Gwen is going with Jack Oakie again

**O**NE of those *sotto voce* whispers that can be heard from coast to coast murmurs that Helen Chandler's contract will not be renewed by Fox.

**T**HERE is, in "The Song of the Flame," a snappy chorine from the Folies Bergère—Countess Janina Smolinska, homeland Poland, and chief claim to fame so far the fact she advocates nudes for the screen.

**M**IRIAM SEEGAR is Richard Dix's leading woman in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." And it follows as the day the night that Richard is paying very marked attention to her.

**W**ALTER BYRON'S contract with Goldwyn having expired, he is now freelancing. Which may mean a return engagement of the old Colman-Banky starring team when Vilma is through at M-G-M, where she has been farmed out.

**U**PON the completion of a sketch with Maurice Chevalier for the Paramount Revue, Evelyn Brent began her second starring picture, luridly titled "Slightly Scarlet."

**P**ERT KELTON from the Broadway revues will make hey-hey in Paul Whiteman's legendary picture for Universal.

**G**EORGE MELFORD is going Down to the Sea in Ships again. He takes a troupe to Labrador in the spring to film a picture dealing with the seal industry.

**U**NIVERSAL is trying to purchase "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for Joseph Schildkraut. You remember John Barrymore made his screen debut in that classic.

**A**N unknown by the name of Helen Wright will be given her big chance opposite Glenn Tryon in "Paradise Ahoy."

**T**HE famous scene where the soldiers swim the river in their birthday clothes to visit some charmers on the other side will be left in the Universal version of "All Quiet on the Western Front." At least Universal will leave it in.



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## METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

**FAST COMPANY**—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FAST LIFE**—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**FATHER AND SON**—Columbia.—Doing right by Dad. With the inevitable "sonny boy" motif. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FLYING FOOL, THE**—Pathe.—Hit-the-sky melodrama with Marie Prevost crooning a theme song—and how! All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. W. Murnau's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FOUR FEATHERS, THE**—Paramount.—The story of a coward's regeneration grafted on a nature film shot in the Soudan. Excellent film, with Richard Arlen fine. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES**—Fox.—Lots of good tunes, swell comedy by Stepin Fetchit and the good-looking girls that go with any revue. All Talkie. (July.)

**FROZEN JUSTICE**—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GAMBLERS, THE**—Warners.—Well acted story of high finance with a pretty theme song. All Talkie. (July.)

**GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A**—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

**GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE**—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE**—First National.—The glassed-in gal, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**GIRLS GONE WILD**—Fox.—Plenty hot and plenty fast. Sound. (July.)

**GLAD RAG DOLL, THE**—Warners.—Mostly lokum. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY**—Warners.—Showing the gals at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **GREENE MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant *Philo Vance*. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**GUN LAW**—FBO.—A lot of shooting, all in fun. Silent. (July.)

**HALF MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**HARD TO GET**—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! All Talkie. (Nov.)

**HIGH VOLTAGE**—Pathe.—Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**HOLE IN THE WALL, THE**—Paramount.—Confusing crook story, acted by a good cast. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929**—M-G-M.—A great big merry girl and music show, with all the Metro people from Gilbert and Shearer on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**HONKY TONK**—Warners.—Story of a night club mamma with a heart of gold. With Sophie Tucker and her songs. All Talkie. (July.)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE**—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

**HOTTENTOT, THE**—Warners.—Hilarious farce comedy. You'll like it. All Talkie. (July.)

**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY**—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

**IDLE RICH, THE**—M-G-M.—Literal translation of the stage play, "White Collars," with good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**ILLUSION**—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **INNOCENTS OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Inconsequential plot made delightful by the charming personality of Maurice Chevalier. All Talkie. (July.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER**—UFA.—The German idea of a funny farce about an American gal running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**JOY STREET**—Fox.—Oh, how the kids carry on! Younger generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Lois Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

**KITTY**—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's blue-bloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**LAST PERFORMANCE, THE**—Universal.—Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much over-acted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**LAUGHING AT DEATH**—FBO.—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in curls and ribbons as one of these mythical princes. Whoops! Silent. (Sept.)

**LIGHT FINGERS**—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**LOVE DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**LOVE TRAP, THE**—Universal.—Laura LaPlante, with little help from Neil Hamilton, proves that chorus girls are good girls. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Universal Star



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# The Buffet Supper

*Good food for a New  
Year's Eve Party for  
twelve persons*

**T**HE hostess whose table room and service are inadequate to take care of more than a few extra people hails buffet recipes with enthusiasm.

Mary Brian is partial to parties of this type, and is planning one at her home on New Year's Eve, for twelve of her intimates.

She will serve one hot dish, two cold salads and a plate of cold meats. An ice cream cake will meet dessert requirements. There will be hot buttered rolls, coffee, olives, pickles, shelled nuts, and candies.

The important thing to remember in choosing dishes for a party of this kind is to select foods that can be handled easily with a fork or spoon. Balanced on one's lap or chair-arm, or on a small serving table, it is no simple matter to manage hard-to-cut food.

Her selection of a hot dish is as follows:

2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked spaghetti, cut
3 tablespoons flour	in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces
1 cup cream	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sautéed sliced mushroom caps
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup buttered cracker crumbs
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper	
1 cup cold turkey cut in thin strips	

Make a sauce of butter, flour, cream, salt, celery salt and pepper. When boiling-point is reached, add turkey, spaghetti and mushrooms. Fill buttered casserole dish and sprinkle with cheese and crumbs, baking until crumbs are brown.

Remove to chafing dish to keep warm until guests serve themselves.

## COLD VEAL LOAF

**C**HOP finely three pounds of lean veal, or put through meat chopper. Add one-half pound salt pork, also finely chopped; six crackers, rolled; four tablespoons cream; two tablespoons lemon juice; one tablespoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Pack in a small bread-pan. smooth evenly on top, brush with white of egg and bake slowly three hours, basting with one-fourth cup pork fat. Prick frequently while baking



Mary Brian, Paramount player, recommends the simply served buffet supper to the hostess who wants to enjoy her own party

so that pork fat will be absorbed by meat. Cool, remove from pan, and cut in thin slices for serving.

## CRAB MEAT SALAD

2 teaspoons granulated gelatin	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise dressing
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit pulp
1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned pineapple in small cubes
	1 cup crab meat

Soak gelatin in chicken stock for five minutes; dissolve over hot water, and add vinegar. Add slowly to mayonnaise dressing, beating thoroughly. Mix fruit and crab meat, and add to first mixture. Pack in oiled salad ring mould, or large round glass dish, and chill three hours. Remove from mould and arrange in nest of lettuce leaves.

## TOMATO JELLY SALAD

(For a second salad)

**T**O one can of stewed and strained tomatoes, add one teaspoon each of salt and powdered sugar, and two-thirds box gelatin which has soaked fifteen minutes in one-half cup cold water. Pour into individual moulds. Chill two hours. Run a knife around inside of mould, so that when taken out the form suggests a fresh tomato. Place on nest of lettuce leaves, garnish top, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

**LUCKY IN LOVE**—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**LUCKY LARKIN**—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **MADAME X**—M-G-M.—Fine performance by Ruth Chatterton in this reliable old sob producer. All Talkie. (July.)

**MADONNA OF AVENUE A**—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE**—First National.—An old-fashioned ripsnorting movie, all love and action. Billie Dove starred. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**MAN I LOVE, THE**—Paramount.—A slight story, but you'll like Richard Arlen's work. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MASKED EMOTIONS**—Fox.—Good melodrama of adventure and brotherly love. Silent. (July.)

**MASQUERADE**—Fox.—Remade from silent version of "The Brass Bowl." Old fashioned plot, but Leila Hyams is nice. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**MELODY LANE**—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS**—Franco-Film.—One of the very worst from France. Awful story, acting ham deluxe. Silent. (Sept.)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims. All Talkie.

**MOTHER'S BOY**—Pathe.—Just another Jolson plot, only this time the singer is an Irishman, Morton Downey. All Talkie. (July.)

**MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU, THE**—Paramount.—Fantastic mystery yarn, with Oriental devilry. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**NEW BANKROLL, THE**—Mack Sennett.—Andy Clyde and Harry Gribbon and lots of very pretty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an old, but good, stage farce. A pleasant evening's entertainment. All Talkie. (July.)

**NOT QUITE DECENT**—Fox.—Louise Dresser also does an Al Jolson. Can you bear it? Part Talkie. (July.)

**OH, YEAH!**—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. All Talkie. (Dec.)

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

First National . . . . .	Page 128
Fox Film . . . . .	Page 80
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . .	Page 12
Pathe . . . . .	Page 7
Paramount . . . . .	Page 4
Warner Bros. . . . .	Page 127

**ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE**—Fox.—Rod LaRocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that's about all. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **ON WITH THE SHOW**—Warners.—Singing, dancing, talking and Technicolor. Good on spectacle but weak on comedy. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**OPPRESSED, THE**—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **OUR MODERN MAIDENS**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." Must you be told that it's a sure-fire hit? Sound. (July.)

★ **PARIS BOUND**—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woes that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**PAWNS OF PASSION**—World Wide.—Rather better than its title and also better than most foreign productions. Silent. (July.)

**PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH**—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

**PHYSICIAN, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsa Brink. Silent. (Sept.)

**PICCADILLY**—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

**PLEASURE CRAZED**—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE**—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

**PRINCE OF HEARTS, THE**—Imperial.—Weak carbon copy of "The Merry Widow." Silent. (July.)

★ **PRISONERS**—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in this one is a Hungarian night club. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

**PROTECTION**—Fox.—More bootlegging drama. With some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

**QUITTER, THE**—Columbia.—Rather trite story redeemed by an effective climax. Silent. (July.)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RAINBOW MAN, THE**—Sono Art-Paramount.—In which Eddie Dowling does his version of the Jolson story. But he has an attractive personality. All Talkie. (July.)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR**—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**RIVER OF ROMANCE**—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**ROARING FIRES**—Ellbee.—Not only silent but positively dumb. (July.)

**SAILOR'S HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SALUTE**—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SAP, THE**—Warners.—Good comedy with lots of laughs. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SATURDAY'S CHILDREN**—First National.—It was a Pulitzer prize stage play, but the movie version is slow. And Corinne Griffith is miscast. Part Talkie. (July.)

**SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE**—World Wide.—A melodrama of the French Revolution from England, unusually well acted. Silent. (Sept.)

**SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SEÑOR AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SHIP MATES**—Educational.—In the Navy with Lupino Lane. Plenty of laughs as the pies and dishes go whizzing by. All Talkie. (July.)

**SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SILVER KING, THE**—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **SINGLE STANDARD, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)



**SKIN DEEP**—Warners.—Pretty good crook yarn. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SMILING IRISH EYES**—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**SONG OF KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SOPHOMORE, THE**—Pathe.—Proving that it is possible to make an entertaining college picture without necking or drinking. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**SPEEDWAY**—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**SQUALL, THE**—First National.—All about a bad, bad baby vamp. The film doesn't click. All Talkie. (July.)

**STREET GIRL**—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY, THE**—Paramount.—PHOTOPLAY's thrilling serial comes to the screen and makes a corking melodrama. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE**—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THIS MAD WORLD**—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

**THREE LOVES**—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

**THRU DIFFERENT EYES**—Fox.—More murders and more courtrooms. The old story is cleverly told. All Talkie. (July.)

**THUNDER**—M-G-M.—Snow storms, train wrecks and floods, with Lon Chaney at the throttle of the locomotive. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **THUNDERBOLT**—Paramount.—An engrossing and well acted story. One of the best of the gangster operas. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE**—Warners.—Lively comedy of what happens to a football hero after graduation. All Talkie. (July.)

**TIP-OFF, THE**—Universal.—Crooks again! Silent. (Aug.)

**TOMMY ATKINS**—World Wide.—English made production that has the "Beau Geste" atmosphere. Silent. (July.)

**TONIGHT AT TWELVE**—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! All Talkie. (Dec.)

**TRIAL MARRIAGE**—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

**TWIN BEDS**—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**TWO MEN AND A MAID**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the Foreign Legion, mates, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**TWO SISTERS**—Rayart.—Twin sister stuff. Silent. (Aug.)

**TWO WEEKS OFF**—First National.—A fluffy little yarn of seaside vacation love, with Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**UNHOLY NIGHT, THE**—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**VAGABOND CUB, THE**—FBO.—Mostly just cowboy stunts. Silent. (July.)

**VERY IDEA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED JUSTICE**—Biltmore Productions.—Enough animals—and action—for a circus. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

**WAGON MASTER, THE**—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. All Talkie. (Dec.)

**WHEEL OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—The romance of a handsome officer and his Colonel's lady in India. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**WHY BRING THAT UP?**—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WHY LEAVE HOME**—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." All Talkie. (Nov.)

**WISE GIRL**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WOMAN FROM HELL, THE**—Fox.—Rather tame drama linked to a wild title. Sound. (Aug.)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**WONDER OF WOMEN**—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman." played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**WRECKER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

**YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE**—Universal.—An orgy of bad gags. Part Talkie. (July.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelme's portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. All Talkie. (Dec.)

# A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

THERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You know it will please the recipient.

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# Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



## on Girls' Problems

ZaSu Pitts has "dramatic hands," whose every gesture is expressive. Supple wrists and fingers are important aids in her screen portrayals

directly applicable to the care of hands.

I KNOW a woman who does all her housework—not just dishwashing, dusting and sweeping, but scrubbing, washing clothes, painting chairs and tables that have worn off,

washing down the kitchen walls when they get soiled. Yet her hands look as well cared for as if she did nothing harder than "sew a fine seam." She hasn't had more than half a dozen professional manicures in her life.

On the shelf over her laundry tubs is a jar of skin food—the greasy, nourishing type of cream. As soon as she finishes drying out the tubs after washing, she rubs a little of this cream thoroughly into her hands and arms, not forgetting the elbows, wiping off the surplus with a cleansing tissue. If her hands still feel sticky, she bathes them in plain cold water and dries them thoroughly.

On her kitchen sink she keeps a bottle of greaseless hand lotion, to counteract the unpleasant feeling of dryness that dishwater often leaves. Her bathroom shelf holds both types—the hand lotion to be used sparingly after each washing of her hands, the greasy cream to be patted in well at night. In the morning she scrubs her finger tips with a well-soaped, soft hand-brush, to remove the cream from under the nails.

SHE never uses any sharp instrument to clean her nails; nothing but the soapy brush or a blunt, orangewood stick. When her nails are stained she puts a little nail whitener under them or uses a bleach. Lemon juice is her remedy for stained hands.

In addition, she does all the little things that preserve beauty and flexibility. If her nails, for some reason due to her general health or the climate, show signs of brittleness, she dips them in warm olive oil once or twice a week. Whenever she dries her hands she gently pushes back the cuticle with a soft towel. Her street gloves are selected for their softness and warmth, and are loose enough for freedom and comfort.

When I remarked one day on the color and texture of her hands she said she believed it was due to the fact that she had always been careful in her selection of soaps and washing powders, and whenever possible she had substituted warm

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]

IF neglect of hands impaired their usefulness we would never dare ignore them as some of us do. There is always a "tomorrow" when we plan to have a manicure and do something about that annoying roughness of our fingers that makes sewing and handling silk stockings a hazardous affair. In the meantime, we know our hands will go right on working for us and serving us well, even if we do have to blush for their appearance when anyone glances at them.

Our most ready excuse is lack of time for regular manicures and for home treatment. But it takes only a few minutes a day to keep hands and nails in good condition, especially if this is supplemented by a professional manicure every week or two.

The business woman's time is often planned out in such a way that she can have a regular day and hour for visiting a beauty parlor. Then if she devotes a few minutes to her hands at night, and perhaps again in the morning, they will never have that neglected look.

The woman who keeps house, whose hands must be plunged into hot water frequently, who uses rather strong cleaning preparations and a great deal of soap, should be the most particular about the care of her hands. But it is she who is usually the worst offender.

THE girl in business must display goods, if she is a saleswoman. The stenographer's hands are constantly under the eyes of the men from whom she takes dictation. No matter what her line of work, the average business girl is working side by side with other people, many of them men, from morning until night. Her hands are under scrutiny as much, and perhaps more, than her face.

She quickly learns that beautiful rings and bracelets, and a dab of brilliantly colored nail polish, will not transform ill-kept hands into attractive ones.

The housewife is apt to feel that she need not be so particular about her hands. There is no one to see them, and it will be time enough to take care of them when she goes out to play bridge, or on the day she plans to meet her husband down-

town for dinner. She doesn't have to be "dressed" all day like the business woman, and she doesn't dress up her hands until she dresses up herself.

The great drawback to this method is that hands are not so easily metamorphosed, not even by a professional. They suffer quickly from neglect, and it takes a little time to repair the results. But hands that are well treated repay one in firmness and color, and in healthy, shapely nails.

The old "ounce of prevention" rule is



## Hand Righting

"Beautiful hands are those that do." But added to the beauty of service, there is the charm of well-groomed, supple hands, with no roughness of skin or nails to mar their loveliness.

Letters from readers asking advice are welcomed and will be answered promptly. I ask only that you comply with the following:

If you wish a personal reply, or if you request my free booklet on safe and sane reducing, or my complexion leaflet, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you want your answer to appear in the magazine, remember that it may take a few months, as space is limited.

Your communications will be held in strict confidence, but I cannot answer letters that are not clearly signed with your full name.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



# Guide posts

AT THE TOP of old Dorfchenberg, not far from the Black Forest, there is a wilderness of pines where forty-one trails converge. Even experienced hikers were helpless in this maze of paths until kindly peasants carefully marked each trail with a stone guide.

Through the maze of modern products advertisements guide you straight to merchandise of full value. Advertisements save you money by indicating worthy goods. Advertised products do not vary in quality. Ask for them by name. That automatically protects you from untested merchandise.

Study the advertisements carefully and you will be repaid. Take notice of them and you can cut your budget. That means money for a growing savings account, a trim new Parisian hat, or enough to repaint the kitchen. You will be surprised to find how that extra value in advertised products tucks away pennies in your purse. Advertisements are your guide to that increased value.



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ten days you will see the begin-  
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skin can have. Woodbury's Facial  
Soap will help you to keep that  
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delicate pores of your skin show  
the least sign of becoming en-  
larged—begin, tonight, to use the  
treatment given on page 4 of the  
Woodbury booklet.

**BLEMISHES, ACNE,** can be over-  
come! The famous Woodbury  
treatment for blemishes will help  
you to rid your skin of this  
trouble. Use this treatment every  
night until the blemishes have  
disappeared. The regular use of  
Woodbury's in your daily toilet  
will keep the new skin that is con-  
stantly forming clear and smooth.



■ **THIS IS THE SOAP** that has  
helped millions of women to gain a  
smooth, soft, beautiful skin.

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containing the most famous skin  
treatments in the world . . . Get a  
cake of Woodbury's today and give  
your skin the benefit of these  
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serve its youthful texture. If you  
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to normal condition. 25 cents at any  
drug store or toilet goods counter.

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life and color, will result from the Woodbury  
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lating and refreshing.

**BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION** that  
your cleansing method is wrong. To clear your  
skin of this trouble and to keep it smooth and  
flawlessly clear, use the treatment given on page  
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# NEW PICTURES

**J**EANNETTE LOFF gives us a cool, inquiring look over the right shoulder. Jeannette is one of the famous blondes of Pathe—the yellow-haired roster including such famous beauties as Ann Harding, Ina Claire and Carol Lombard. With the discovery that Jeannette has an excellent microphone voice, Pathe lost no time in getting her Jane Hancock on the dotted line of a long-term contract. Which assures us of her striking cinematic beauty for many cinematic months to come







John Mieble

*A* FIVE year contract with United Artists—leading rôles in five talking pictures already to her credit—and she's only nineteen! That's the startling record of little Joan Bennett, youngest of Richard Bennett's three beautiful daughters. Her latest rôle is opposite Harry Richman in his first all-talking picture





Hal Phylfe

*H*ELEN MORGAN, the New York stage star and night club queen, whose first talking picture, "Applause," was an overnight sensation on Broadway. So brilliant was her screen debut that Paramount immediately put her to work in another film at its Eastern studio. How Helen can sing those sad songs about the man she loves!





Ruth Harriet Louise

**T**HE arrival of the phonoplay brought new jobs and honors to Hedda Hopper, whose career on stage and screen has been notable for good performances. The handsome Hedda can always be relied upon for excellent performances in supporting rôles, and she is now carrying on the old Hopper tradition for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer





Elmer Fryer

**Z**ASU PITTS, the girl with the sad eyes who is always given funny lines to say! She has been one of pictures' best and finest for a good many years, and is now counted one of the real aces at First National, where she has been spending her time in "Paris," "No, No, Nanette," "Her Private Life," and other pictures





Ruth Harriet Louise

**I**T was "Coquette" that gave Johnny Mack Brown his first real push to fame. His work opposite Mary Pickford in her first talkie stamped him as one of the very best young leading men, and Metro-Goldwyn were proud and happy to have him on their list of contract players. They've proved it by keeping him mighty busy



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new stunts in skating and diving . . .  
and . . . Oh, some day I'll grow  
up, and be queenly and stately . . .  
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world so new and different and  
modern as SEVENTEEN!



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motor car . . . or plunging . . . into  
cool, green surf . . .

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thrills . . . youth and verve insati-  
able . . .

It knows the lures of all the ages  
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It is modern color and song and  
laughter . . . all in one. A poem in  
fragrant, ecstatic, whispers . . . it  
is you!

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And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing  
table can be fragranced with *Seventeen*! The *Perfume*, in  
such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder* so new  
and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water*, like a caress

. . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury  
. . . and the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brilliantine* . . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold . . . like  
no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!



January, 1930

# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

## PHOTOPLAY

**O**LD darky superstition:  
If you carry around  
a rabbit's foot you can-  
not have any hard luck.

Old motion picture super-  
stition:

If you put a bum picture  
into a Broadway theater and  
charge two dollars a seat you  
can kid the public into think-  
ing it is a great film, and ex-  
hibitors all over the country  
will run it in their theaters.

But sometimes the darky gets caught  
stealing chickens, just the same.

**T**HE producers of "Woman to Woman,"  
which was so bad that even Betty Comp-  
son couldn't save it, tried the Broadway  
hocus-pocus.

It had been running half an hour on its opening  
night when one by one and two by two, then four by  
four, the audience got up and walked out.

A mother and her daughter were sitting on the aisle,  
and noticed the audience leaving the theater until it  
was half empty. Suddenly the mother became nerv-  
ous, and turned quietly to the daughter.

"Do you know, Frances," she said, "I think I smell  
smoke. Everyone's leaving."

"No, mother," said the daughter. "Don't worry.  
It isn't smoke that smells. Let's go."

**A** VERBATIM report of a big scenario conference.  
Gathered in the sound-proof office and inter-  
rupted only by groans of famous author in next room,  
the brains of the studio get down to work.

Producer Mayer: "Well, boys, let's forget our  
troubles. We have here a good story by Frances  
Marion. She'll sell it cheap because she wants quick  
cash to buy U. S. Steel before it starts up again."

Director Vidor: "Cash, eh? Ha! Ha! I'm leffing.  
Well, what's the title?"

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By  
**JAMES R. QUIRK**



**A**CTOR GILBERT: "How about tell-  
ing me, out behind Stage Six, to steal  
my grandmother's gold fillings and put  
everything on Radio? Yeah, it was going to  
200 by Christmas. Look at—"

Mr. Vidor: "Look at nothing. He told  
me to load up on A. T. & T. Always giving  
advice."

Mr. Mayer: "Is zat so? And what about the time  
at the 'Hallelujah' opening you told me you had an  
inside tip on Anaconda—that the coppers were due  
for—"

Just then the telephone rang. Mr. Thalberg, being  
farthest away, picked up the receiver, listened a  
moment and screamed:

"Only two thousand for a Rolls-Royce that's only  
been to two premières? All right. I'll sell, but those  
dirty so and so's can't have Norma's Packard for less  
than five hundred."

**M**R. MAYER: "Tell the operator to cut out the  
telephone. We gotta work on this story."

Mr. Vidor: "My God, no. I'm expecting my  
broker to call any minute."

Mr. Mayer: "What the hell is this—a story confer-  
ence or a bucket shop? If you dumbbells had taken  
my advice and bought real es—"

Mr. Gilbert: "Rats. Did you hear Al Jolson's new  
song:

*Margin, Margin, I hear you calling,  
I'm sad and broke and blue."*



Mr. Thalberg: "Can't we get *Ukelele Ike* to sing that in this picture?"

Mr. Mayer: "This ain't a revue. The picture is all about an English noblewoman who loses her—"

Mr. Gilbert: "—Shirt."

Mr. Mayer: "Shut up; you're only a margin-crazy actor."

MR. VIDOR: "Let's concentrate on this story. Did anyone hear the telephone ringing? My broker is—"

Mr. Mayer: "Now, I got an idea. In this story Lady Marginia—I mean Marjorie—Postlewaithe is sailing in her yacht on the Mediterranean and gets a cable that her husband is unfaithful to her. She registers sorrow. Then—"

Mr. Thalberg: "That faithless husband gag was an antique when I was the boy genius of Universal. Have her handed a wireless calling for ten million more margin. Then she takes a revolver out of the bureau drawer, and—"

AT that moment the crash of a shot and the sound of a falling body came through the sound-proof wall.

Mr. Mayer: "The author. Too bad. He lost his in Montgomery Ward. Well, it cuts down the studio overhead a thousand a week. He hasn't written a thing for two months."

Mr. Vidor: "I don't like Thalberg's ending for that story. I don't believe in unhappy endings. The public don't—"

Mr. Thalberg: "Yeah? How about that dark mystery play of yours—'Hallelujah'?"

Mr. Vidor: "What do you mean, mystery play?"

Mr. Thalberg: "Mystery why it was ever made."

Mr. Vidor: "You're a liar. That's going to be a clean-up. There's nothing in it about the market."

Mr. Gilbert: "Let's change the subject. I hear Joe Schenck got a terrible bumping in General Electric."

Mr. Thalberg: "Yes, and Irving Berlin, too. He's got to write a lot of new songs to get his dough back."

Mr. Mayer: "How about this story?"

Chorus: "To hell with it."

EVER since Hollywood was a flag station for prairie schooners, we've been saying, "Well, I'd be satisfied to go to pictures just to see the newsreel."

Now the 8,000,000 citizens of New York have a chance to prove these words, for the metropolis has the first theater in motion picture history devoted entirely to the showing of newsreels with sound thrown in for good measure.

The Embassy Theater, in the heart of Times Square, is the spot—renamed "The News Reel Theater." The bill runs about an hour, and it costs a quarter to get in day and night. When fresh news clips arrive, they are

titled "Extra" and shot into the show, just as big newspapers get out fresh editions six or eight times a day. It's a thrill!

The notion was a hit from the day The News Reel Theater opened its doors. It's another William Fox idea, and Fox Movietone News and Hearst Metrotone News furnish the news and feature bits.

And what a grand notion it is! The first big splash of the news medium of the future.

AN up-to-date geography class: Now, children, what WAS the most famous street in the New World?

Broadway.

Correct. And what WAS it famous for?

Chorus girls, restaurants, wine, Diamond Jim Brady, cocktails, actors, Wilson Mizner, Tin Pan Alley, Irving Berlin, electric lights, Peggy Joyce, hansom cabs, Arnold Rothstein, Stage Door Johns, Metropolitan Opera Stars, authors.

Correct. And where are they now?

Dead, or in Hollywood.

Correct. Then, children, what is the most famous street in the New World now?

Hollywood Boulevard.

Correct. You may now file quietly to the projection room for the voice culture class. The picture for today's lesson is "Condemned." Listen closely to Professor Ronald Colman.

CHANCE tossed me into a small-town motion picture theater a few days ago.

By small town, I mean an American city of 50,000 people—where we work by day and play bridge in the evening, and visit with our neighbors, and get to bed by eleven, conscious of a day well-spent.

The feature picture at the town's leading house was one that was moderately received in big city theaters, even though it was designed for them. And it was even more moderately received in my little city.

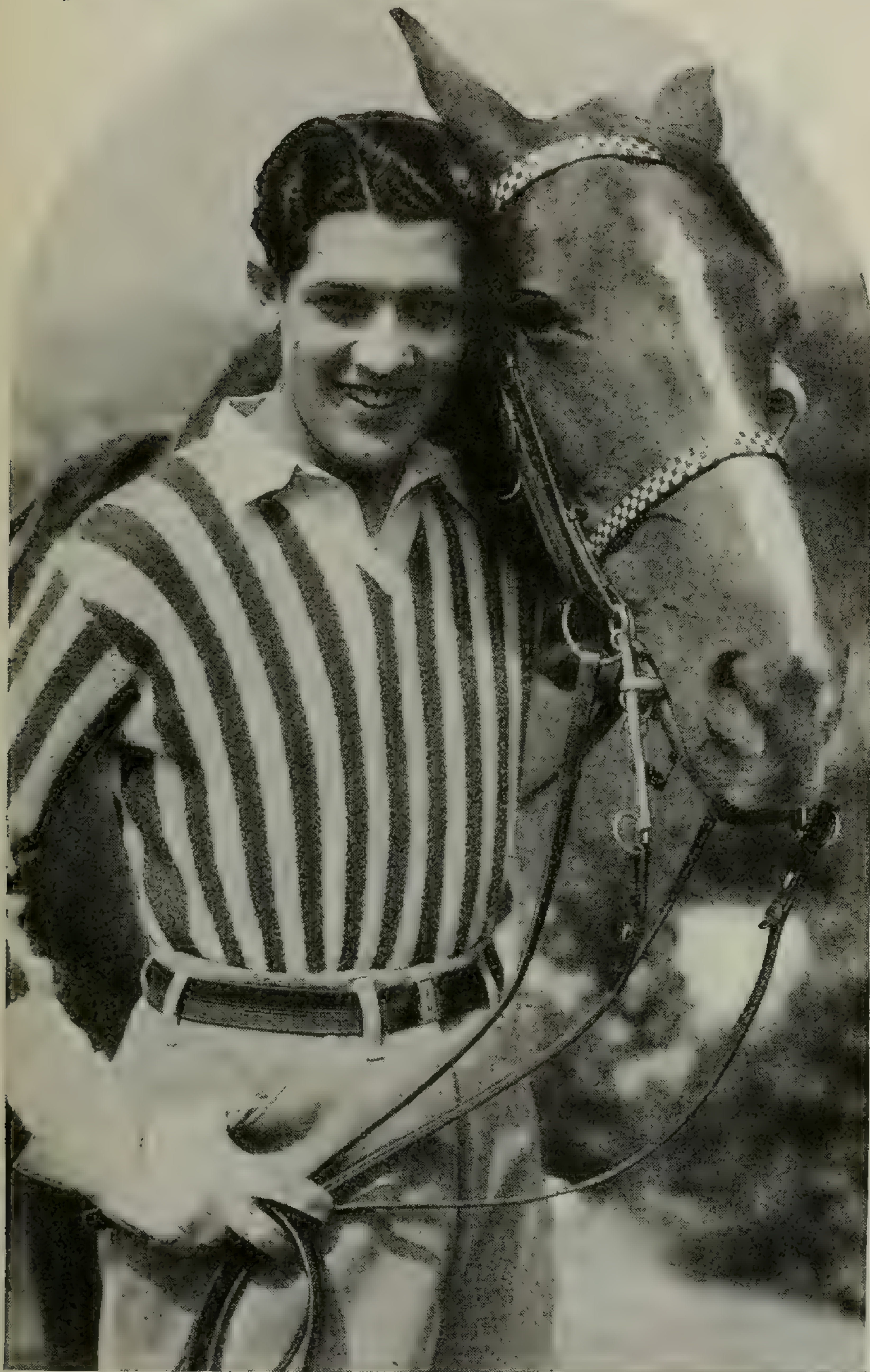
And what got the biggest applause and interest of the whole program? It wasn't the feature, nor the newsreel—it was a two-reel, all-talking comedy that had its share of hearty laughs—that lifted us out of the conventional feature into a brief interlude of farce.

I HAVE a hunch that one of the talkies' greatest bets is just this. That it will relieve us of the conventionality of a long, self-conscious play done in photoplay form, and give us, once more, a two-reel jolt of hearty, whole-souled laughter. It's my idea that the two-reel comedy is just coming into its own. Picture bills need more laughs, these days—we have too much sad and suffering drama.

Have you seen "Faro Nell," or "A Hollywood Star"? Say, I like to died! And so will you—in a perfectly nice way.



# Watch *this* Hombre!



Steady, girls! Our star-wise interviewer says that Don Jose Mojica has the lure of Rudy, the sweetness and musical genius of Ramon, the *everything* that makes for screen greatness

**H**USBANDS—lock up your wives!

Mothers—send away your daughters!

Jose Mojica is in the movies!

Stop the presses and chain me to my desk. Take the dictionary and find a complete set of brand-new adjectives.

It isn't as if I were just a little gal from the Junction. Why, I've sat in Jack Gilbert's dressing room and listened to him talk about art for hours. And I've heard Ramon Novarro sing away an entire afternoon. And then, of course, there was that luncheon over at Charlie Farrell's house that I'm always going on about. Once Dick Arlen took me to the theater. (Well, of course, his wife was in the play, but anyhow—)

Now there's Jose Mojica, and if he isn't the sensation of the season then I'll eat a box of sound effects.

Is he the new Valentino, who will sing his way into millions of hearts?

*By*

Katherine Albert

His still pictures don't begin to do right by him. He is far from handsome in the Hollywood sense of the word. Nose is too flat. Jaw is too square. But a couple of flat noses and a whole school of square jaws don't matter when he starts to talk. Remember that Rudy Vallée kid that the gals were so mad about? Yeah, he had a sex appeal voice, too.

Jose has everything—the refinement and sweetness of Ramon Novarro and Buddy Rogers, and that old-fashioned lure copyrighted by Jack Gilbert and Rudolph Valentino. I've got that off my typewriter. I feel better about it.

**W**HO is and from whence comes the Lothario of all these raves?

The vital statistics sound tame. . . Born in San Gabriel, Mexico. . . Studied to be an engineer. . . Revolution. . . University closed. . . Amateur opera . . . To New York to study. . . A meeting with a musician who got him a part. . . A contract with the Chicago Civic Opera Company. . . Leads opposite Mary Garden, Galli-Curci and Caruso. . . Talking pictures. . . Contract with Fox.

But vital statistics are the least vital of all gestures. The "Who's Who in Music" gives just such a bare outline. It neglects the color and dash and Latin naïveté of a lad who is destined (unless the entire public loses its collective mind) to be a sensation.

"I am no saint," said Jose, in the liquid, flowing tones of all Latins. "Ramon Novarro, whom I admire and respect, is a good boy. But I—I am not so good.

"My mother—bless her, she is a wonderful woman, living with me now and advising and helping me—gave me \$500 to go to New York to study. It was all she had then. And I thought that \$500 was all the money in the world. I thought it would last forever.

"So instead of going to a good teacher and studying, I took my friends to hear Caruso every night and spent what was left on those bea-u-tiful blonde girls. I had never seen girls with such fair skin before. They were so lovely. And one morning I find I have no \$500 at all."

This confession left him breathless, so he went into a eulogy of his mother. "Oh, always she is so good to me. My father died when I was a baby. I am the only child.

"The minute I got a chance with a little opera company and put on a costume and smeared my [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]



# Secrets of the Fitting Room

By  
Lois  
Shirley

**T**HERE'S no such thing as a lady in a fitting room. Picture stars enter the silver doors of the mauve salons of Greer's Maison as they enter a confessional. In that glaring north light they stand literally and figuratively denuded.

You simply can't be a grand lady in your underwear. And in the shadow of those lavender walls their most sacred secrets are told. Put yourself in their place. You know how you feel when you have a facial? There's not a chance of kidding the beauty expert about those crow's feet that are beginning to show around your eyes. She knows! By the same token, you've got to come clean with your dressmaker. The designer already knows that there's a lump of fat on the back of your neck, and the exact measurement of your hips.

After that you might as well go the rest of the way and break down and confess that your husband beats you and your best friend does you dirt and that you're overdrawn at the bank. Such heart throbs are incidental compared with the big secret the dressmaker already holds; i.e., your weight.

Without the aid of that other confessional—the beauty parlor—I might never have learned the gruesome secrets of the fitting room. It was in the disillusioning environs of a Hollywood repair emporium that I encountered one of Howard Greer's fitters.



A Hollywood miracle. Greta Garbo, in the pre-Greer period when she first arrived in this country. And then Greta the glamorous, gowned by Greer

Now, a fitter having a facial is just so much human flesh—and the flesh is weak. Under the gruelling onslaught of hot towels, cold cream and rubber patters, the apprentice of the Great Master broke down and told all.

Greer, you will remember, is the fashion expert who molds the lines—and sometimes the lives—of the cinema élite. In the November *PHOTOPLAY*, Mr. Greer confessed that Hollywood leads Paris in fashions.

**H**E explained, at the cost of some pain, that the new Paris line which is causing such a furor wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Clothes, is no more than an adaptation of the familiar Hollywood body line—the revealing line long beloved by the “it” girls and despised by the dressmakers.

Howard Greer's fitters have seen the cinema queens in the raw. Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Evelyn Brent, Laura La Plante, Sue Carol, Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle and more, still more—they're just flesh and bones to the pinners and drapers, the framework for the gorgeous gowns being created. The fitter is not fooled by their figures nor their personalities.

Pola Negri is a real princess. When she swept through the outer rooms, mannequins gasped, secretaries bowed low and little dark-skinned serving maids made genuflexions. That was when she was fully clothed in lace and sables. Once inside the fitting room, she became what she was—a peasant in step-ins.



Talmadges three—Natalie, Constance and Norma—in the graceful pastel chiffons they wore at Connie's wedding to Townsend Netcher



*They can't fool the fitter. Stars, however grand,  
are only women in undies to the dressmaker*



There are no Lost Causes when Jetta Goudal leaves the fitting room. She has fought the good fight for every seam and sequin

Alone with her God and her dressmaker, a woman becomes absolutely natural. The worldly airs fall from her along with her outer garments.

THE first time Greta Garbo came into the shop a friend brought her. She wanted a gown to wear to Pickfair, where she had been bidden to meet Prince George of England. The mannequins were in a flurry of excitement. They had seen her come up the steps from the peep-hole in the curtain. The great Garbo had arrived!

Remembering how languorously she moved across the screen in glittering sequins and rich, clinging velvets the mannequins paraded before her in the most exotic creations in the shop. Garbo, sitting slouched down on one of the divans, watched them with lack-luster eyes. She rose. "No, it will not do. I t'ink I go home."

Seeing a good customer slip through his fingers, Greer thought fast, and brought out the plainest, most ordinary frock in the store. Garbo decided to stay.

She came often after that and once selected a complete wardrobe for her triumphant journey to her homeland. Clothes mean nothing to her. They are simply a bore, but there was enough of the feminine in her heart for her to want to impress the people who had told her good-bye several exciting years before.

It is a democratic atmosphere at the exclusive shop. None of the stars seems to mind the eyes of the curious. The Talmadges, for instance, bear down in a body, Connie (they call her "Dutch"), Norma, Natalie and Peg. They chat, like parrots, as if they haven't seen each other for a week. Corinne Griffith, even Mary Pickford, are oblivious of the tourist from Keokuk, when clothes are to be considered.

BUT Garbo refuses the outer salons. She hurries through them, hat drawn down over her eyes, and shuts the door of the fitting room behind her. She prefers to talk to Greer rather than to select clothes. She often spends an entire day, and luncheon is sent up from the tearoom below.

Herself a famous woman—yet, strangely enough, shut off from life by her fame—she has an absorbing interest in other famous people. She questions him avidly about Bernhardt, Dusé, Pola Negri, whom he has known. She is essentially simple in her tastes and will buy nothing that smacks of the theatrical.



Gone are the brief gingham slips, the tangled Pickford curls. The modern Mary selects clothes by a carefully worked out system, often with entrancing effect, as in this Greer-designed frock she wore in "Coquette"

Pola Negri, too, became her real self in the fitting room. Gone was the princess and in her stead was a peasant girl who laughed loudly and was completely natural.

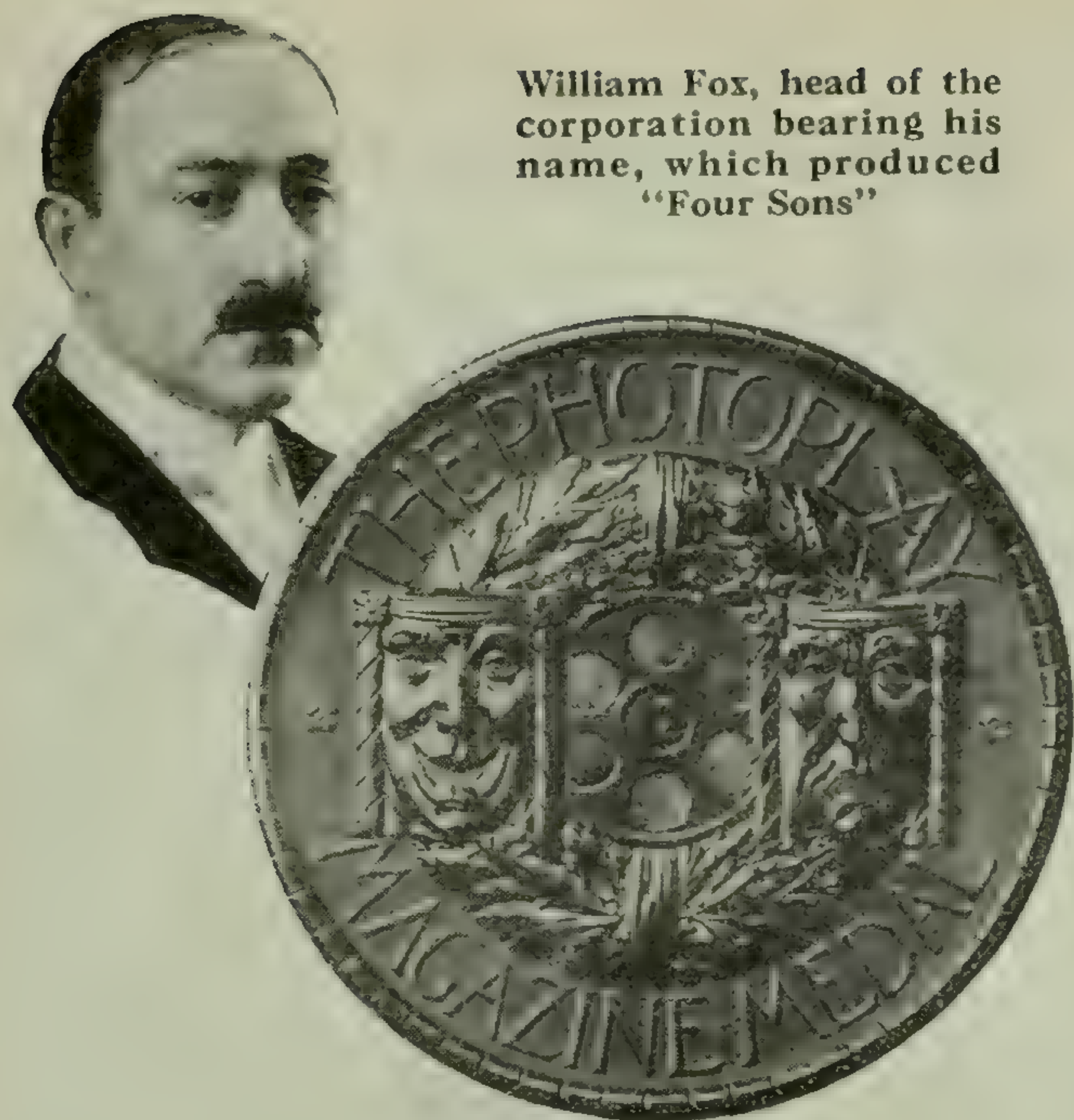
POLA had no patience. It was impossible for her to visualize a frock in its rough state and she often tore her dresses off while they were in the process of evolution, but as each bead and sequin was added she crept back into her princess self and became more of a lady with every stitch. By the time she left the shop she was once more "ze grande artiste" for whom the doorman touched his head to the floor.

They're all more difficult when they're selecting screen clothes than when it's a personal wardrobe they want. They feel they have a public duty on the screen and must dress according to type. Colleen Moore, for instance, has a lovely, tall figure and should wear smart, sophisticated models, but because she is always a little flapper in pictures she selects other clothes. She hesitates to tell the designer when the dresses aren't right.

With the exception of Jetta Goudal, Mary Pickford gives more thought and attention to her screen clothes than any other star. There is always a worried little frown on her brow. Her secretary comes with her and advises her.

Mary gives profound consideration to every garment. She has worked out a theory that if one begins from the worst possible angle, the best possible results will be attained, so she has herself photographed in plain muslin underwear and standing in the most awkward [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]





William Fox, head of the corporation bearing his name, which produced "Four Sons"

# "FOUR SONS" *Wins!*

**T**HE fans have spoken! "Four Sons" wins the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor as the best picture released during 1928!

For the second successive year Filmland's Nobel prize goes to a film from the studios of William Fox. The medal for 1928 is the ninth issue of this famous award, which is given by the vote of the motion picture fans of America to that company which, in their opinion, produced the greatest photoplay shown during the preceding twelvemonth.

The distinguished predecessors of "Four Sons" in the big parade of PHOTOPLAY Medal winners are these:

"Humoresque," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Big Parade," "Beau Geste" and "7th Heaven."

Note well this list of famous films, now enriched with "Four Sons."

Only one of them was what is called a "star" picture—"7th Heaven."

The others made stars, but did not exploit them. The new medal winner follows the great tradition established since the

inception of this annual award. All these fine pictures have been notable for their story first. All have been pulsingly human, sentimental without sentimentality, appealing first and foremost to the heart.

"Four Sons," the new choice of the fans, follows this royal line. Its choice confirms everyone's belief in the good taste of the followers of the photoplay.

The year 1928 saw the troublous, even tragic, hour of the conflict between silent pictures and the new phonoplay. Companies, struggling to keep in step with the new art, saw their product suffer.

In mid-February, 1928, a striking Fox picture called "Four Sons" made its first bow to the fans in New York.

**JOHN FORD**, who had come to notice as the maker of "The Iron Horse," directed it, from a story called "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters," by Miss I. A. R. Wylie.

It was the simple, moving story of a German mother who saw her four sons march off to war. "Four Sons" caught the public heart and fancy immediately. It was not only a fine,



Margaret Mann, the Scots-woman who scored as the German mother in "Four Sons"



John Ford, director of the Medal winner. "The Iron Horse" had made him famous

## *Previous Winners*

1920

"HUMORESQUE"

1921

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922

"ROBIN HOOD"

1923

"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925

"THE BIG PARADE"

1926

"BEAU GESTE"

1927

"7TH HEAVEN"



# *The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal Goes to It as the Best Picture of 1928*

Winfield Sheehan, produc-  
tion chief of the Fox Film  
Corporation



taut example of perfect silent picture making with a synchronized score—its tale of mother love was told without mawkishness and bathos.

In its issue for January, 1928, PHOTOPLAY reviewed the new picture, under its working title, as follows:—

“**M**ORE poignant in its grief than ‘Over the Hill,’ more tear compelling than ‘Stella Dallas’ is ‘Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters.’ Even as the two preceding pictures created a new screen mother, so does this picture present us with a type that will rise to stardom because of her characterization of the war-torn, grief-stricken old German woman who loses three of her sons in the toll of war and who has to start life all over again in a strange country at the home of her sole remaining offspring. Margaret Mann is the new mother, who finally achieves screen success after eleven years of waiting in the ranks of the ‘atmosphere people.’ No matter what they eventually name this picture, it is going to go down in film history as one of the screen’s best. John Ford, who directed, has achieved a real picture.”

“**F**OUR SONS” introduced to the screen a new “mother” in the person of Margaret Mann, a sixty-year-old Scotswoman who had been playing bits in Hollywood for some time.

Press and public alike took her to their hearts.

Others in the cast were James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Charles Morton, George Meeker, June Collyer, Earle Foxe, Albert Gran, August Tollaie, Frank Reicher, Wendell Collier, Jack Pennick, Hughie Mack, Ruth Mix, Archduke Leopold of Austria and Ferdinand Schumann-Heink.

The camera work of George Schneidermann was hailed as especially brilliant.

There were many fine pictures in the list published by PHOTOPLAY as the best fifty pictures released in 1928. This list will be found on another page of this issue.

But, of course, the voters were not limited to this fifty.

They had the entire field for their choice.

It may well be that historians in future generations, while expatiating upon the alleged evils of our times, will

pause and soften their phrasing in the face of such a choice as “Four Sons,” or indeed of any other Gold Medal winner.

The victory of “Four Sons” in the 1928 race for public affection and popularity is another victory for screen wholesomeness and sentiment coupled with brilliant technique.

Coming at the threshold of the sound era, this fine picture forms a perfect connecting link between the silent pictures of the old era and the audible drama of the new.

**J**OHAN FORD, the able director of “Four Sons,” came to Fox in 1920, after six years on the Universal lot.

He is a brother of Francis Ford, the famous leading man of the pictures’ early days.

“Four Sons” came about two years after “The Iron Horse,” the great railroad story, the direction of which made Ford famous.

His latest work on the Fox lot has been the direction of “The Black Watch” and “Salute.”

William Fox and his production genius, Winfield Sheehan, are thus, for the second [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]



Grandma Bernle and her boys in “Four Sons.” Left to right, they are James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Margaret Mann, Charles Morton and George Meeker





**I**N her rôle of show girl in "Lilies of the Field," Corinne Griffith takes part in a modernistic ballet-mechanique. She represents the figure of speed on the radiator cap of a gigantic automobile. The part calls for tights, and dignified Corinne wears 'em! Stunning picture, isn't it?



# Stepping Out

By  
Marquis Busby

## with JUNE

Once more  
our boy  
plunger tempts  
night life  
with a star



June Collyer and our "Wild Mark" Busby, the Boy Plunger, stepping out of *HER* Packard at the door of a Los Angeles theater. Is the lad weakening seriously?

He bought  
June Collyer's  
flowers—but  
he rode in  
her Packard!

THERE'S no other conclusion to draw. You can't spend a lot of money in Hollywood for an evening's entertainment. You might, of course, if you gave a dinner in the Cocoanut Grove for forty guests. But then you couldn't give a dinner party for forty. At least eighty would arrive.

I'm talking about a fellow and a girl—out to go places, ring doorbells and see people. In New York if you blow the girl friend to a really swell evening, dinner, theater, night club, flowers and a taxi, you wouldn't have enough change left from a hundred dollar bill to buy a morning paper.

In Hollywood it is decidedly more economical—but I'm not actually complaining, understand.

In my ardent crusade to prove that it doesn't take a Rolls and a roll to step out with the famous movie stars, example number one was Sally Eilers. Sally and I had a simply grand evening at the beach and it cost \$6.10.

I still don't know what the ten cents was for. Odd sums always worry me, like compound fractions. Example number two in this take-heart-young-man campaign is June Collyer.

Now, June, before she sold her profile down the river to William Fox "pitchers," was a New York society girl. She seems to belong in the atmosphere of Assistance League teas, smart cafés, and the diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan.

I couldn't imagine June eating a hot dog at the beach, although if she were faced with the necessity, she would undoubtedly do it with all the grace of a duchess sinking a tooth in a truffle at Marlborough House.

There's nothing wrong with Sally Eilers' table manners, either. She knows a salad fork from a fish spear, but she just happens to be a bit less formal than June.

My date with June was to be no peanut affair. We would do the things that June would like to do, and go the places where June would like to go. Expenses were to be no object. For once I wouldn't worry about money, if my Scotch grandfathers turned in their graves.

We had dinner at the Ambassador, which is the local Ritz-Carlton; ten dollars' worth of two tickets to the première of Marion Davies' picture "Marianne"; flowers, and all the necessary incidentals.

AND it cost \$23.20. An odd number again, dash it! I might add a couple of dollars for getting my evening duds rehabilitated, and getting the tomato soup stains off my starched shirt and vest.

It may seem like a lot of money for one evening, but the college boy spends more than that when he takes his little *Eta Zeta Theta* to the big game, and to the College Inn afterward for dinner and dancing. I should know. Anyway, it's worth \$23.20 just to be seen in public with June. She's actually so beautiful that it hurts.

June said she would be ready at seven o'clock. She was, on the dot, and looked like four million of Uncle Sam's berries in a gown that bespoke *Rue de la Paix*, and a velvet wrap thingamajig to which several white foxes had contributed their skins. Ah, noble cause!

A prim maid ushered me into  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]

### THE DAMAGE

Theater Tickets .....	\$10.00
Dinner .....	7.20
Tip .....	1.00
Corsage .....	5.00
	<u>\$23.20</u>



# The Gimme Girl

By

Myrtle Gebhart

**G**IM-GAM was unique in Hollywood. And *that* is to achieve.

Main Street never saw a Gim-Gam.

Main Street wouldn't know what to do with her. Hollywood did. Hollywood paid her a whopping salary, and admired her clever melting of Oriental allure into the modern flip mold. And talked about her. Which, in case you don't know her technique, is Hollywood's way of enthroning a favorite.

At least, Hollywood took the credit. But a sloe-eyed girl knew that she had piloted her own flight—a solo. For Gim-Gam had coined her motto: "I'll roll my own career!" And she had made a neat job of it, with just one hole left to be patched.

"Fascinating rascal," men mused, blowing kisses to the trim figure at the wheel of the red roadster, with its odd monogram on the door in gilt Chinese letters, tearing down the Boulevard. "Her contradictions appeal to the imagination. Something in her head, too. Got a future. Hard-boiled, though. Gold-digger. Doubt that she has a real feeling. Her heart's just a beach bungalow."

Gim-Gam had gone after what she wanted, planning deftly. If she had cried over mistakes and hurts, nobody had ever known. Her screen characterizations were adroitly drawn. Her publicity—"Chinese maiden throws off shackles of racial restraint, fights for self-expression"—had won public admiration, tinged with pity.

**H**OLLYWOOD wondered how much of her story was true: her father was a grave, intellectual man, tradition bound; he frowned upon the new ways. And her mother had been a beautiful dancer, won by artful Oriental wooing to a mysterious, lattice-enclosed life. Much was made of the romance that had bridged racial differences.

It made a glamorous story, and Hollywood didn't demand authenticity. Film-town wonders, and sometimes whispers, but fears hearing facts that might tear those exquisite fabrics she does so love to weave.

Buster Kingsley had met Gim-Gam in the casting director's office, where she had come to sign for a rôle in his new film.

"Damn cop tried to pinch me." Her plaintive voice slurred a crescendo of rebuke. "Feature that! Only doing sixty-five. 'Trail along, Arbutus,' I yelled. Did he? He *tried*. But he didn't cramp my speed worth a wrinkle in my sweet disposish. See my new buzz-wagon, Rocky darling? It's the oyster's ice-skates."

It would have been crass in any other girl. But as she sat there in her brief crimson frock, one tiny, scarlet-sandaled foot curled under her, somehow each word trailed a vague enchantment. She was a picture painted in vivid miniature, as though the polished ivory of her face had been done with a toy set of pigments.

Didn't her battery ever run down, or need recharging? Life in her seemed tuned always to a vibrant pitch, a contrast to the slow, ageless East voiced by slanting eyes and subtle perfumes.

"Listen, Gim-Gam," the casting-director's eyes held a



worried tolerance, "you're going a swift pace. Honeysuckle—that's your name in Chinese, isn't it? *Gim-Ghun-Fah*. Doesn't fit you. No wonder Hollywood twisted it into Gim-Gam. Slow up, honey."

"You archaic per-son!" An eloquent shoulder italicized her scorn. "You talk like a printed sub-title. Cut! Hire the Bowl if you *must* orate. Some day your back will break, carrying your nerve around. If you weren't you, and a darn good side-kick of mine, I'd throw the hooks into you. Couldn't I, Rocky darling, couldn't I?"

**H**ER almond eyes, brimming with mischief, met an answering twinkle in Buster's, and Rocky squirmed.

"Lay offa me, Gimmy. Keep your line for your play-boys. Strictly business here. About this contract—how'll seven-fifty do?"

"You're just cold tea. Am I a moron? Thanking you for



# Read the Tale of the Fierce, Vain Love of Little Yellow Gim-Gam

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn



"Buster, my mother and father!" said Gim-Gam quietly. If only that yellow specter of a man would speak, thought Buster. If only the old woman would tear her eyes away!

past and future favors, I'll take pay-dirt right now. Am I laboring because I love my art? Besides, don't I vocalize my Chinese vowels and scream with a weird 'native' accent now that the movies mutter? One thousand per—a one with three naughts, and every week—"

"Gimmy-girl! Have a heart. You're taking advantage, to hold us up. You know how we need you for this slave rôle. You're the only Chinese girl who can act. You've a big fan following—"

"Sweet of you to be my press agent, Rocky." Her brows raised into a narrow black arc. "Dust off your line. I crave originality. The man," to Buster, "has no finesse." Then, sharply, "Play ball, Rocky. You know I'm nobody's little

folly. Do I get my thousand per? . . . O. K. . . . hmmm, for two cents I *would*. I do love your cow-lick, Rocky."

While he murmured incoherently, the papers were signed. "You're not such a pill, Rocky. You *can* be sweet to little girls!"

Her voice, through its fluff of gaiety a petulant quiver, drew Buster. Her diminutive, picturesque charm eased vulgarity into racy allure.

**B**ENEATH her appraisal, a challenge mocked him from oblique eyes. While he watched, amused, his fancy caught by something about her that he couldn't define, she bargained shrewdly with Rocky, over guarantee of pay during rehearsals, costumes, billing, publicity.

In no place but the melting pot of Hollywood could there be a Gim-Gam. Hollywood is community-sufficient, wrapped in her own childish pride and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]





When little sister needs new clothes she goes to the phonoplay for guidance, just as her mother and big sister do. Anita Louise, featured player in Paramount's "The Marriage Playground," wears this practical ensemble of blue and white striped sweater and red pleated skirt



The jaunty jumper dress can be varied with a number of blouses. Little Mitzi, another Paramount featured player, wears this red silk pleated skirt, with suspenders of the same material, and white silk Peter Pan blouse



# Fashions for

*What the well-dressed little girl will wear, as posed by sub-sub-debs of the big sound stages*

The mid-Winter term calls for new clothes for active little girls. They'll adore Mitzi's three-piece ensemble of dashing tan tweed jacket suit and sweater, stitched with red and white wools. The hat is of red flannel. Final touches are the red flannel purse with flower appliqué in tan, and a debonair shoulder knot of bright flannel flowers





At important functions, such as Friday Afternoon Club Meetings and birthday parties, any little girl will look sweet and dainty in white challis, closely dotted with palest pink. The cape collar is sheer organdie, edged with lace. Two rows of small pearl buttons trim the waist, and kick pleats give the skirt the fashionable flare



On pleasant, mild days, Anita Louise wears a double-breasted navy blue wool jacket, with bright brass buttons and pocket insignia. Her beret matches the jacket, and her Roman striped scarf ties stylishly around her throat. The scarf is red, to match the red skirt

# TOTS

This warm coat and matching beret are of imported camel's hair, in an attractive shade of tan. Ruby Parsley, another Paramount child actress, wears these garments just as their designer intended. Her hat is pushed back to give the fashionable off-the-forehead effect and to show her pretty curls. Her coat is the stylish length which allows the hem of her dress to be seen



*Paris may have produced bigger mannikins, but none prettier than these dainty mites of the microphone*



# Through *the* Studios

By Cal



P. and A.

We thought we'd give you a look at Mrs. Neil Hamilton this month. Handsome Neil and his missus are shown arriving in New York after a summer spent roaming the old world

**I**T'S all right to worship Clara Bow, as long as you don't let your adoration run away with you.

A boy named Louis Stova, aged twenty-six, found this out not long ago. Sorely smitten by the Bow charms and contours, Lovelorn Louie began hanging around the Bow doorstep at all hours, on the chance of getting a look at his idol.

Once he was hauled into court, and given a suspended sentence provided he stayed away. But the old Bow lure had him too far gone. Again he was found staring moodily at the brown Bow cottage, and was waltzed to the calaboose by a heartless copper.

This time the judge unsuspended the previous sentence. And for thirty lonely days Mr. Stova was prevented from staring at the Bow cottage by some stone walls and iron bars. Moral—Love is all right, within limits.

**U**NCLE TOM, as you remember, was sold down the river, away from his little Missy. Ball players are traded and peddled for cash. Actors are borrowed by studios, like cups of sugar over the back fence. But did you ever hear of one being sold?

Dolores Del Rio, the Mexican Menace, has just been sold for "a price in excess of \$500,000." That is, her contract has.

Edwin Carewe, the director who discovered, developed and guided her, has disposed of her professional services to United Artists for over half a million dollars, so he says. Maybe so. Maybe so.



P. and A.

The luckiest colleen in all Ireland, bedad! Our first camera glimpse of Maureen O'Sullivan, chosen from all the girls of the green isle to play in John McCormack's first picture

**T**HE great day of worry is over!

Greta Garbo is fine before the microphone!

Hollywood has been on tiptoe and agog about it. So has Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So, probably, has Greta.

But one day she walked before a camera hitched to a snarling mike and there recorded a nine minute scene for "Anna Christie," using up 850 feet of film. It turned out excellently.

Furrowed brows uncreased. Sighs escaped silently.

For Greta had faced the terrible microphone, and had come off first best!

**R**UDY VALLÉE may be a swell radio singer. He's not so Delsarte when it comes to those big Thespian moments. His director, Marshall Neilan, has solved the problem.

Every time Rudy tried to act, Neilan shouted, "Hey you—sing!"

**N**OBODY ever went to Hollywood with more publicity hullabaloo than did Rudy, sax player and song crooner. And nobody got much less attention, and created less excitement, than this same curly-haired boy with the come-hither voice.

He arrived, made his picture, "The Vagabond Lover," and left after five weeks, with everybody feeling sort of let down about it all.

It isn't hard to understand. Nobody has known or cared an awful lot about Vallée except a few hundred thousand fans in the East.

Within a couple of months he became a high-salaried band leader on the strength of his radio crooning, and everybody expected a little too much of him.



# *with* Pen and Camera

## York



Bruno

You'll not guess who this is in any particular hurry, so we'll tell you immediately that it's Mary Kornman, former member of "Our Gang," the latest film kidlet to grow into an ingénue

The truth is, that he is a rather colorless, rather shy sort of kid—no outstanding personality, no lady-killer, no attention-getter. He hero-worshipped a good deal in Hollywood, and got very little. The picture people have a way of looking down the nose at nice looking boys from the East who go to Hollywood with a little too much publicity. And they gave young Mr. Vallée the gentle and polite bird.

Rudy's answer can be a good picture that will make money. Hollywood hasn't any smart answer for that. Only respect.

**THIS** is our pet story of the month, so please giggle politely, just for old Cal!

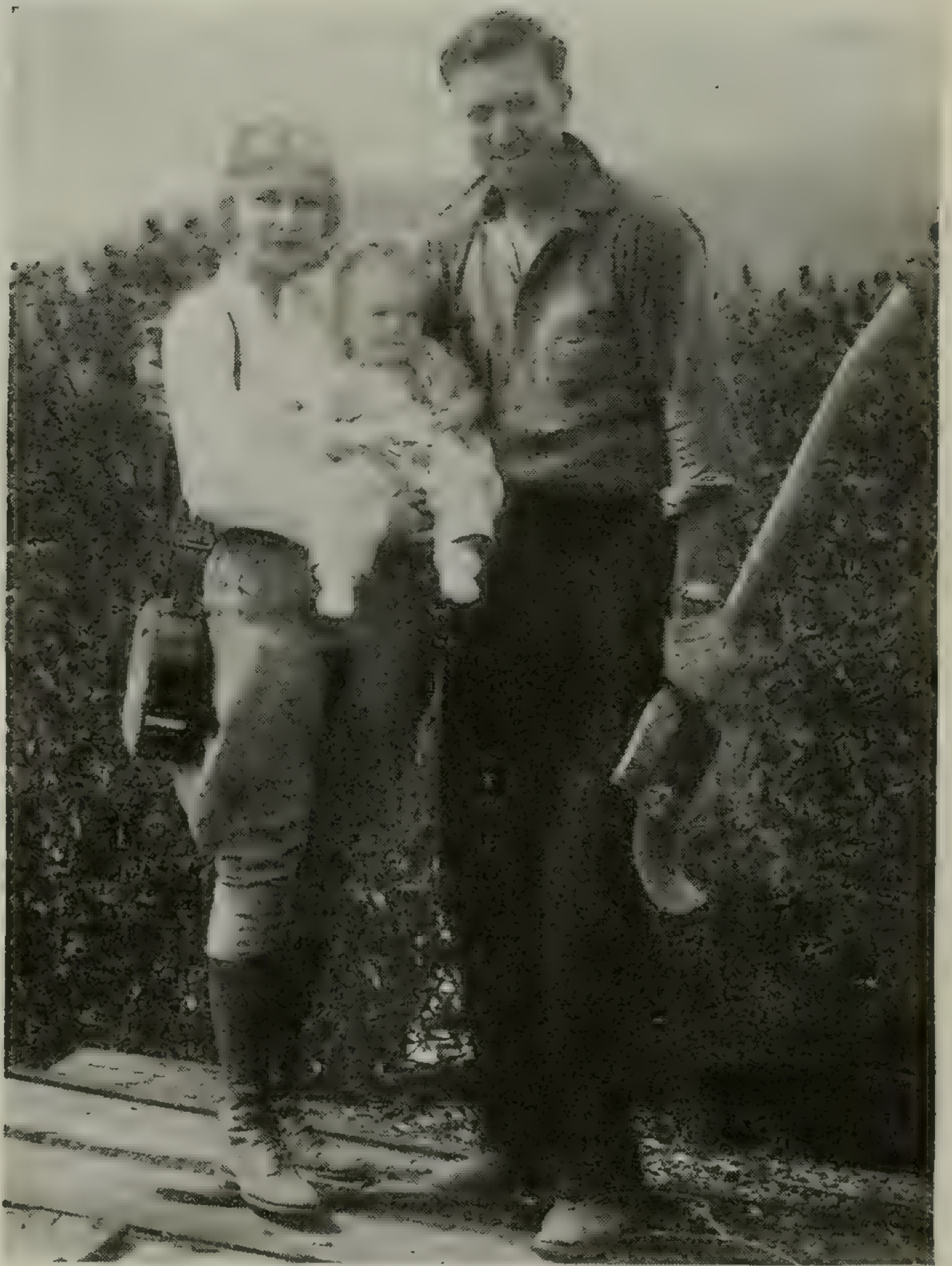
A smart young novelist, well known and a good salesman, decided to ask permission of one of the smaller producers to dedicate his newest novel to the film mogul.

Flattered, the magnate answered right away.

"It's a pleasure," wrote the producer. "Please wire me where the dedication takes place, and what shall I wear?"

**A** CERTAIN gentleman of brunette color, swept to fame by his lazy, drawling voice, had little previous experience with handling large sums of money. As a result he bought everything from custom-built cars to patent egg-beaters, and he went in debt. It finally got to the place where his salary was garnisheed every week. He has solved the problem by having two checks made out. One is for \$750 which is brought to his dressing room. The other is for \$250 which is left at the cashier's window. The first garnisher on hand gets it.

**T**HE engagement of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart has been the local Rock of Gibraltar in the thousand and one romances in cinema village. Hollywood was content to believe that if



One of the happiest and handsomest families in all Hollywood. Ann Harding, husband Harry Bannister and their 11 months old daughter snapped outside their hilltop home

they were not already married, as popularly supposed, that they would at least stay engaged.

The announcement that the engagement has been broken was the surprise wallop of the month. Just a few weeks before they were talking of buying a house together. Both had admitted that the marriage was not far off.

**O**NE rumor has it that Nick wanted to go places with Dixie Lee, but David Rollins is the young man who takes Dixie to all the places where people get seen. The other, and more logical reason, is that Sue was not unimpressed with the love-making of George O'Brien in "The Lone Star Ranger," in which she was his leading lady. Romance is believed to have blossomed in them thar hills during a long location trip.

And George generally makes a hit with his leading ladies. Olive Borden was once an interested listener-in to his honeyed words. So was Janet Gaynor, and more recently Lois Moran.

**W**E'RE all anxious to see Ruth Roland's comeback film. For the former serial queen and present real estate baroness, according to reports, is going to appear in the filming of "Reno," the more or less successful divorce novel.

Of course, this has nothing whatever to do with her happy relations with her handsome husband, Ben Bard.





They scramble photographs as often as eggs these days, and this cameraman certainly did. Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) is singing the opera while Lawrence Tibbett, Met baritone, does that great movie song, "Singin' in the Rain"

**W**E have only two secret weddings of the month to divulge. We have suspicions about two or three more but we'll have to keep the news until later.

Virginia Lee Corbin eloped with Theodore Crow, a New York broker, and only recently let her friends in on the secret. Johnny Harron and Betty Egan slipped away last June and were married at Fullerton and kept us fooled until the present time.

**P**OLICEMEN in Los Angeles say Jobyna Ralston is the most temperamental actress they ever encountered.

She refused to ride to the police station, after her arrest with the stage cast of "Bad Babies" in Los Angeles, without driving in the front seat and running the siren.

And Joby won by riding sixty miles an hour through Los Angeles and grinding the siren.

To illustrate the cycle of style! Gloria Swanson in a fashionable get-up of the vintage of 1919. Don't laugh, either! The cut may be a little comical, but the length is just about right for 1929 dresses

**A** YOUNG fellow named Peck is working in the scenario department at Paramount. Peck is the name—LYDELL Peck.

Janet Gaynor's young husband decided that practising law in San Francisco wasn't quite so attractive as practising husbanding in Hollywood, so he ups and leaves the northern city flat on its back. Paramount cleared off a desk for him.

Now young Mr. Peck sits in Hollywood and concocts dream masterpieces for the screen. And the leading lady of each bears a remarkable resemblance to a girl named Gaynor.

**I**T was at the hotsy-totsy Hollywood opening of "The Cock Eyed World," and the world and all its wives were there.

A sweet voice was heard at the microphone before the theater. "Hello, everybody! I'd like to have my husband, Tay Garnett, speak for me!"

Then the announcer got helpful.

"That was the sweet voice of Patsy Ruth Miller," he said. "You all remember seeing her in 'Twin Beds,' with Jack Mulhall!" Just helping out a young bride!

**F**LORENZ ZIEGFELD, the famous producer of girl and music shows, is said to be after our Gloria Swanson.

For her services, that is, in his forthcoming musical comedy, "Ming Toy," based on the famous play "East is West." Now that Gloria has developed such a nice singing voice, and is looking so smart and handsome, the stage is making goo-goo eyes at her.

Well, we just can't spare Gloria—not after she has turned out such an elegant talkie as "The Trespasser."



**A** NYBODY who still nourishes the notion that a New York first night is a gathering of the most blasé and hardest boiled eggs in the world had better dismiss it with a snort.

You should have seen the way the ladies went for Charlie Farrell at the Broadway opening of "Sunny Side Up!" Young or old, slender or unpleasingly plump, it didn't matter a dime's worth. At intermission hundreds of them climbed over each other's backs to get at the boy for an autograph. He got writer's cramp in the first four minutes of play, and had to take time out.

Incidentally, the report is that while Charlie played about the East his heart was still in California and pumping hard for Virginia Valli. They now say there was never any heavy romantic heaving between Farrell and the Gaynor. Charlie and Virginia are a great team—to Cal's mind one of the handsomest couples that ever mumbled into a microphone at a flossy first night.

**P**ERHAPS the many tragedies that have marked the life of Alma Rubens are over. She has been released from the Narcotic Ward of the California State Hospital, cured from the terrible thing that has mastered her in recent years.

Her cure is complete after five months of treatment. She has gained in weight, and looks better than she has at any time in four years.



Don't cable bail to poor George Bancroft! These German Green Police aren't hiking him off to the hoosegow. They just happened to be marching by as George was strolling down a Berlin avenue on his recent tour of the older world



P. and A.

More youth and beauty for the films, and so for us. Fans, step up and make your party bows to Polly Walker, discovery of George M. Cohan for musical comedy. She will appear in new Radio pictures

seller list in New York all Fall. Now the studio has an idea it would like the clever, beautiful Claudette Colbert, of "The Lady Lies" fame, for the part, and is said to be dickering for her services.

**T**HE most convincing argument that has been advanced against the eighteen-day diet!

When Joe Cobb, former fatty of the "Our Gang" comedies, went into vaudeville, he drew down a mere insult of \$2,500 a week.

Aw, who likes grapefruit, anyway?

**A**NOTHER of those engagements has turned up that are inclined to make cynics out of grammar school boys.

Again I say that I don't mean to throw carpet tacks in the path of true love. But there is something about the reported betrothal of Lita Grey Chaplin, singing ex-wife of the comedian, and Phil Baker, accordion-playing comic of revues, that makes me poke about for a Zulu in the woodshed. Roy D'Arcy, formerly known as the lady's fiancé, was on hand to bestow a blessing (I have a picture of all three at a party) and it all looks just a little too nice and happy. It's so easy to get engaged and publicity at the same time. Ever hear of Clara Bow and Harry Richman?

Old Cal wishes them a happy marriage and long life together. If he wants to snicker quietly up his cuff you just needn't notice it.

**T**HE old stagers are bowing, at this moment, to a newer comic sensation. That's Mr. Jack Oakie, the rubber-faced vaudeville graduate who leaps from film to film like a bounding gazelle.

A rapid fire succession of good comic parts have built Mr. Oakie to his present eminence. His work in "Fast Company" was elegant, and other such fast-cracking rôles have added to his rep.

So that when Oakie made his first appearance in the Nancy Carroll picture, "Sweetie," at the Paramount in New York, he was greeted by tremendous applause, and his singing of "Alma Mammy" could have taken ten encores if the film had been run over and over to satisfy the mob of Oakieites.

His vaudeville training made Jack perfect talkie-meat. He'll be famous if he gets good parts—as he will. The Old Oakie Bucket! May it ever be full!

**S**OME years ago Eddie Cantor made a silent version of his famous Ziegfeld stage success, "Kid Boots," for Paramount. Now it's to be redone properly, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]



Other people have conquered this same thing, and returned to fame. Hollywood knows more than one such case. The dusky Alma plans resuming a film career. First, however, she will take a long ocean voyage before she resumes her career in films.

Glowing reports of Alma have come from the staff at the hospital.

She has strengthened herself by helping other patients to cure themselves of the habit. She feels for the first time since she became an addict, five years ago, that she has beaten the addiction. She also says she has developed for the first time the real will power that will bring her back and keep her from touching drugs again.

Let's help her come back. What do you say?

**W**E have told you that Billy Haines is a collector of antiques, so you won't be surprised that he has decided to convert his Spanish bungalow into a Colonial.

He has hied himself to an apartment and the carpenters are now doing their dirty work.

**N**OW they say that Greta Garbo isn't going to film the autobiographical novel, "Ex-Wife," after all.

Metro-Goldwyn is reported to have given up \$20,000 for the rights to this story by Ursula Parrott, which was on the best-



# Hot Dogs!



Jiggs, the Boston Bull heroine of "Hot Dogs," M-G-M's all-barkiedog comedy, is on trial for her life. She's on the witness stand, and the judge with the two-footears is just rising to a point of order. The jury is bored. It looks bad for Jiggs!

Hollywood's aristocratic canine actors decide it is their day, so they make a two reel comedy by themselves. It's an all-barkie!



Two night club hostesses out for no good reason. Their names are Chingaling and Bozo, and they are a couple of Dogville's leading sirens, more or less deplored and distrusted by the better element of the community. Here they're looking for heavy sugar doggies

The gay night life of the Bow Wow Inn, one of Dogville's wilder night clubs. Here are Jiggs and Buster, heroine and hero of "Hot Dogs," looking upon the cold tea when it is brown. Jiggs, as you will note, is a regular cigarette fiend of the old school





Give Louise two large earrings, a cigarette, and her makeup box, and the regular sirens howl with envy. The two small pictures show her in the old Sennett cream-pie days

# You Don't Have To Be Beautiful

*Louise Fazenda steps out away ahead of hundreds of pretty babies*

By Marquis Busby

**H**ELEN of Troy had a face that launched a thousand ships. Helen antedated Theda Bara as a vamp by quite

some centuries, and she meant tough luck for Paris and Menelaus. She might have been better off if she had had a face that wrecked a thousand ships.

On the other hand they tell me that the Empress of China commanded five hundred million men, which certainly beats any record rolled up by Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Yet, I can't find any records that said the Empress was any Corinne Griffith for pulchritude.

Beauty really isn't necessary for success. Some of the greatest actresses of the stage were not beautiful women, but the screen has always made a great to-do over beauty. A girl without a lovely face and figure had about as much chance for success as a snowflake in a kettle of soup. At least that's what they said.

But there have been exceptions. Girls who have succeeded without beauty may only prove the exception to the rule. Perhaps they prove something else. At least, beauty does not explain the long success of Louise Fazenda.

Louise was an outstanding figure on the old Sennett lot, a studio almost over-run with beautiful girls. There were Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Vera Steadman, Harriet Hammond, Mary Thurman and Marvel Rea. Beau-

tiful, beautiful girls—all of them.

Louise, herself, says she was the least pretty of them all. And now, not so many years after, Gloria and

Louise are the only two of great prominence in motion pictures. Gloria was not a pretty girl either. She had something more than beauty. So has Louise. She made the step from custard pies to featured rôles at other studios. When talkies came along she made that step, too. The infectious giggle she has in real life was just as infectious on the audible screen.

She started at Sennett's with curly hair, and a desire to wear one of those fussy bathing suits, and woe to the girl that got a drop of water on it. Then on one fateful day a comedienne failed to arrive on the set. Sennett cast his eyes over the line of girls. He picked on Louise to be funny. She was given an outlandish garb and her hair was skinned back from her brow.

"I was always so careful to hide that skyscraper forehead of mine," she laughed. "I was terribly embarrassed at having it displayed in that way."

Sennett discovered that Louise had something the other girls did not possess. She was always funny after that, and she was given a contract for the simply staggering sum of thirty-five dollars a week. The new contract player ran every step of the way home to tell her mother the news, and she was so out of breath when she got [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]





**I**F, on the morning following the première of "The Big Parade," there was one little girl on earth ripe and certain for stardom, it was this little Frenchy, Renee Adoree. She gave one of the screen's grandest performances in that immortal film. And yet today Renee is not even working, let alone blazing in electric lights. She lives on her little one-acre ranch, side-tracked by fame. On the opposite page Katherine Albert tells you why this is so



# The Girl Who Just Missed Stardom

**T**HIS is the story of a great artist who could not wear the tinsel robes of stardom.

It is a glance into the soul of little Renee Adoree, who, like Michael Arlen's ill-fated heroine, "will never be let off anything."

She should have been, after "The Big Parade," the greatest, most glamorous star of the screen. Instead, she has no assignment from M-G-M, the studio that still has her contract, and her first talking picture "Redemption," with Jack Gilbert, has been temporarily shelved.

She should have been rich and important and famous. Instead, her lawyer is habitually trying to solve her financial problems.

The word "stardom" seems inconsequential in the face of all this actress has accomplished. She has loved and suffered, laughed and wept. She is the lady of beautiful moments. One of the most interesting figures who ever flashed across the screen. Different as she is from other people, elemental and gentle as her heart is, she could not have made the tawdry gesture known as stardom.

**L**UCKY are the people who have glimpsed the soul of the real Adoree. I am one of the fortunate few and I know that Renee Adoree, the person, is greater than Renee Adoree, the star who might have been.

Once, in Paris, she played on the same bill with Sarah Bernhardt. The divine actress, then an old woman with one leg, did the last act of "Camille."

Each night, after Renee's turn was done, she watched the great *artiste* and each night tears streamed down the face of the little dancer. One night Bernhardt stopped and looked at the sobbing child. "You little fool," she said. "You'll never be a great actress. You are too sincere. I never shed a real tear in my life."

John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in the stunning choo-eeng gum scene in "The Big Parade"—a bit that grew all by itself

Renee Adoree, the circus girl of Lille, who writes blank checks on affection and service and gives them too freely

*By Katherine Albert*

But tears are a part of Renee's career. The heavens wept the day she was born.

In the tent dressing room of a circus clown in Lille, France, a girl was born September 30, 1900. Her mother was Spanish and of gentle blood, unused to the circus life and embittered by her lot with the clown. Renee was her first child—unwanted. Boys, only, are useful in a circus. A year later Mira was born—then a brother.

Renee was never taught the rudiments of right and wrong. When she disobeyed she was beaten. When she did her turn well she was praised. That was all she knew of ethics.

**T**HE little girls were trained in tight rope walking, acrobatics, riding, dancing.

A big Russian was their teacher. He stood before them with a long whip, a piece of lead on its lash. Every false move brought a flick of the cruel whip, that not only carried away a piece of the garment, but of the flesh as well.

However, it was not all misery. There were pleasant evenings when the red-headed father, whom she loved, took a clean white sock and made the famous drip coffee in it. For pets there were the trained dogs and even a mangy and moribund lion. One of little Renee's duties was to put her head in its mouth at each show.

At last the circus went broke and the troupe scattered.

Renee's family went to Russia, where they played an extended engagement in a variety show. It was there the little girls were put in pantomime and Adoree's art was born. The children played Cinderella and always to Renee fell the part of the sister with the ugly soul.

And then she fell in love.

He was a young Russian acrobat named Sasha, all of fourteen years. She, now twelve years old, was a homely little tike [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

This scene, and the famous farewell sequence with Jack, set the little French girl on the road to fame, wealth, stardom







★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners

JOHN BARRYMORE makes an excellent and entertaining bow to all-talking pictures in this sumptuous costume drama of the Eighteenth Century.

The story is highly romantic, with a touch of court intrigue and a dash of gypsy passion. There isn't too much of the famous profile, and Jack has even sacrificed that exquisite haircut for the sake of a little realism and the dashing soldier he plays. Marian Nixon marches on to glory, and fine performances are given by Lowell Sherman, Hobart Bosworth and the sizzling little Armida. You'll be sorry if you miss this. It has color, action and good acting—and through all, the thrill of that famous Barrymore voice! "General Crack" pulls Handsome John far out of his recent cinematic slump. *All Talkie.*



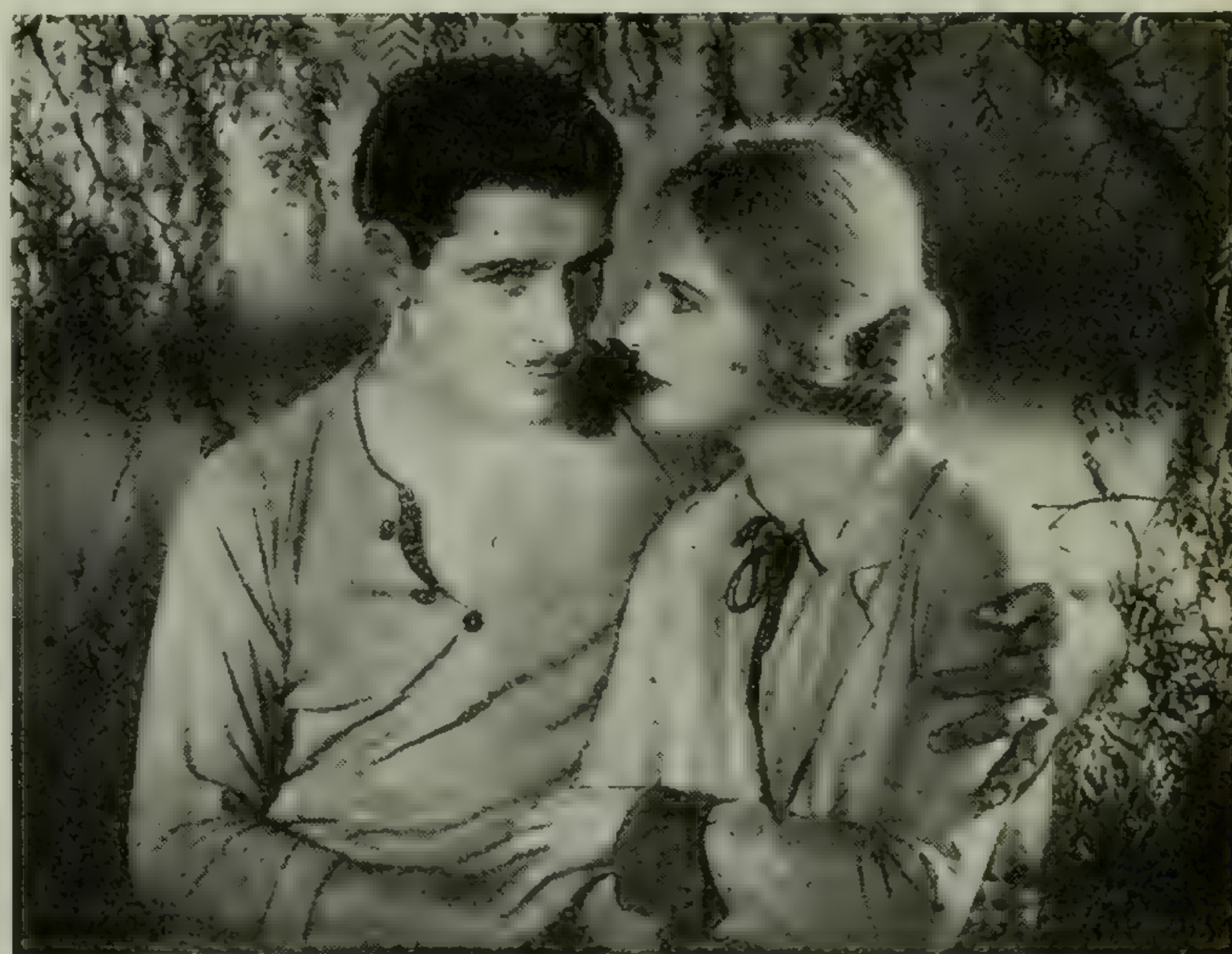
★ **DULCY**—M-G-M

IN the dear old silent days "Dulcy" was one of Constance Talmadge's best pictures. And what a smart gal Marion Davies was to select it as her second talkie. Is Marion a perfectly swell light comedienne, with a cute little lisp all her own? Take a look at her in the favorite stage play all about a dumb girl who set out to manage her sweetheart's career and almost ruined it.

Donald Ogden Stewart, gone actor in a big way, is as funny on the screen as he is on paper. He plays a pleasant nut who thinks he's a big financier. Elliott Nugent and Raymond Hackett, those invincible young legit troupers, are charming. But it's Marion's picture and she walks away with the honors tucked under her jangling bracelets. An elegant evening for one and all. *All Talkie.*

## *The* **Shadow Stage** (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

### *A Review of the New Pictures*



★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists

PRODUCER SAMUEL GOLDWYN, Director Wesley Ruggles and Star Ronald Colman have, in "Condemned," accomplished the impossible.

This smart and able trio has taken the sordid story of a thief condemned to the French penal colony called Devil's Island and made a romantic and beautiful story out of it—one crammed with action and aglitter with romance.

Think of it—a glowing picture whose hero is a crook, its heroine a spiritually unfaithful wife and its locale a vicious, cruel prison camp between a jungle and a deep blue sea! The story fascinates the eye, captures the heart, lacerates the emotions—certainly a triumph, if there ever was one.

Colman does a splendid job as the romantic thief, and the blonde beauty of Ann Harding, plus her rich contralto, suffice for the part of the warden's lonely wife. The film's unbilled star is Dudley Digges, from the stage, as warden. And how the able Louis Wolheim helps in a convict rôle!

Director Ruggles, capturing the atmosphere of the island of the lost, has concocted some tremendous thrills. You'll tingle at the pursuit through the jungle, with Colman and Wolheim floundering ahead of the guards.

This is a grand picture—a conquering of almost insuperable difficulties. And it is all high-lighted by the sophisticated, soothing voice and manner of that most appealing feller, Ronald Colman. *All Talkie.*



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

CONDEMNED ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE  
GENERAL CRACK DULCY

THIS THING CALLED LOVE  
THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND

PARIS SOUTH SEA ROSE  
IT'S A GREAT LIFE

## The Best Performances of the Month

Ronald Colman in "Condemned"  
Dudley Digges in "Condemned"  
Warner Baxter in "Romance of Rio Grande"  
Mona Maris in "Romance of Rio Grande"  
John Barrymore in "General Crack"  
Marian Nixon in "General Crack"  
Marion Davies in "Dulcy"  
Donald Ogden Stewart in "Dulcy"  
Edmund Lowe in "This Thing Called Love"  
Constance Bennett in "This Thing Called Love"  
Mary Brian in "The Marriage Playground"  
Irene Bordoni in "Paris"  
Lenore Ulric in "South Sea Rose"  
Rosetta Duncan in "It's a Great Life"  
Paul Muni in "Seven Faces"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 125*



★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE—Pathe**

**A**LIBI husbands and suspicious wives, take notice! The whole world is going to be enlightened by "This Thing Called Love." A lonely millionaire hires a wife and pays her a salary. She has her admirers and he has his girl friends. How is this for modern progress? You must see how Edwin Burke worked it out. Edmund Lowe, whose excellent work in "What Price Glory" and "The Cock Eyed World" has brought him such a following, at last draws a romantic rôle, and how the girls love him!

If you saw Constance Bennett in "Rich People" you will need no second invitation to this. Besides there is ZaSu Pitts, in evening gowns, instead of aprons, and pretty Ruth Taylor, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame. Delightful comedy drama, exceptionally well done. *All Talkie.*



★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE—Fox**

**I**F you liked "In Old Arizona"—and who didn't?—you'll get out of your seat and dance in the aisles over this rich and roaring melodrama of young love in Old Mexico.

Warner Baxter, who came so far back as *The Cisco Kid*, puts on his Mexican suit once more—a rich and gaudy one, this time, for Warner plays the beloved grandson of *Don Fernando*, lord of ten thousand acres south of the Rio Grande. And how Baxter plays the romantic rôle—even going so far as to sing a song—is nobody's business but yours, and yours, and yours!

The story has all sorts of chances for color and melodramatic action. Love and land-jealousy cause trouble between Baxter and a newly villainous Antonio Moreno, while the rich and noble senorita is Mary Duncan, and the lovelorn *Cinderella* is played by a sensational newcomer named Mona Maris. Tony and the two ladies perform magnificently, and the dependable Robert Edeson does better than well as old *Don Fernando*.

The whole thing sparkles, from fight to fiesta and from lavish to long-suffering love. "Romance of Rio Grande," to these reportorial eyes, has about everything we demand of our talking pictures, 1930 model—speed, color, romance, atmosphere, good acting and two fine songs out of just two tries. You'll go strongly for "You'll Find the Answer in My Eyes." Recommended highly. *All Talkie.*



★ **THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND—Paramount**

**T**HIS picture may not be the best in months, but it has a wholesome, human quality that almost puts it in a class by itself. This in spite of the fact that the theme, growing out of the divorce problem, is highly sophisticated.

Edith Wharton's book "The Children" was a best-seller, and the picture solidifies all the impressions it left. Seven undisciplined children, ranging from nine months to seventeen years, are merged into one group, suffering because their idle parents cannot settle their marital relationships.

Mary Brian, as the lovable oldest child, undertakes to save them. It gives her one of her finest rôles, and Frederic March is well cast. The fine cast includes several interesting children, among them Philippe de Lacy and Little Mitzi.

A beautiful picture you cannot afford to miss. *All Talkie.*



# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the



**PARIS—  
First National**

*All Talkie*



**Z**E fans are going to like zis Irene Bordoni. Her first picture, "Paris," has all the earmarks of a hit. La Bordoni sings in French and English in her famous oo-la-la manner, and wears ravishing gowns. She scintillates in the picture in the face of stiff competition from Jack Buchanan, another foot-lighter. And what a performance by Louise Closser Hale, the stage actress!



**SOUTH SEA  
ROSE—Fox**

*All Talkie*



**A** SEA-FARING gent anchors at an island infested with bananas and theme songs and takes on a cargo of Lenore Ulric. What she does to a New England village is plenty, including a torrid hula. You can't believe the story, but it's grand entertainment. Great comedy, and a wonderful storm at sea, not to mention fine support by Charles Bickford, Kenneth McKenna and Daphne Pollard.



**IT'S A  
GREAT LIFE  
—M-G-M**

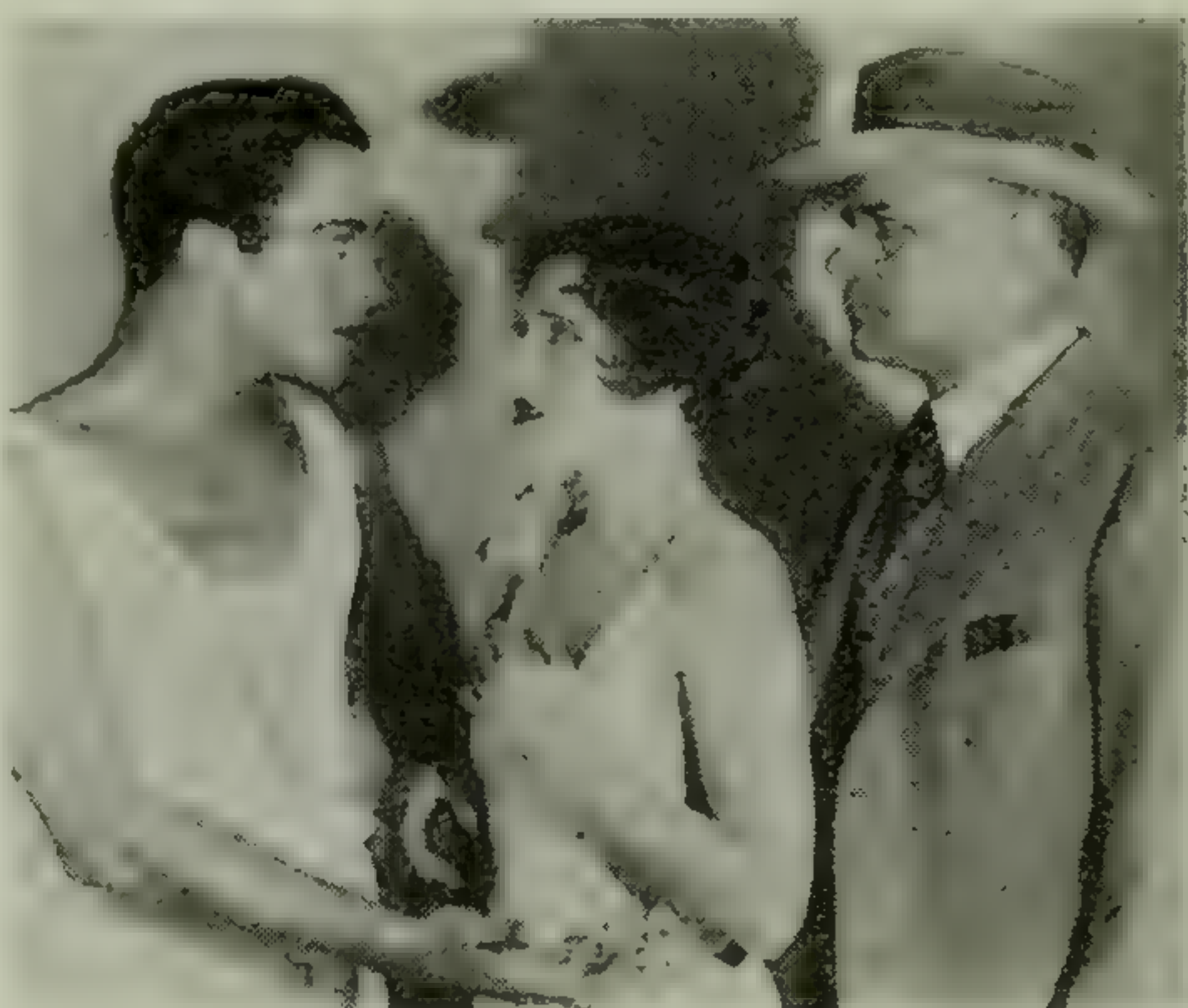
*All Talkie*



**V**IVIAN and Rosetta Duncan have made a snappy, hilarious comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team in this elaborate picture. It is crammed to the gunwales with Duncan comedy, and they do a lot of the vocalizing that made them famous. Listen for "Following You"—you'll care for it. Lawrence Gray clicks again in the male lead, and there is lots to praise beside the cute Duncans.

**HALF WAY  
TO HEAVEN  
—Paramount**

*All Talkie*



**O**NE of the nicest pictures Buddy Rogers has done. A romantic story with a carnival background, taken from Henry L. Gates' best-seller, "Here Comes the Band Wagon." The action of the story does not depend upon Buddy's "soulful" eyes, but upon his virility, and he comes through with a bang! No wonder Jean Arthur, his circus partner, finds him irresistible.

**THE  
VAGABOND  
LOVER—  
Radio Pictures**

*All Talkie*



**M**R. VALLÉE'S boy, Rudy, is right there with the sentimental ballads. His voice makes you think of moonlight and roses. "The Vagabond Lover" will please Vallée fans. Rudy warbles with telling effect. But it makes us think of the man who said "for gosh sakes sing, Annie." The king of song has one facial expression. Marie Dressler is superb as a *nouveau riche* society leader.

**A HOLLY-  
WOOD STAR  
—Educational-  
Sennett**

*All Talkie*



**T**HIS is one of the funniest two reel comedies, sound or silent, we've seen in a long time. Mack Sennett, The Old Marster, directed it. Harry Gribbon plays a Western star who makes a personal appearance at the small town theater run by Andy Clyde. And it's his first talking picture! A roaring, thumping satire, crammed with laughs. Don't let this one get by you.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

## **SEVEN FACES— Fox**

*All Talkie*



**F**OR the first time, one man gets seven "best performances" in a month. Paul Muni scores as he plays seven different historical characters in a museum. The figures are works of art, done by the famous sculptor, Mahronri Young, but the wax museums have been pictured before and the story loses some of its value. Beautiful work by Muni and Russell Gleason. Good entertainment with a novel twist.

## **NAVY BLUES— M-G-M**

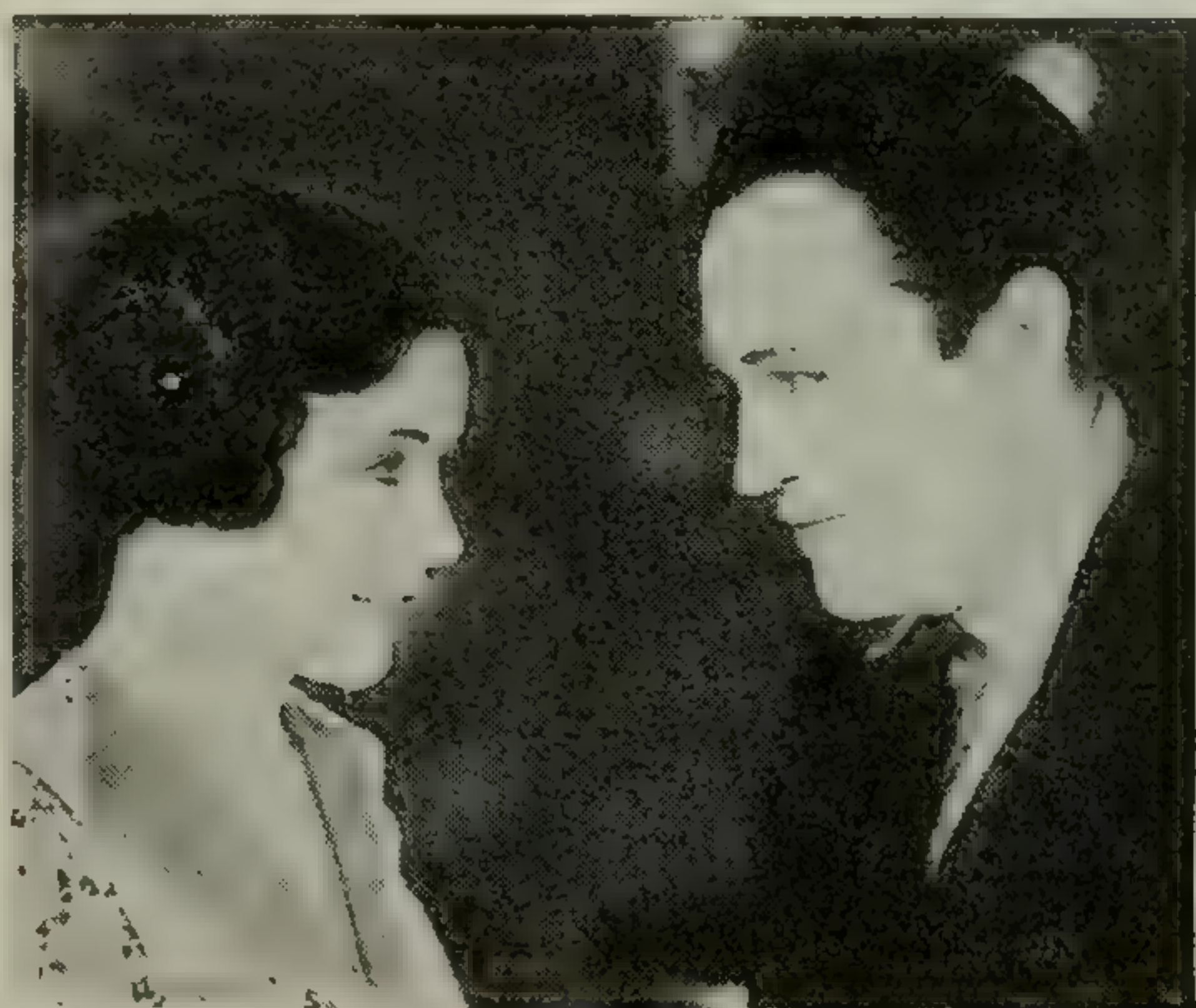
*All Talkie*



**I**F that Haines boy isn't a scream in "Navy Blues" then Hoover was a Tammany candidate. Willyum is the freshest gob that ever lived. He breaks up a Ladies' Aid social, steals Anita Page from her happy home, and then sails to Central America only to find that sweethearts in every port are the razz-berries. Excellent comedy is furnished by J. C. Nugent and Karl Dane.

## **THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS —First National**

*All Talkie*



**T**HIS fantastic melodrama of men and women lost in the Sargasso Sea is a triumph of production. Its scenes of dead ships in a lonely sea are magnificent. Not so much can be said for the dialogue, which is stiff. The leads are well played by Noah Beery, Jason Robards, and Virginia Valli. Keen fans will remember Maurice Tourneur made a silent version of the same story years ago.

## **SHANGHAI LADY— Universal**

*All Talkie*



**A** BEAUTIFUL blonde in a Shanghai *maison de joie* cuts loose and tries to become a lady. Mary Nolan gives a sincere characterization. Her voice is a bit harsh, but is perfect for the part. Anders Randolph, as a formidable mandarin, Wheeler Oakman, as a half-caste detective, and Lydia Yeamans Titus, as the irascible madame of the dive, are splendid. Universal's best picture in months.

## **THE SHANNONS OF BROAD- WAY— Universal**

*All Talkie*



**F**OR soul-satisfying foolishness there's not a team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons. This comedy of two vaudeville troupers stranded in a hick town is only a slight compromise on the stage play also written by and starring James and Lucille Gleason. The story isn't a striking bit of modernism, but acting and dialogue you'll say are gorgeous.

## **HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT— M-G-M**

*All Talkie*



**W**HEN you see a talking picture you watch the mouth of the player, don't you? That's one of the reasons that Jack Gilbert's first speaking performance is disappointing. You miss the vivacity and expressiveness of his eyes. Chatter in a mythical kingdom seems all wrong, somehow. Gilbert makes a great effort, and Catherine Dale Owen as the proud and haughty princess is beautiful. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]





Just a couple of ingénues, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. One of the greatest comedy teams in pictures, they work together like hilarious twins. It was the mad Polly who said of the Graf Zeppelin that it looked like Marie Dressler in a hammock!

# 50 Years of "IT"

Polly Moran tells  
about her love-  
life, and her newest  
flame—Bill Haines

*By Cal York*

**P**OLLY MORAN wept. Imagine that, if you can. Polly, laughter's gift to Hollywood, sat at her dressing table, head buried in her arms, shoulders shaking convulsively.

"It's tough," she sobbed, "tough to learn what I have discovered after fifty years of ignorance."

"All these years I have had sex appeal, without knowing it. And now, when it is too late to use it, I have found it out."

She raised her tear-stained face. And then she burst into Pollyesque laughter.

"Just think of all the fun I've had, though, without knowing what caused it."

Trust Polly to find the silver lining to even the darkest cloud.

"Nowadays they may call it 'It' or anything else," she went on, as the tears dried upon her cheeks, "Back in Chicago before the fire, we didn't bother to christen our charms. We just had 'em, that's all."

Polly leaned back in her chair. A far-away look came into her blue eyes, a faint smile touched the corners of her ruby lips, as she lived again the glories of the past.

"What a swell dish I was," she remembered. "Many are the guys who have squandered their hard-earned savings upon me, without even inviting me for a buggy ride. Let any of these Hollywood 'It' girls tie that record."

"The real S. A. sirens passed out with the puffed sleeves and the wasp waist."

"Take Marie Dressler, for example—that is, if anyone wants her. Marie used to be the most beautiful girl on the stage, excepting, of course, me and Lillian Russell. Today Marie is just another fair, fat and forty, unnoticed in the horde. It's the modern clothes that do it. If Marie could go back to

the Floradora petticoats, she'd knock Hollywood for a loop. Greta Garbo and the rest of them would look like nothing beside Marie."

The Misses Moran and Dressler are bosom pals, as you can see.

"With me, of course, it's a little different," Polly continued. "I look just as good today as I did—well, say thirty years ago. My figure shows to advantage in these new-fangled clothes. I am one of the few favored beauties of the old brigade. I look just as well in the sun-tan bathing suits which I wear, as I do in my most elaborate evening gowns."

**T**HE realization of the potency and agelessness of my appeal is what has led me to the discovery of my 'Itness.'"

Again tears clouded the blue of the Moran eyes. But she brushed them courageously away.

"Perhaps it is not yet too late," she consoled herself. "I wear short skirts, rolled socks and Garbo skull caps. I have discarded my corsets with my long underwear. My *parfum* is created especially to blend with my aroma, or aura or whatever they call it. I am a modern through and through. All the way through, which is some distance."

"My angles are curves, rounded, undulating, especially under the chin. My skin is the kind they love to touch, like my pocketbook. My eyes still burn with the fires of youth when I leave my specs at home."

Polly arose, grace in every line. She struck an attitude and her shin against her chair.

"Romance cannot, shall not, pass me by," she proclaimed, skilfully maintaining her attitude while massaging her swelling shin. "For many years I have been busy understanding





Believe it or not, this is Polly Moran. She was fifteen when this was taken, and a mighty singer of illustrated songs in the days of the nickelodeon and the colored slide

misunderstood husbands. Now misunderstood husbands shall understand me.

"Yes, I have loved often. My love is a great and burning passion which consumes me as in a fiery inferno. Some day I shall write a book, telling of my life and loves. Now that I realize the secret of my fatal fascination, I shall be able to write with a truer understanding. There was that conductor in Kansas City, that sailor in San Diego, that drummer in Dubuque, that. . . . But I could go on for hours. The world shall read it all some day."

INTO POLLY'S face crept a pathetic twistfulness.

"All these affairs have been but shells of romance," she sighed. "They have left me yearning and longing for real love. Perhaps I have found it at last. I think so. I hope so.

"He is William Haines, my darling Billy, who appreciates and understands as I have never been appreciated and understood before. For him I shall gladly relinquish the fleshpots. Our love is based upon a common interest and background, even though I am



Love conquers all, especially when the parties of the first and second parts are Polly Moran and her heart of hearts, "Wild Willie" Haines. Our trouble is that we can't tell whether Bill's expression is caused by love or by acute discomfort in the knee region

## Short Dresses

MY, my, my! What a battle the decree on long dresses started in Hollywood! There is one sure thing—Paris isn't going to make the Hollywood girls go in for long sports dresses. Each of the stars will give you her opinion of the new styles in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

slightly older than he is.

"Billy's mother and my mother were both mothers, and neither was ever wrong. With that mutual touch, our romance has a secure foundation. Since Billy was born in Staunton, Virginia, and I come from Chicago, it was only natural that we should get together to talk over old times when he was in Staunton and I was in Chicago.

"With my grace and adaptability, I shall fit into my place as the gracious hostess of his old family homestead, an apartment house on South G Street. Billy intends to raise a moustache and goatee and become a colonel and I shall read a book so that our children can grow up to snub the kids on the other side of town."

POLLY gathered up her make-up box and a pair of carpet slippers, and limped out of the door, headed for the stage where she was scheduled to emote in "Road Show," M-G-M's new story of back-stage life.

"When I am alone in the peaceful quiet of my Southern kitchen, I shall have time to remember and to write. I don't know whether I shall call it, 'The Loves of the Pioneer It Girl,' or just 'Five Minutes.' Gosh, won't Elinor Glyn be mad!"

Chuckling, her tears forgotten in the thrill of anticipation, Polly Moran, one of the reddest dashes in the scarlet history of romance, disappeared behind the studio carpenter shop.



## The Prize Winners

**First Prize \$1,500—"Motion Picture Camera"**

HARVARD C. SMITH  
2105 Thirty-fifth St., Kenosha, Wis.

**Second Prize \$1,000—"Everblooming Tree"**

VERONICA DOLAN  
400 Brown's Ave., Portland, Ore.

**Third Prize \$500—"Mirror of the Screen"**

PAULINE TEKESKY  
Ursuline College, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

**Fourth Prize \$250—"Stars on Earth"**

TAMARA CHRISTIANI  
c/o M. G. Lund, 12th Floor, 15 E. 26th St., New York City

**Fifth Prize \$125—"Heart of a Fan"**

MRS. SALLY Y. SCOTT  
1650 Pearl St., Denver, Colo.

[ ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 94 ]

# Here Are



Veronica Dolan, of Portland, Ore., carried off second honors, of \$1,000, with her tree offering

**W**ELL, the movies are looking up." This from one of the judges of PHOTOPLAY's sixth annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

And the movies certainly were. The judges had about reached the end of their many days' inspection of a seemingly endless array of entries. Set in every spare room and corner that could be found in PHOTOPLAY's Chicago headquarters, they overflowed to several specially rented offices on still another floor.

Between the time that the last set of cut pictures came into the hands of PHOTOPLAY's readers, with the September issue, until the Contest formally closed at midnight on September 20th, over 15,000 packages, boxes, and crates had poured in in a steady stream.

So far as the number of entries were concerned, and the high character of their presentation, it was the most successful contest that PHOTOPLAY had ever held.

Where did they all come from—this avalanche of entries—boxes so huge they stood ten feet high on the street, eyed curiously by thousands of pedestrians as they were unloaded? Designs so bizarre that the Contest checkers stopped work to wonder at, and admire, them? Fragile creations upon which the spirit of beauty and art had breathed? They had come from every state of the Union; from Canada, from Mexico, and from other countries to the south; from the West Indies; from Great Britain and nearly every one of her English speaking colonies.

**T**HUS it is no exaggeration to say that the exhibit facing the judges might be compared to a section of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the Field Museum of Chicago. Possibly, too, the scene was reminiscent of the old Model Room of the United States Patent Office. On the walls, on the floors, even on the ceiling—on every conceivable square inch of space—this vast array of solutions was displayed.

The entire gamut, from painting and statuary, through the handicrafts of embroidery and decoration, to the more mechanical phases, such as aeroplanes, Zeppelins, windmills, and motion picture machines, was run. Here would be a fireplace on a large scale, and there would be a safe, or a steamboat, or a globe, or a bookcase, or a gigantic butterfly. In several instances, solutions were submitted in the form of theaters, with actors on the stage, and the whole illuminated by electric lights. There were grottos, and Japanese

gardens, and Ferris wheels, Spanish galleons, and enough books to start a Carnegie library. There was one birthday cake, illuminated with candles to the number of stars featured in the Contest.

Nor were the accessories to milady's adornment overlooked—jewel cases, beauty boxes, trousseau trunks, miniature wardrobes.

To try to enumerate even lists of classifications would take several of these columns of type.

**A**ND what the American mind might have forgotten, if, indeed, there was anything that had possibly been overlooked, was remedied by the entries from foreign countries.

No wonder the judges, on that fourth day of inspection, were profoundly impressed. It would have made a deep impression upon the most casual observer—this amazing tribute to the world-wide popularity of the motion picture!

Yet, from this extraordinarily numerous and varied exhibit, certain entries stood out, so that, when the judges took a vote, it was found that their choice centered about a relatively small number, and, when the final choice was made, there was practically a unanimity of opinion in each instance, so that every entrant, whether he has won only a minor prize or failed to win a prize at all, may rest assured that his solution did not fail because of any lack of the most conscientious care and attention on the part of the judges.

In the minds of the judges, the outstanding entry in this Contest was a camera made of wood and metal, lacquered so realistically that one standing ten feet from it would declare it to be a camera like those used in the big studios of Hollywood. And inside the



This realistic motion picture camera won for Harvard C. Smith, of Kenosha, Wis., first prize of \$1,500



# Winners of \$5,000

## Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

camera were the assembled solutions, as neat and accurate in every way as was the camera in every detail. This unique symbol of the motion picture industry was submitted by Harvard C. Smith, 2105—35th Street, Kenosha, Wis. To him goes the first prize, \$1,500.

When advised that his entry was under consideration for a possible prize, Mr. Smith wrote:

"TWO days after your letter reached me, the stork presented Mrs. Smith and me with a fine eight-pound girl. As she is our first baby, we are anxious to give the little miss a good start in life, and the prize right now would help out a whole lot.

"I am a manual training instructor. I was born in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada, and I do hope that my many friends up North are going to see my name in PHOTOPLAY and rejoice with me as one of the fortunate prize winners."

Second prize, of \$1,000, was awarded for a beautiful tree, each of the thirty-two correctly assembled pictures being the center of a flower. And here, despite the great task of pasting the cut pictures together on a difficult surface, neatness in assembling was noteworthy, as was the case with the first and the remaining forty-eight prize winning solutions. Miss Veronica Dolan, of 400 Brown's Avenue, Portland, Oregon, winner of this second prize, says she is Irish and her letter proves it.

Among the score of things she would like to do with the prize money, she says: "Just once to take the kind of journey my imagination paints. . . .



A mirror screen, the work of Pauline Tekesky, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, was awarded \$500, the third prize

"A lover of the theater—silent, legitimate, or talkie performance, but never in any way connected with the smallest part of the work, I might now study it the closer. To write of the theater—of the people in it; to learn how some of those wonderful colorful effects of stage and stage settings, and costumes, are created. Perhaps I might even visit the famous city of magic—HOLLYWOOD.

"TO fill the house with music, for I crave its spell.

"Getting reckless . . . the Irish blood in my veins . . . just once would I like to take a wild, wild fling on the market. To feel like Solomon in all his glory. . . . Richer than any king. . . . And just a bit devilish. Because, having worked since graduation day, there's been a place for every rolling penny, with nary a 'wild' one among 'em."

An extra heavy, flawless mirror—"Mirror of the Screen"—built as a three-section screen, was awarded third prize of \$500. As the cor-

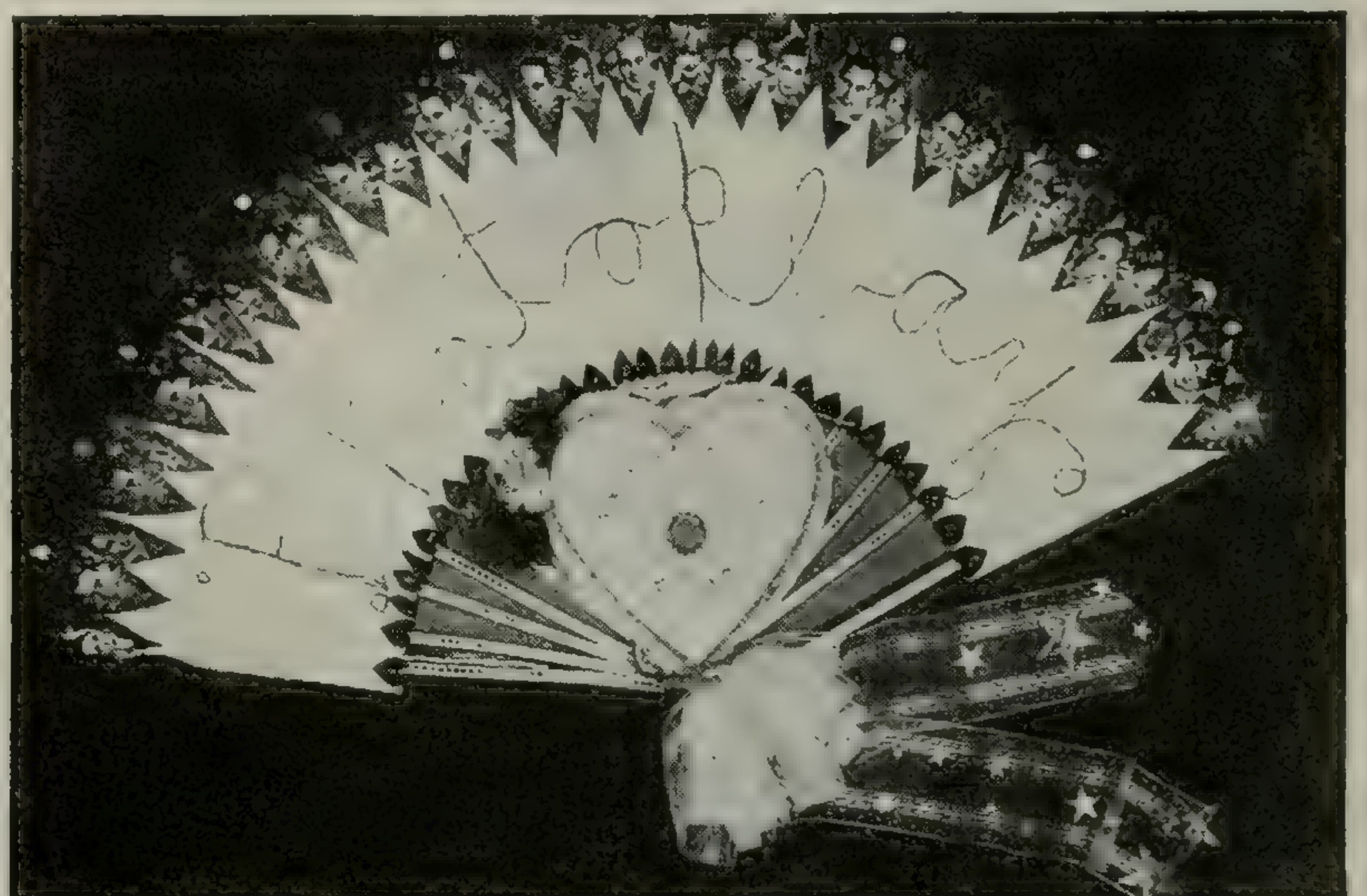
rectly assembled pictures were on the back of the mirror, it was evident that this contestant had pasted the pictures on plain glass and then applied quicksilver to it, creating the mirror. This was the entry of Miss Pauline Tekesky, a student at Ursuline College, Overlook Road and Cedar Hill, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Like all the other winners, her prize money will go to very good use. She says:

"I started to work on the Contest at the close of the school year in June. Every spare [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Tamara Christiani, of New York City, submitted this book, which took fourth prize of \$250



Fifth prize, \$125, goes to Mrs. Sally Y. Scott, of Denver, Colo., for her "Heart of a Fan"



THERE are more babies born with golden spoons in their mouths in Hollywood than in all the royal families still left in Europe.

Luxurious childhood in Hollywood has become pretty well established in the public mind through the Jackie Coogans and Baby Peggys of years gone by, with their fabulous salaries and inspired press agents to exploit their solid gold porringers, to be enjoyed when the pampered midgets were at leisure to pose in their *de luxe* nurseries.

Every tooth was a royal event, and the loss of one a tragedy not at all mended by the thought that a year would see a new one in its place. Alas, that lost baby tooth might mean hundreds of thousands of dollars in a lost contract, if a producer decided the gilded child was getting to that awkward age.

# Protecting Them From FAME



With a double-barrelled name of that calibre, little Mary Hay Barthelmess can knock the world for a row of clay pigeons. Dick's ideas, however, are sane

This sort of child appeal, with its silly luxury, has vanished from Hollywood. The gilded spoons of moviedom today rest in the mouths of the children of the stars. But most children of film folk do not inherit a long tradition of fame and wealth that helps them face the sudden rise to celebrity and money that films often bestow. European royalty have just about mastered the system of raising children so that the children won't enjoy it when the crowd hollers "hurrah!"

Of course, in the case of some in Hollywood it is possible that, like the Crown Prince of Ger-

Now, wouldn't Greta Garbo be different? She's the only person in Hollywood over whose house the Graf Zeppelin didn't float. Moreover, "I didn't even see it!" says Greta. A Zep's just a Zep.



Need we tell you? Von Stroheim, Jr., up to his father's old tricks. Just a chip off the old monacle

many, they will not be annoyed by the crowd hollering "hurrah!" when they are grown.

Look at how they raise the Prince of Wales. There is a well brought up boy. He positively abhors the idea of being a King, and wearily observes the shadow of the crown approaching him, every time his father feels ill. This can be taken as the ultimate flowering of a superbly sophisticated upbringing conducted along conservative lines.

Just what the movie parents have done about this same problem of rearing their children unspoiled by celebrity is an interesting study. The solution of the problem in each case is characteristic of the star's personality to a great degree. Like the lion and the unicorn in the rhyme,

Some give them white bread,  
Some give them brown,  
Some give them plum cake,  
And drive them out of town.

Perhaps the most fanatical of all the stars in her determination to keep her baby untouched by its mother's celebrity in films is Mae Murray.



# Filmdom's young heirs may be born with gilded spoons in their mouths—but their royal parents believe in teaching them to feed themselves

By

Rosalind Shaffer

Two whole-some, freckle-faced Bancrofts. Ten-year-old Georgette doesn't know her father is the screen's hairy-chested answer to many a maiden's prayer



Little Prince David M'Divani is closely guarded by servants and spends his childhood behind the walls of his mother's garden at Santa Monica. Some unkind folks have been known to say that they think Mae Murray has carried some of the drama of her famous screen rôles into her everyday life, with all this romantic and mysterious flub-dub over one small baby. The mystery has been carried so far that the child has never had an authorized picture printed. Mae says:

"I WANT my baby to grow up as an individual, not as the son of a celebrity. I believe a child develops best alone. There is such a thing as being so surrounded in life that one's own life and personality are imposed upon and smothered by others, so that nothing worth while can develop.

"Great men like Lincoln and Emerson achieved greatness in their hours alone. Then there is my own selfish reason for keeping my baby to himself with none of the publicity and handling that comes to the child of a celebrity. My home is my nest. I like to leave everything behind me when I leave the theater or the studio.

"My husband, Prince M'Divani, is not of the theatrical world. Conditions are such that I cannot give up my work yet. I like to come home to my nest, which is undefiled by outside contacts; there I breathe and gain strength for my work. And what bird has

Cliff "Ukelele Ike" Edwards was warbling at a Hollywood party when he heard a familiar, ominous noise. "Go on, Ike," said the host. "No one was hissing you! It was just a bottle of seltzer."

strange birds in its nest?" (This last means reporters, interviewers and cameramen, we took it!)

Six-year-old Mary Hay Barthelmess has a pair of famous parents. Her famous father, Dick Barthelmess, and her mother, Mary Hay, of stage and screen fame.

MARY has been in her father's custody most of her lifetime. She is the apple of his eye. Last summer Dick brought her home a new mamma. An English nurse and governess, who looked after her earlier years, cares for the wee sprite. Last year Mary went to a private school but her father thinks that the public school is the place for little girls, as it gives more democratic ideas.

Dick is anxious for the little girl to know about his work, and brings her with him to the set occasionally, when she sits and watches him make a scene. She knows her father is a celebrity. Dick feels that the tinsel and the glamour of it all will appear in its true proportion to the child if she grows up in it and has a chance to see everything as it is.



This little boy needs protection from two dangerous factors, the beauty of his mother, Claire Windsor, and the beauty which he possesses in his own right

Dancing and music are second nature to little Mary, and her return from school finds her busy for an hour with one or the other. Her playmates are children of other picture people, such as Gloria Lloyd or Henry King, Jr. Neighbor children, too, are in her circle. Barthelmess' ideas are plain and practical.

While he plans to see that Mary Hay Barthelmess has the best education she can get, it will be plainly and sensibly done.

Buster Keaton has a big load of celebrity to keep off the shoulders of his two rascals, Jimmie, aged seven, and Bobbie, five and a half.

Their grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, calls them the [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]



# Garbo-Maniacs

**H**OLLYWOOD puts its hand where its heart should be and swears that its Heaven is full of film stars.

Billboards scream it—press agents toot it on their E-flat cornets and boom it on their big bass drums. Electric lights spatter stellar names across the night, and starry voices squawk out upon the evening air.

But I am in the trenches, and I wink a roguish eye. I know better. There are only a few great stars left in the skies of filmland, and of the whole kit there is one outstander—Greta Garbo, Scandinavia's gift to the world. Explorers, scientists and practitioners of other arts are dim figures when set against this astonishing woman with the pale face and yellow hair.

There are those who say that the star system is on its death-bed and rattling its last. In any event, it is a safe generalization to say that the smartest, craftiest talking pictures that have so far squeaked into the public fancy have been the product of what we used to call "all-star casts," or of troupes with no stars at all. In other words, pictures are bigger than the stars.

**A**ND out in Los Angeles a funny thing happened. In the heart of the sound-maddened movie world, an old-time silent picture came slinking across a screen. When the smoke had cleared away and the casualties had been counted, the head men found that the picture had broken all existing records for the theater, sound or silent.

And need I add that the star of the voiceless opera was Greta Garbo, the Stockholm storm?

True, there are plenty of so-called stars shining their little hour. But there is only one queen, aloof and majestic on a lonely mountain top, who can do no wrong. That's La Belle Garbo, the woman who makes honest, home-loving American burghers look dubiously at their faithful, lawful wives.

It didn't use to be so.

In the noble days every star was fought for by her own group of maddened maniacs. To hint that Mary Pickford wasn't all she should be was to court a kick in the face. He who suggested that Fairbanks had his flaws was in jeopardy of a stinging

One of Them Screams to the High Heavens Garbo Can Do No Wrong—The Slightest Criticism in PHOTOPLAY and the Post-office Works Overtime

By LEONARD HALL

left jab to the jaw. The Gishes, Pearl White, Jack Kerrigan, Wally Reid, Valentino—all were swallowed hook, line and wiggling worm by their bands of devotees, who made the nights hideous with brawls over the merits of their favorites.

Those maudlin days are long gone. They ended with the era of debunking, which hit motion pictures at the same time it struck the other lively arts.

Mary Pickford has been under fire for some years for various alleged professional misdemeanors, and no critic has been hanged or shot at. Fans and critics have been announcing the end of her long reign

for years. Even now she is everlastingly sniped at from various quarters, as she sits on the lonely throne her husband erected for her at Pickfair.

Formerly she was the adored idol of millions—now she is courted by stray nobility touring Hollywood to look at the animals.

Fairbanks is in no better case. Nor is Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Dick Barthelmess, Billie Dove, Jack Gilbert or any other of the newer crop of stars. Let them speak out of turn, and around their ears rattles a barrage of epistolary criticism—not from enemies, but from their own gang of fair-weather fans.

The modern kings and queens can do plenty wrong. Their thrones are built of raspberry jello. One false squirm, and away they go!

**A**LL but Garbo! That weird and wonderful woman from the far north never seems to fumble a grounder, no matter how hard hit. She could ride around Hollywood on a howling hyena and leading a stuffed duck, and it would be all right with the Garbo-maniacs. Greta gets away with personal idiosyncrasies that would send other stars' fans shrieking away in droves.

But everything's all right. It's Garbo. And Garbo can do no wrong.

The Greta's position, in this respect, is unique.

Drolly enough, the more writers play truth about Greta, the more bitterly they are attacked and the more fiercely her fans rally round the standard, to fight and die for God, for Sweden and for Garbo.

[ PLEASE TURN  
TO PAGE 106 ]



Queen Garbo in the plain old coat and slouch hat that seem to comprise her pet outdoor costume. Right, one of the quaint, unfashionable gowns she wears on the screen. But let us hint that they are in any way odd or out of order and, swish! Off go our editorial heads!





GARBO, is strange fascination, unique in filmdom, leaves the screen to smite men and women with equal force. Almost nothing is known about her, but she has millions of devoted followers who take her part against the world, the press and the devil. The slightest criticism, however kindly, stirs a storm of protest. There are a million raging Garbo-Maniacs!





Bruno, Hollywood

*P*AGE Anita if you want to see something stunning in a two-toned afternoon gown. This one was designed for her by Jean Swartz. The colors are beige and navy blue, and the material is a lovely flat crepe. The blouse is heavily tucked; a panel falls at the front of the skirt to give that indispensable uneven hemline. Topped with a jaunty blue hat, Anita is ready to meet the world with a smile





Bruno. Hollywood

*A* LA CARTE" is the interesting name given to this smart dinner frock, designed by Howard Greer for Virginia Valli. It's of green and gold metallic cloth with an incidental bow placed just over the knee line, and it exemplifies the typical "Hollywood line" which Paris now calls new but which Hollywood created. The black lace hat adds the final touch of elegance





LILYAN TASHMAN'S rôles are synonyms for sophistication, and the same quality marks her costuming on and off the screen. The small basket pin in synthetic stones, which catches back the scalloped brim of her black hat, matches a similar pin worn high on her left shoulder—probably the forerunner of a million such sets worn by a million women. Girls know a good style trick is always worth copying



# Clara's First Train Ride

Her first manager tells  
how the Brooklyn bon-  
fire choo-chooed west-  
ward to gold and glory

By  
Maxine Alton

**C**LARA BOW was seventeen years old. She had never ridden in a train!

She stepped into the compartment as she would step into a new world. Before her stretched the unknown. In her pocket was a motion picture contract. Her future hung in the balance, yet she had not a single qualm nor doubt. She attacked the new life with a pitiful little *papier-mâché* bag containing one suit of underwear, of a bizarre color, covered with cheap lace, one pair of stockings and a roughneck sweater. That was all. She wore a sweater and a skirt that had once been pleated.

Thus Clara Bow at seventeen—now, six years later, one of the most famous women in the world.

Some weeks before, Clara had giggled her way into my office. I was at the time a story agent, but I occasionally handled people. She sat in my outer room and giggled until, through sheer annoyance, I led her in. She told me her story in a dozen staccato words.

Two years before she had won a beauty contest and had played a part in Elmer Clifton's independently produced "Down to the Sea in Ships." When her mother died in a last insane agony, she, knowing the intensity of her daughter's nature, extracted a promise from her that she would not follow a screen career.

Superstitious, as all primitive people are, Clara had taken two years to shake off the sacredness and horror of that promise. Now she stood before me looking for a job.

She was an untamed young animal in those days, as elemental as fire and as vivid. Her every reaction was natural and direct. Yet even then in that faded sweater and that dowdy skirt I felt that she had something, a wild, vital, emotional force.

**I**SPOKE to Mr. B. P. Schulberg's partner, J. G. Bachman, about her. He wasn't interested in emotional force, but after Clara had played in a couple of pictures (very amateurishly) he consented to O. K. her. I wrote Schulberg and a contract was arranged. Along with the contract went my assignment of escorting her to the Coast. I might as well have agreed to nurse a herd of white elephants.

Clara, her father and I were to meet at Grand Central Station. On the back of her first contract is still scrawled the directions in Robert Bow's hand. "Grand Central Station, information booth, 5:30 P. M." It was written in an illiterate manner. He had [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



Do you remember this Clara Bow? This Clara was a little Brooklyn girl who had only a gay, kid heart and the astonishing vitality and power that finally carried her to picture heights. Compare this Bow with the Clara of today, the courted star!



# How Studio Designers

Max Ree tells you to dry your tears, you girls who are too short, or too tall, or whose arms and necks are out of proportion

To make the arm appear longer, wear a long, tight sleeve with a row of buttons up the side

Another way to lengthen the arm is to wear a little frill extending over the back of the hand

To break the arm line, use any soft trimming that will hang gracefully from the forearm

A very long arm is definitely shortened by a wide sleeve, cut in a series of horizontal lines

The same principles for handling line apply to clothes and to rooms. Careful placing of pictures and shelves will make a room look high- or low-ceilinged. Figure A shows you how to make the figure appear shorter by the use of contrasting horizontals, formed by collar, belt and ruffle

By contrast, Figure B illustrates how a short, stout woman can create the illusion of height and slimness by using unbroken lines from neck to hemline. You can adapt the new fashions to your individual requirements simply by following these basic rules for lengthening or breaking lines

MAX REE does things with lines. Ree, a young Dane who was with Max Reinhardt in Europe as his set and costume designer, has taken charge of all set and costume building for RKO. Ree introduced the famous Garbo collar. He did it to make Greta's neck look less long. Since that time he has been making the picture gals look the perfect creatures that none of us are.

It's all done with lines. Or anything that gives the eye the impression of a line—a row of buttons or bows, a ruffle, the use of material in two shades.

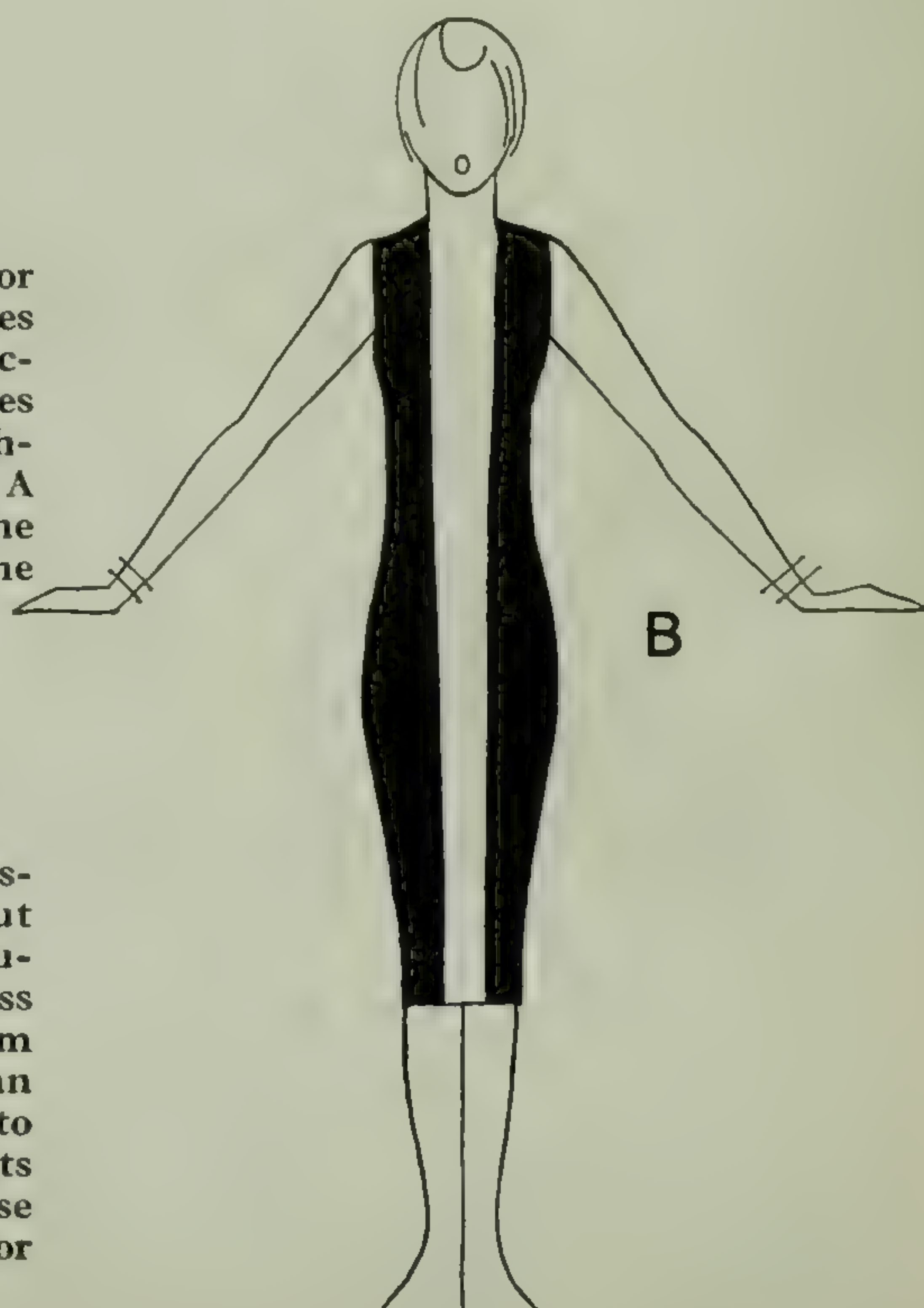
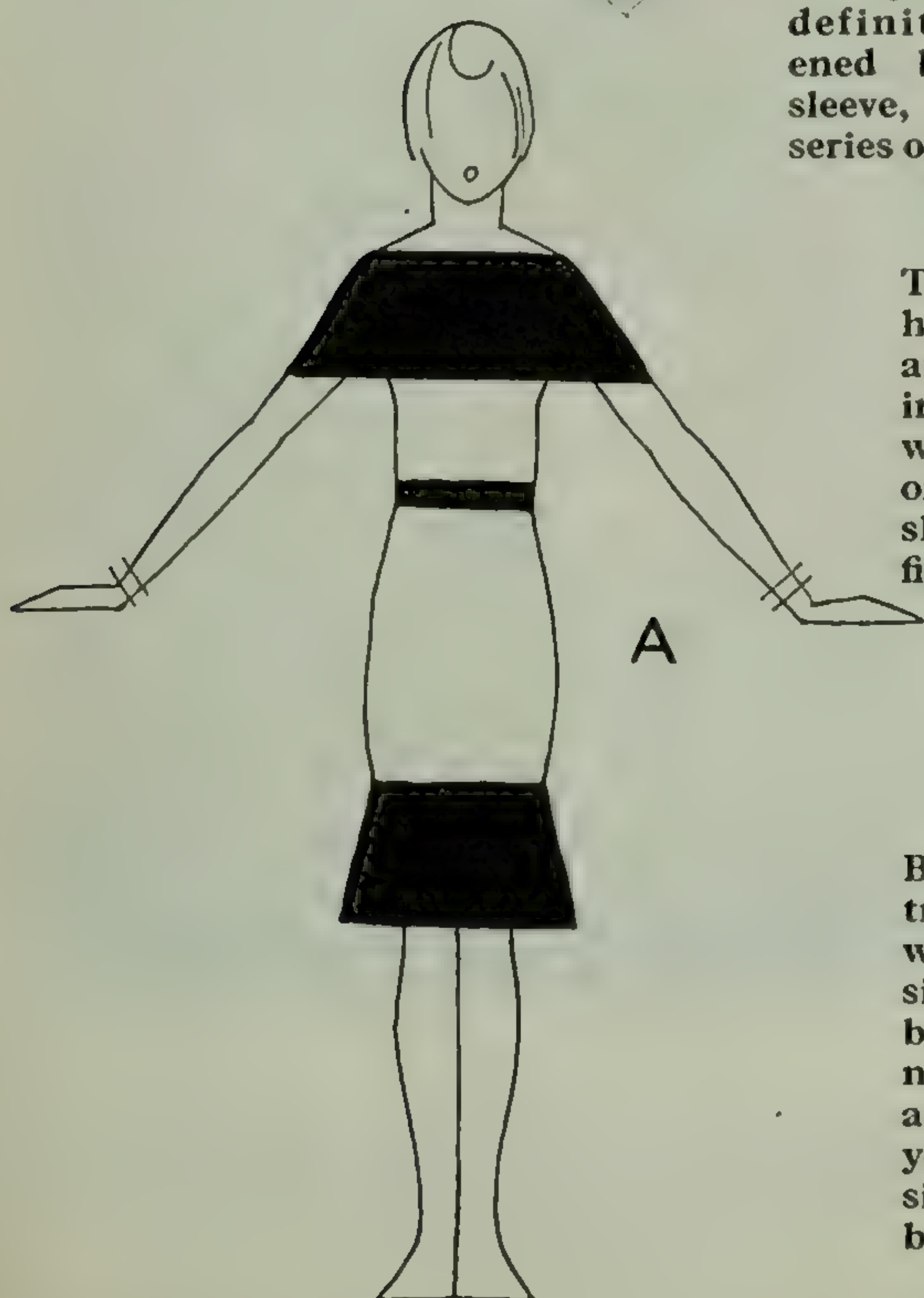
The sketches shown here are basic principle. They are all done on the same figure and you can see the amazing transformation that occurs by a simple change. The principles involved apply to costumes as well as to rooms. A room with a high ceiling is made to look lower and cosier if the pictures are low and the book shelves placed in continuous rows.

"There is, of course, a happy medium," said Ree. "It is a mistake for a tall girl to imitate a flapper and wear frocks that are unsuited to her. No matter what your height, you should wear high heels, except for sports.

"We all know that a tall woman should not wear vertical stripes or drapes. These are for short girls. A long drape makes the figure look longer.

"Most women make the mistake of selecting a gown for color and material. Line must come first, no matter what the style. By studying my sketches you can adapt fashion into the proper molds.

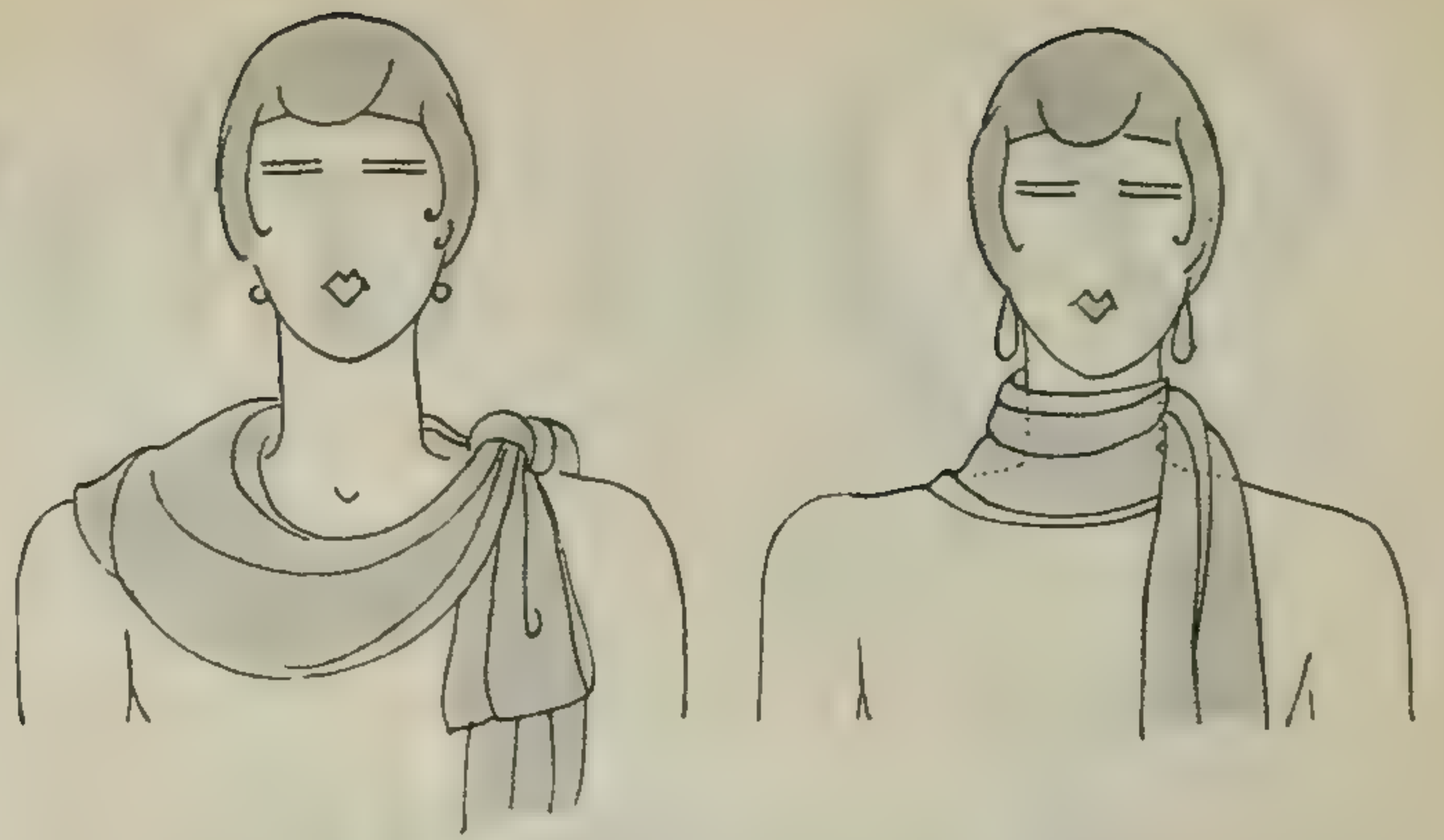
"Young, plump women can wear black and dark blue," said Ree, "but often these shades are not becoming to an older person. Black





# Use Lines to Remedy Defects

By Lois Shirley



To shorten the too-long neck is a simple matter. If you have a "Garbo" neck, try these remedies, prescribed by a master of line. For sports, wear a soft, loose drape or scarf rather close to the throat line (left). If your neck still "ostriches," draw the scarf up close around the throat and knot at one side (right)

is trying. Only a young face can 'get away with it.' Therefore the matron who is stout should wear only dark colors. Dark green, dark red, etc. However, she can do more with lines.

"She should never cut her figure in half with a tight belt. She should always choose drapes. And uneven hems. And loose little capes at the back, if these capes flow into the skirt and do not break the figure.

"**D**EFECTS may be completely changed by a good line. Note the four variations of sleeve effects and what they do to an arm. The best way to lengthen the arm is with a long, tight sleeve, brought well over the hand, with a row of buttons up the side. A little frill over the hand will relieve the monotony of this, but the higher the frill is extended, the more the arm is shortened. A very long arm is successfully shortened by a wide sleeve and a series of horizontal lines. Little can be done with a short neck. It is best to leave it bare and wear a V neck line. But there are many ways to shorten a long neck.

"For evening, the most successful method is the use of square earrings and a large choker at the throat. A soft scarf or drape is effective with sports clothes and, if the neck is very long, the scarf may be pulled up higher and knotted at the side. The rolling collar is always becoming and softens and shortens the neck.

"Little can be done with hats. They are the most stereotyped of all feminine apparel. If the dictators of fashion say small, tight crowns, you must wear them.

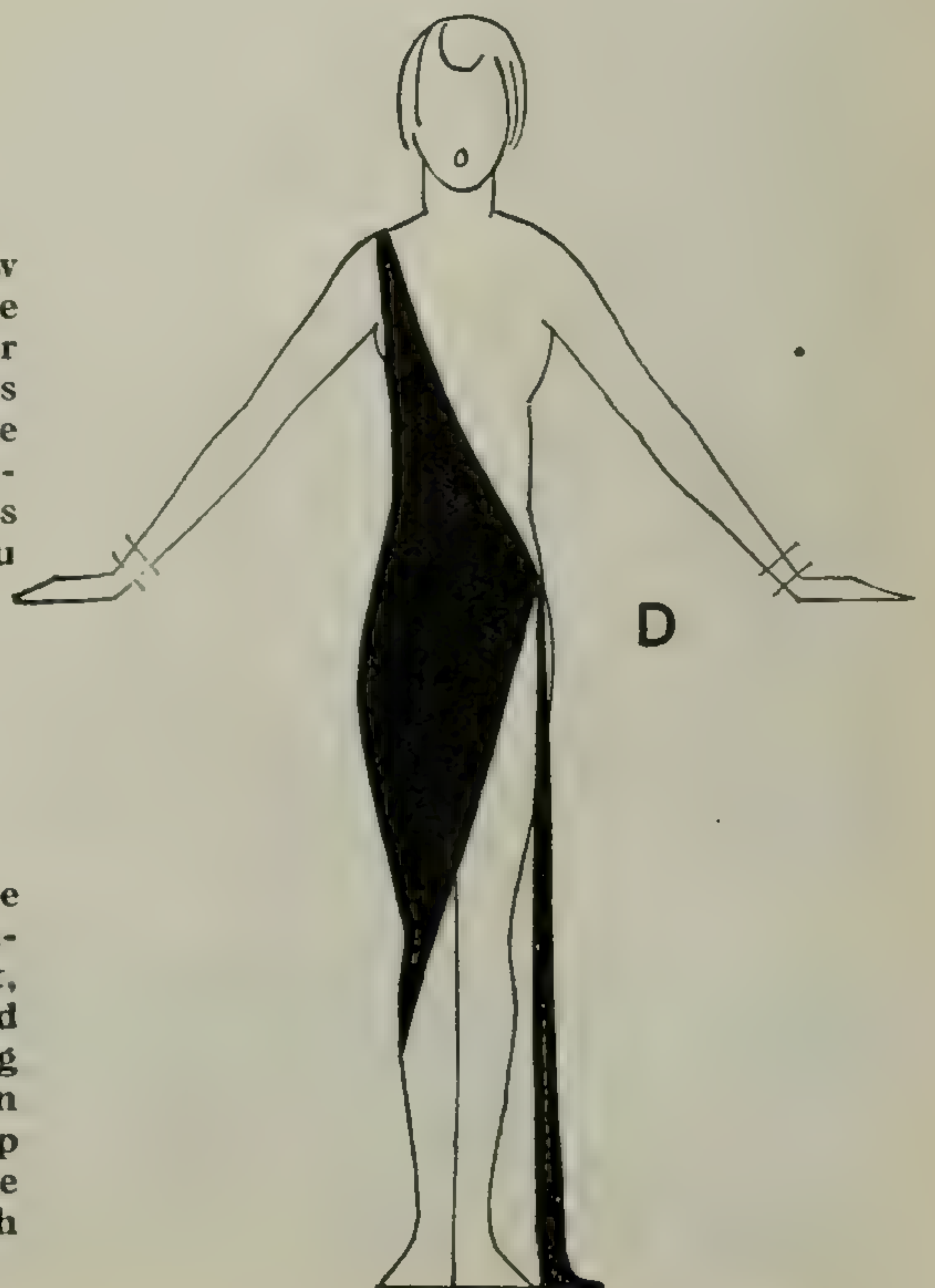
"A girl learns her figure faults by standing in front of a full length mirror and studying herself. Certainly that's easy enough!"



With evening clothes, the long-necked girl wears a large choker necklace and square earrings of good size. Earrings and necklace form a series of horizontals that effectively cut the length of the neck (left). The softly rolling collar is another neck-shortener and is usually very flattering (right)



The tall girl should follow the lines illustrated by Figure C if she wants to cut her height gracefully with bands of trimming or with the drapings that are so important a part of the season's smartest fashions. Here you have expert advice on their proper and most effective placing



And if you are short, and are tired of the straight-up-and-down lines that add height, there are diagonals designed just for you—long, sweeping lines that cut the figure in an interesting manner and keep you up to date with little sacrifice of the coveted length (Figure D)



# Doubling for

By

Roy Wilcox

Illustrated by

Harley Ennis Stivers

**B**RUCE REID, seated at a table in a cheap restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, graced his surroundings with the distinction of a Don Torredo. In fact, had that newest star in the Hollywood firmament been present, a long-shot would have revealed them to be alike as twins.

But a close-up would have discriminated between the texture and cut of their clothes—between what was written in their faces.

Don Torredo's would have read: "I am a great actor and a great lover, and I know it." Reid's face said plainly: "I am a failure and a cynic, and I show it." The industry had given Don the stellar rôle in an important picture; to Bruce, the knocks and kicks that go with being a double to such a star.

Nevertheless, Bruce rejoiced this morning over his cheap repast. The famous Don was with him in spirit, if not in actuality. As he drew forth Torredo's note and re-read it, having finished his breakfast, a sardonic smile twisted his mouth into an almost perfect Torredo expression. The note had a pleading tone. It read:

"Mr. Reid: It is you who are my living image, and who doubled me in my last picture. I have now the proposition which will make you some money. Come to my apartment at ten o'clock tomorrow. You will be admitted. It will be doubling for Mr. Death, but you make money. Please come. Thank you."

Don Torredo's signature was at the bottom. And today was the note's "fomorrow."

So the famous lover had written him a personal note! It seemed very amusing to Bruce. He got up, wiped his mouth, and moved toward the door. A movie-extra, slouched at a table nearby, looked up as Bruce passed, and called out to him, "Hello, Don. How's the famous star?"

IT is a favorite gag in Hollywood among the proletariat in the picture game to address the double of a well-known star by the star's name. A double usually emulates the star in mannerism and dress, and sometimes the likeness is astounding, as in the case of Bruce Reid and Don Torredo.

Bruce did not pause near the extra's table. He merely replied, "Great, thanks."

The extra asked, in a whining voice, "Say, Reid, gotta cigarette?"



"Sorry, all out."

"O. K.," whined the extra, slumping back again in his chair. Bruce walked out upon Hollywood Boulevard. The extra said to himself, "Damn stuck-up bum." Bruce, walking along, said to himself, "Punk extras. Always trying to make a touch. I wish to hell I were out of this game."

But he had been with the game a long time. He was tied down, broke—and there was a woman.

Bruce pulled out a crumpled cigarette package. It contained one crushed cigarette. He picked it out and threw the empty pack away. He ironed out the cigarette between his fingers, searched through his pockets for a match. Finding none, he entered an exclusive pipe shop and used the lighter. Then he continued down Hollywood Boulevard.

Three girls, arm in arm, passed him and turned around. There were sly nudges and little exclamations from fluttering young hearts as they turned again and stared. He heard their voices:

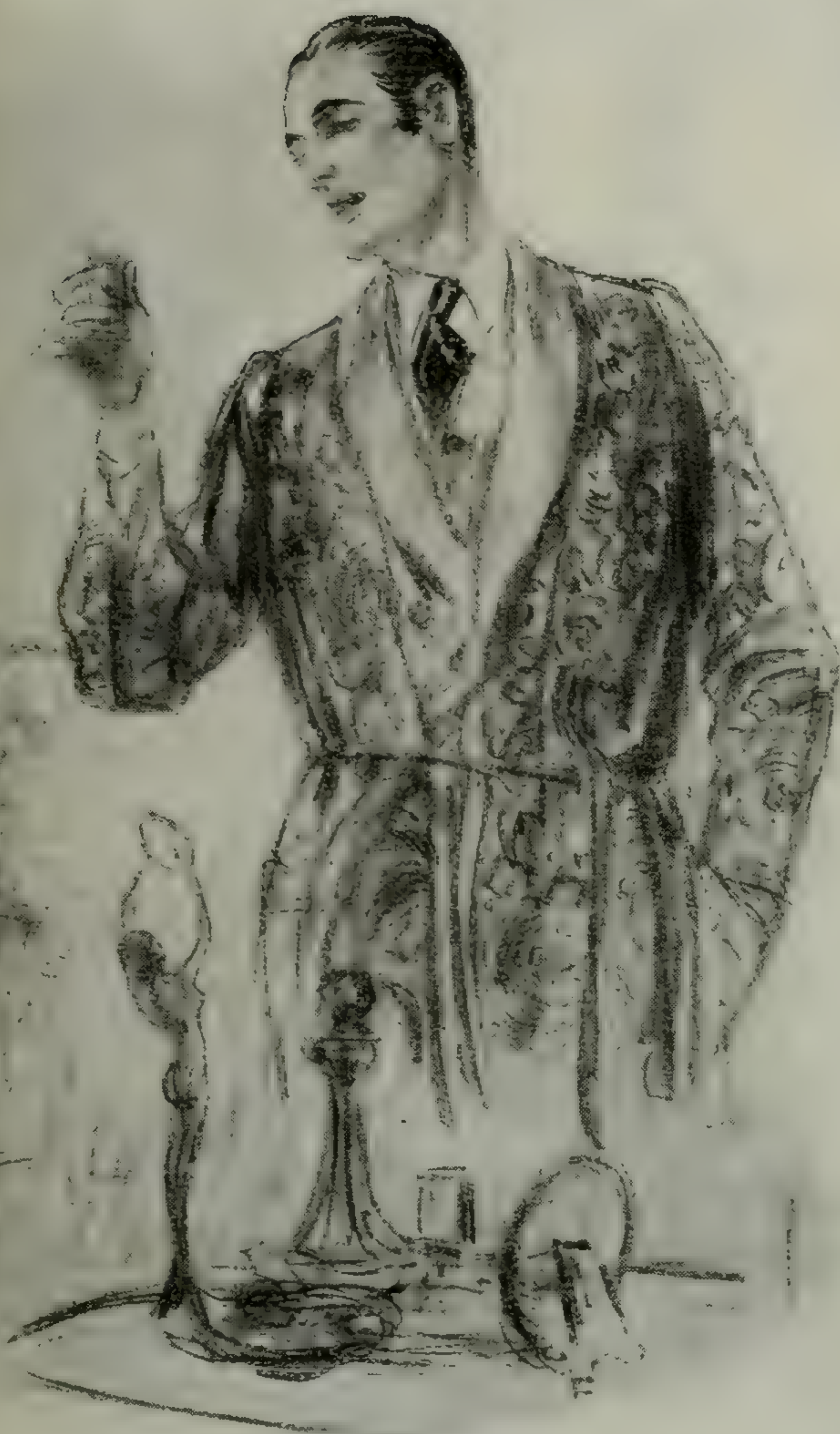
"YES, that's him! That's Don Torredo. Ain't he handsome though!" And, "Oh, he's got an opening tonight. Let's go." And, "Oh, really? All right, let's!"

People turned and looked. He was being ciceroned into a



# DEATH

He was only a seedy double with empty pockets, but he outsmarted the rich and glamorous star whose fascinating voice he was



"No drink?" said the handsome Don Torredo to his double. "Nor women either, I suppose? Ah, wine and women, she is my weakness, as the song goes. It is because of women that my life is threatened, and I need your help!"

lot of cheap publicity by the girls' loud talk. For Hollywood citizenry is gullible, not yet hardened to having famous ones of the movie colony pass by, without noticing and following their receding figures with envious eyes and throbbing hearts. The three girls turned again; then pressed closer together, and walked on faster.

BRUCE smiled, and then his smile grew into a bitter laugh, which burst and died. With grim face he turned up Cherokee Avenue.

At Don's exclusive apartment house, Bruce was admitted into the lavender and gold of the magnificently furnished rooms by a Filipino boy. Seated on a luxurious divan, he awaited the entrance of the artist, Don Torredo.

He glanced around the untidy room, attracted by the fragrance of perfume. He noted portions of the famous Torredo wardrobe strewn about, and here and there were feminine garments.

A sudden wave of great bitterness rose over Bruce. His

face burned. He spoke between his teeth: "Damn' lousy foreigner!" His words carried the concentrated hate of all cheated men. Hollywood had taken from Bruce several precious years. Three years previous, Bruce Reid meant something on the legitimate stage. But like many others, upon arriving in Hollywood he had lost his identity as an actor, having had to accept bits and atmosphere in pictures.

When the new star, Don Torredo, flashed across the sky, the amazing likeness between Bruce and Don was quickly discovered. But Bruce had been foolish enough, and desperate enough, to sign up on a cheap contract, which included his services as voice double for the foreign star. Too late he realized that for a few dollars he had killed his future as a screen actor.

HE was roused from these bitter thoughts by the entrance of the Don. Torredo was newly shaved, his hair sleek and shining. He wore a jet dressing robe with bright red edges, as if garbed for one of his love scenes, but Bruce read in his eyes the dissipation of the night before, and the haunted look of one who is not certain of life.

He greeted Bruce with pseudo-brightness, "Ah, my famous self in caricature, my spokesman in the talker—and he's on time."

"I'm always on time," replied Bruce, simply. "Was I ever late for you, or did I ever hold up your set?"

"No," admitted Don unconcerned. "But no matter. First we will have the drink." He poured out two glasses of bourbon, and applied the Shasta water.

"Here," said Don, offering a glass to Bruce. "Drink."

"No, thanks," said Bruce, "I don't drink."

"No drink?" queried Don. "Nor women, I suppose? Women and wine, she is my weakness, as the song goes." He smiled faintly, and drained the glass.

Bruce eyed him speculatively, and then asked, "What's this letter mean?"

"Right away business, eh?" replied Don. "Well, since you will know, I show you."

Here he brought out another letter and handed it to Bruce. "Read him."

Bruce read: "I am warning you. If you go to your opening with the woman you intend to take, you will be bumped off, and I mean it." There was no signature.

Bruce handed the letter back and remarked, "Nice little threat. What are you going to do?"

"Threat is right," vociferated Don. "A fool I have been. Always a woman, they make of me one. All over Europe they make of me a fool, these women. A husband, a lover, a duel. Damn women! But this one—she I love. I marry her maybe. But tonight I must go to my première. It is my first opening, and I must go."

"BETTER see the police," suggested Bruce.

"Police!" exclaimed Don. "I should look them up! Pretty soon they find I no belong in America and have me deport. No, not the police. I handle this—" Don patted his chest—"by myself—alone."

"Who sent the letter?" asked Bruce.

"Do I know? My God! Asking me riddles. Some husband, some lover, some fool, some murderer, I say, who should be the prison walls behind."

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**I**NTRODUCING Miss Bernice Claire to you PHOTOPLAY fans. You'll want to keep your eye on this girl from the musical comedy stage. First National is betting all its blue chips on her, as a result of her work in "No, No, Nanette," her first musical film. She is a keen and sparkling comer!



"I agree, gentlemen. It's an acute attack of Talkiephobia. She will be all right after her first picture."



# Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

## Happy New Year!

*If wonders of the See-And-Hear  
Go on increasing year by year*

*I would not bet you anything  
On what young Nineteen-Thirt' will bring!*

*Screen actors, in a scene intense,  
May stop to hiss the audience—*

*Or if we think the show is grand  
They may step down and shake our hand—*

*Or yell to give the critics air,  
Or shout a greeting to the Mayor!*

*So great are Science and its toys  
In adding to our movie joys*

*That it is hard to tell, my friends,  
Just where the screen begins or ends!*

*So happy 1930, when  
We may see shadows turn to men!*

## Just Going Along

Not long ago a big movie theater in a Western state turned loose its master of ceremonies, and one of the town's smarties asked, "What's the matter? Wasn't he offensive enough?" . . . It is reported that after nine weeks of shooting on "City Lights" Chaplin had about a thousand feet of accepted film. Another month and he'll have about a news-reel. . . . When the Hollywood girls want to wither and curl up the boy friend these days with brutal scorn they just say, "You're only a silent picture to me!" . . . Davey Lee, the half-pint actor who has given up the films for the personal appearance thing, is getting grouchy and temperamental. When he appeared in Syracuse the fire department turned out to welcome him, and the chief presented Davey with a badge. Then what did young Mr. Lee do but get uppity because the chief's badge was gold and his was only silver. It's a wonder he didn't demand a hook and ladder. . . . Ten people out of nine, passing the Criterion Theater, New York, where Helen Morgan's "Applause" is showing, read the sign "Applesauce." And they tell of an actor who, when he passes the theater and reads "Applause" in the lights, takes two bows. . . . And have you heard of the manager, distressed by bad talking apparatus in his neighborhood house, who put out a sign reading "Unwired for Silence?"

## The Gag of the Month Club

I can't refuse the January Award of a slightly thumbled New Year card for 1886 to "The New York State Exhibitor" for this classic:

"Did you make any money on that theater you bought?"

"It burned down after I had it a week!"

"ANSWER MY QUESTION!"

## Getting Personal

Warner Oland, famous for his Chinese characterizations, is a Swede. . . . Roxy serves about 2,000 free cups of coffee a day in his New York theater. . . . The two-year-old son of Eileen Percy has never been named. People call him "Cubby." His parents will let him pick his own name when he's old enough, which will rule out "Egbert" and "Waldo." . . . Fox is showing nothing but news reels in the fancy little Embassy Theater in New York. Each show will last an hour, with admission 25 and 35 cents. . . . Perils of Hollywood—Nancy Carroll caught a terrible cold while being filmed in a thin nightgown, and Barbara Kent fell off a high bicycle while posing for publicity stills and split her knee. Three weeks in hospital. . . . First National has a special doctor to look after the feet and leg-health of its chorus girls. . . . Spain has the largest relative movie theater seatage in Europe—a seat to each 14 inhabitants. Albania has but one to each 363 Albanians. How would you like to wait for a seat in Albania, just before the nine o'clock show? . . . Ramon Novarro has had his tonsils out recently. . . . The famous Boston censors have now forbidden audiences to hiss in Boston theaters. Now if they'll just ban coughing and title-reading. . . . George Jessel's mother, 22 years a widow, has remarried. Bride and groom are about 50. . . . Ford Sterling is conducting a portrait studio in Pasadena. . . . Hedda Hopper was born in Altoona, Pa. . . . Claire Windsor is dancing in vaudeville, with a male partner and a ten-piece marimba band. . . . Bobby Vernon, for years a favorite comic, turns up with a tenor voice. He takes three lessons a week, and is eager to start warbling. . . . Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders, are running ping-pong tournaments these days. They have a practice table for beginners, while hardboiled, veteran pingers and pongers battle it out on the big table. . . . Up to the moment of going to press Warners held the record for the number of chorus girls on one set. They had 204 beauties in one scene of their "Show of Shows."





*W*HEN is a Barrymore not a Barrymore? Give up? When it's a Fairbanks with a chiseled profile and a stern look in the eyes. This striking and flattering likeness probably won't hurt young Douglas Fairbanks' feelings a bit. He is a great admirer of the John Barrymore looks, not to mention talents. P.S. In case you're still in any doubt, the outside nose is John's



# Why Hollywood Scandal *Fascinates Us*

A noted psycho-analyst lifts the curtain on our  
interest in filmland's personal woes

By

Louis E. Bisch  
M. D., Ph. D.

**W**HY does your interest rise whenever you read or hear something that touches on the personal, and particularly the private, life of one of your picture favorites?

When Lita Grey began worrying Charlie about the divorce and it was rumored that certain intimacies might be revealed—what was your reaction?

What really fascinated you?

Was it the fact that the making of his picture, "The Circus," was being interrupted and his artistic career seemed seriously interfered with? Or was it the fact that he rushed from Hollywood to New York, secluded himself, and the newspapers were hot on the trail of both husband and wife in an attempt to gather information that might make us gasp?

Nobody really cared a fig whether the Chaplins would eventually be divorced or not. Is that not so? Certainly thousands have been divorced before them. There was no novelty in that.

But everybody cared mightily what possible scandal or luscious bit of gossip might be hinted at or actually brought to light!

You need not hesitate confessing to yourself that such was your own particular primary interest. You may rest assured that you are in good company!

**T**HE point is that every man and woman, no matter what his age, station in life or education may be, reacts in the same manner to personal privacies, especially when they affect those prominent in the public eye.

Nor is there any gain-saying the further fact that the closer such information borders on sex the better we like it.

Why, you ask?

Suppose we hear what psychology has to say.

Psychoanalysis, in particular, ought to have some interesting explanations to reveal. It is psychoanalysis, you know, which deals with our deepest and most

fundamental motivations, with emotional processes the whys and wherefores of which are often absolutely hidden from us because they are lodged in our unconscious minds.

In this connection psychoanalysis has four theories to advance.

Psychoanalysis claims, in the first place, that we are so absorbed in the personal side of Hollywood because all persons, more or less, are "Peeping Toms."

This characteristic, this spying tendency, is an offshoot of the curiosity instinct.

**I**T is by curiosity that we learn, that we develop, that we grow from babyhood into maturity. Were it not for curiosity, not only would the individual remain mentally deficient and emotionally backward, but the progress of the world itself would come to a standstill and the future of civilization would be in a sorry plight.

Curiosity is a highly valuable and healthy trait.

Nevertheless, not all kinds of curiosity are permissible.

Social standards are such that certain types are held taboo.

That is how one peculiar variety of curiosity, the Peeping Tom kind, comes into being.

As children, we are taught that under certain conditions it is "not nice" to look, to investigate, to ask questions or otherwise to satisfy the curiosity hunger.

Johnny, for instance, must not try to see what is going on behind a closed door nor peep under the drawn blinds of a neighbor. Nor must little Freda ask for more satisfying information about Mrs. Jones' baby across the street. Nor must one open letters, nose into bureau drawers, nor otherwise pry into the affairs of others when

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TO PAGE 100 ]



We are all suffering from a distinct Peeping Tom, or Keyhole, Complex, says Dr. Bisch. Here we are, indulging that little trait of ours



# Four Nice Boys



Constance Bennett

CONSTANCE BENNETT is coming back to a bored town that needs her. Her Paris millinery gives the Montmartre a tone. Her Paris gossip gives the idlers something to think about. And she slings as mean an epigram as has been heard in the Hollywoods in many a talkie moon.

Sophisticated as a night clerk, beautiful as an August moon, smart as next year's hat, Constance picked up the industry where she left it four years ago.

Mama Bennett didn't want her little girl to go on the stage. She's had enough theatrical tradition from Richard, so Constance went in pictures instead. After free-lancing, she signed a contract to play the lead in "Sally, Irene and Mary," the film which also brought Sally O'Neil and Joan Crawford to the overworked public eye. On the strength of it, Constance signed a long-term, stellar contract with the studio.

But there's wild blood flowing in all Bennett veins. She chucked her career for a millionaire named Phil Plant, and rushed to Paris with him. There were villas in Biarritz, homes on the Riviera and other swanky frames for Constance's beauty. And then she grew bored—which is an habitual state with her—and returned to Hollywood.

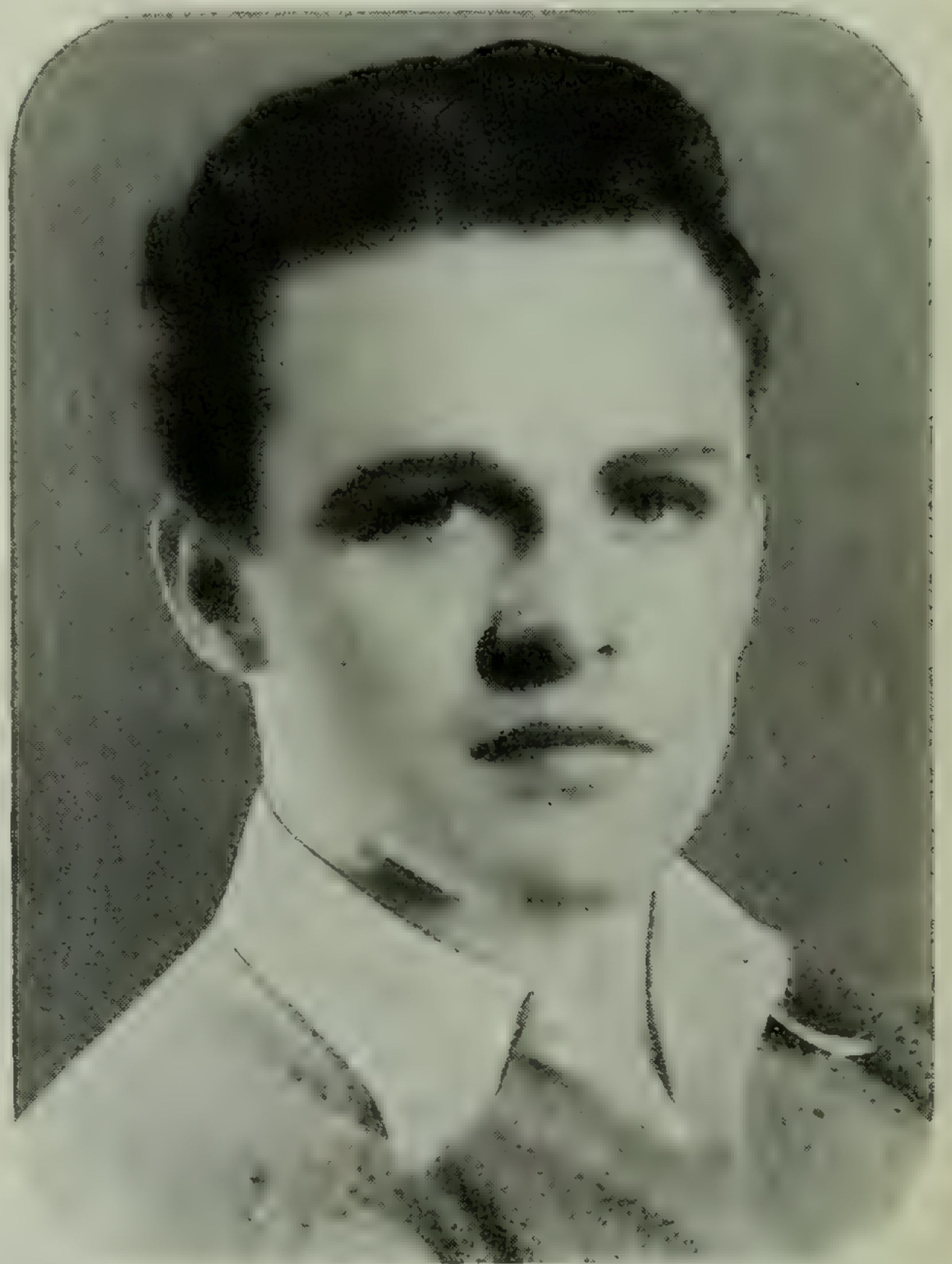
JOAN and Barbara, her sisters, were already on the Gold Coast picking up talkie shekels. Constance had thought of doing a picture for UFA but the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray (Gloria Swanson's husband), Pathe's representative abroad, got her signature on a contract. It is typical of the elaborate, glittering Constance that nothing short of a Marquis could persuade her to continue the film career she dropped with a shrug.

The eldest Bennett *fille* has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 99 pounds and is five feet, four inches tall. Her first picture under her new contract is "Rich People."

LOCAL boys seldom make good on the old "stamping grounds," so Stanley Smith carved out a career on the stage far from Hollywood.

Several years later, when he returned in "The Royal Family," he was given a long-term motion picture contract. He supported Eddie Quillan in "The Sophomore," and was Nancy Carroll's leading man in "Sweetie." He will probably do another picture at Paramount before he returns to his home studio, Pathe. Paramount thought so much of him they tried to buy his contract, according to report.

Stanley went on the stage after overcoming more than the usual amount of family objection. For several generations his



Stanley Smith

father's family had been bankers. His mother's family dealt with lumber in forest quantities. It was a natural thing for Stanley to choose one or the other. But he says he considers acting just like any other business. If he can't make money in it, back to the bank or the tall timber, so to speak.

LENORE ULRIC gave him his first acting opportunity in "Kiki." Before that he had made an appearance in the Hollywood Bowl, during his high school days, as *Robin Hood*. After "Kiki," he played in stock for several seasons, and now he is getting friendly fan letters from people who remembered him as the "juvenile" in their home town stock company.

His alma mater was Hollywood High School, and most students of this institution, being at the doorstep of the industry, nurse ideas of picture careers. Many of them have put their dreams into actuality. Stanley brings youth, rugged good looks and a splendid speaking, as well as singing, voice to the "soundies."



# And Girls

**E**DDIE DOWLING is about as familiar to New Yorkers as Times Square. In fact, he is so successful as author, actor and producer of Broadway shows that he has seldom gone on tour. "The Rainbow Man" introduced him to the world of films. Now he is making a second picture, "Blaze o' Glory."

Almost all of the authors who have written plays about New York have been farm boys. Eddie is not an exception. He was born on a farm in Rhode Island—just a few miles from Plymouth Rock. The land had been deeded originally to his great, great grandfather. There were seventeen children in the family and one hundred rocky acres yield a slim living for so many mouths. Eddie went to sea. A famous manager heard the



Eddie Dowling

boy sing at a ship's concert, and he persuaded him to give up the high seas for other kind of C's. With the first money he made, Eddie bought the old homestead. He has a regular village there now. Homes for all the family, and it can not be sold as long as there is a Dowling above the sod.

**F**OR nearly four years Eddie played in "Sally, Irene and Mary." He never missed a performance in that time, although once he had a badly ulcerated tooth and had to play the show in profile. He also played for several nights with his arm in a splint at his side. But he says song and dance men are pretty hardy, all reports to the contrary. His own show, "Honeymoon Lane," broke the long-standing record of Fred Stone in "The Red Mill" at the Knickerbocker Theater.

Of all his achievements he is proudest of the fact that he is married to Ray Dooley. They were married when he was eighteen and she sixteen. He thinks Ray is the greatest comedienne on the stage.



Sally Starr

**B**ELIEVE it or not—but Sally Starr, the little gal who brompted through "Happy Days" and looks like a vest pocket edition of Clara Bow, rides to the studio every morning on the bus and leaves the same way.

Sally used to be a chorus girl. She's a post graduate of George White's "Scandals," the same young ladies' finishing school that turned out Dorothy Sebastian and Dorothy Mackaill. Sally knows a gay party when she sees one and how to behave at a banquet for visiting firemen, but the bright lights are dim bulbs now. Mrs. Starr's little girl is out to make good in the movies.

"I've got plenty of time for whoopee after I'm a big success," said Sally. "But, believe me, while I'm trying to get along and preserve my microphone voice it's that downy couch at ten p. m. I'm keeping the sparkle in the eyes."

Proof that she means what she says lies in the fact that Sally has been in Hollywood for several months and her engagement hasn't even been rumored.

She was singing and dancing in a Los Angeles revue when Gus Edwards saw her and brought her to the studio to introduce her to Sam Wood who was, at the time, looking for youthful types for a college picture. When I look over the list of "discoveries" that Gus Edwards has sponsored, I can forgive him for writing "Your Mother and Mine."

**S**ALLY was born in Pittsburgh. Her mother and father have come to Hollywood now to watch Sally grow up and be a big star. The best film predictors go about nodding their heads in her direction.

She has a dash of Clara Bow "IT," but she is only five feet tall, and she weighs 104 pounds. Hair and eyes are dark brown. She belongs to the modern pep and personality school.



# Just Try to Interview ULRIC

A smart-cracking New York columnist tries to interview Lenore Ulric and doesn't get to first base

By

Mark Hellinger

IT was my first visit to Hollywood. I hadn't even had time to unpack my bags and send down to the bell captain for a corkscrew when a telegram arrived from the editor of PHOTOPLAY.

He wanted to know what Lenore Ulric thought of Hollywood.

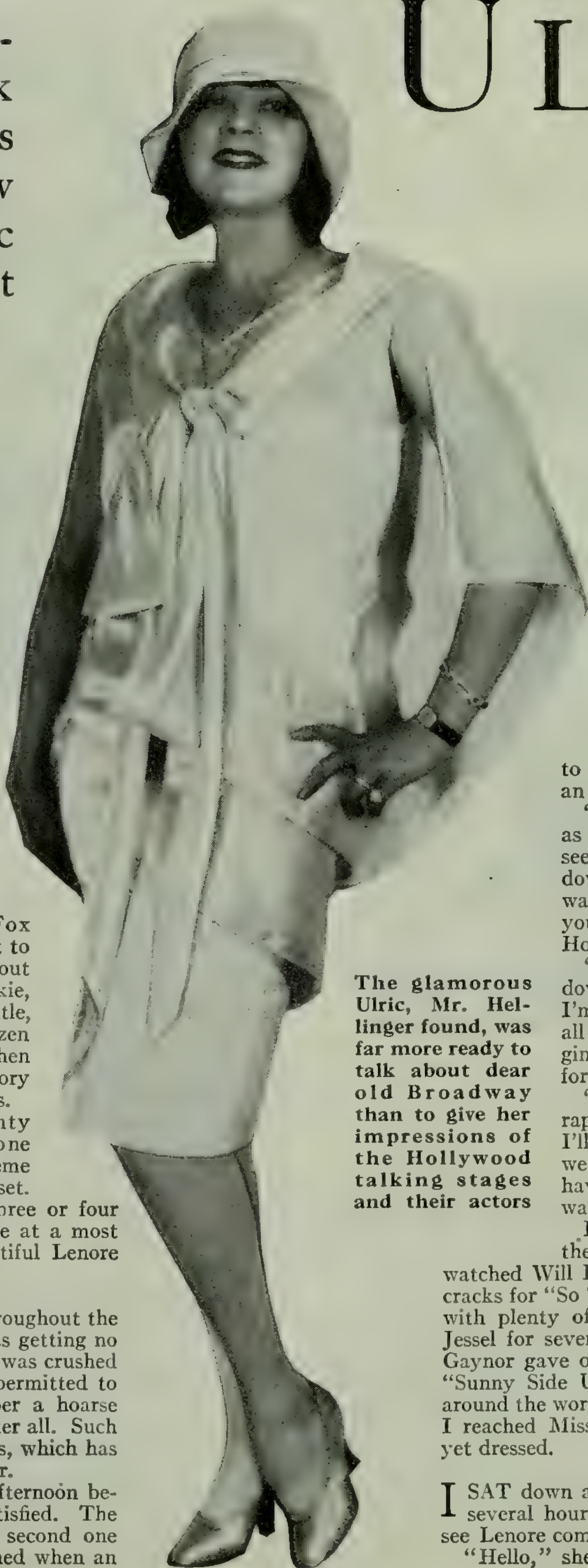
Frankly, I didn't think this was a very shrewd move on the editor's part. Or maybe it was. I dunno. I'm from Broadway and so is Lenore Ulric. And when a couple of Broadwayites get together and discuss Hollywood, you soon learn that the town is about as popular as Greta Garbo would have been on John Gilbert's honeymoon with Ina Claire.

The following afternoon found me wandering around the Fox studios, in Fox Hills, in an effort to locate Miss Ulric, who was just about completing her first starring talkie, "Frozen Justice." The original title, as I understand it, was "Frozen Faces"—but this was discarded when too many people thought the story dealt with a couple of supervisors.

After stumbling over twenty cameramen, forty megaphone wielders and 168 preparers of theme songs, I finally located the Ulric set. It didn't take me more than three or four hours to realize that I had come at a most inopportune time—for the beautiful Lenore was dying.

SHE had been a bad girlie throughout the picture, it seemed, and she was getting no more than her just deserts. She was crushed in a horrible ice slide and was permitted to live only long enough to whisper a hoarse goodbye to the man she loved after all. Such is the justice of the frozen wastes, which has nothing to do with Sophie Tucker.

Lenore died nine times that afternoon before director Alan Dwan was satisfied. The first death nobody liked. The second one was pretty good, but it was ruined when an



airplane flew over the set. Two or three shots were spoiled when the hero, wrapped in the furs of the frozen north, stopped to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

WITH the ninth take, however, everybody was satisfied. As I stepped down to say hello to Lenore, I wished that I had David Belasco with me. He and Miss Ulric are no longer on speaking terms, and it would certainly have been a great pleasure for him to have seen her die nine times in an afternoon.

"Hello, Mark," cried Miss Ulric, as though she were actually glad to see me. "Awfully happy you came down. What's new along Broadway? How have you been? Have you seen the new shows? What does Hollywood—"

"Whoa!" I shouted. "I came down for an interview with you and I'm the little boy that's going to do all the questioning around these diggings, pardner. What time is best for you? And where?"

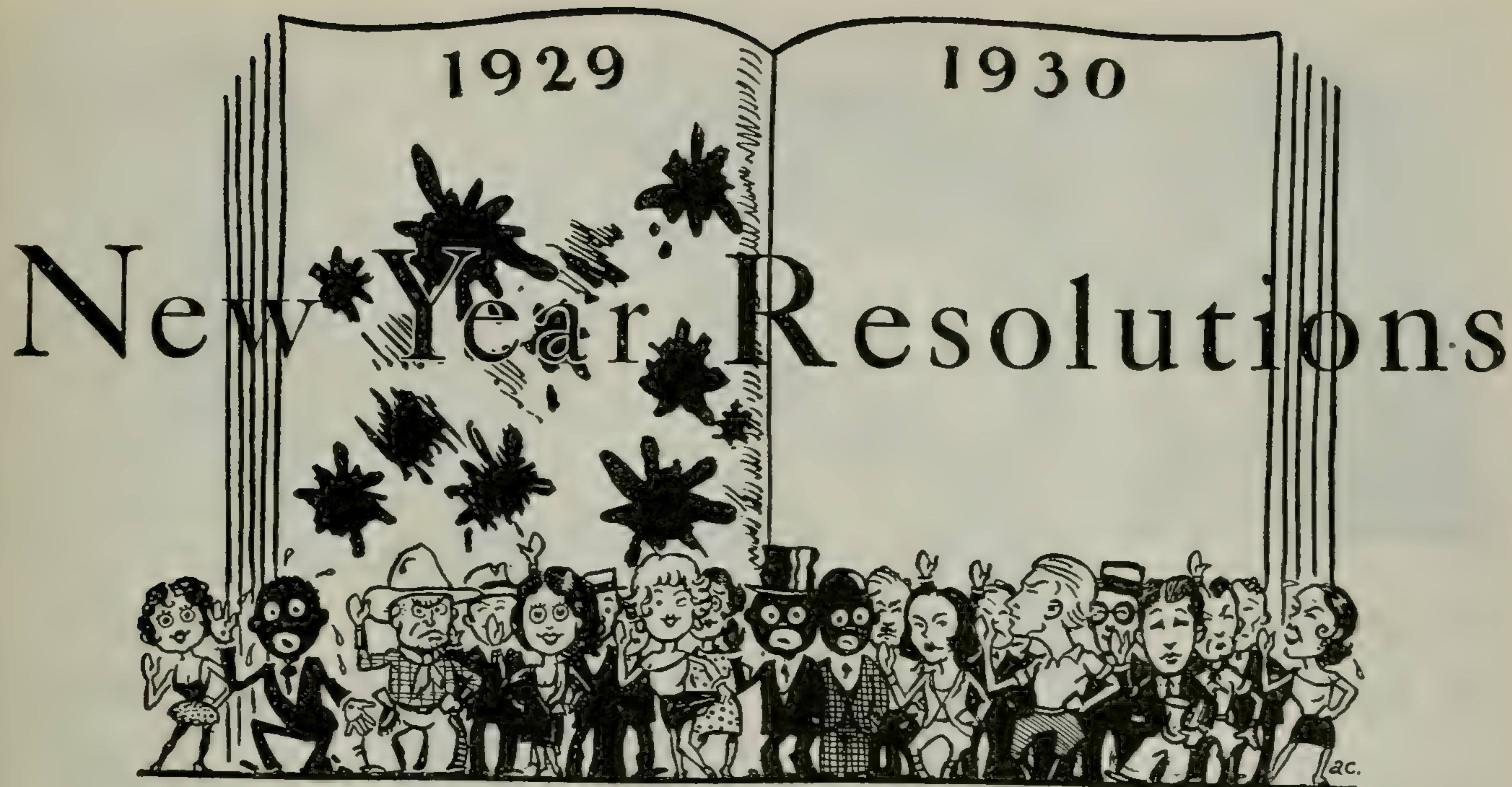
"Right away," responded Lenore rapidly. "The sooner the quicker. I'll be dressed in ten minutes and we'll drive over to my hotel. We'll have no interruptions there. Just wait ten minutes."

I waited twenty-five minutes and then decided to stroll around. I watched Will Rogers as he unloaded some wise cracks for "So This Is Paris," ate three hot dogs with plenty of mustard, chatted with George Jessel for several minutes, bit my lip as Janet Gaynor gave out that big sob in a scene from "Sunny Side Up," and did everything but fly around the world with the Graf Zeppelin. When I reached Miss Ulric's bungalow, she was not yet dressed.

I SAT down and dozed for what seemed to be several hours. I finally opened one eye to see Lenore coming toward me.

"Hello," she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]





## Resolved

**Nancy Carroll:** That I'm going to make a picture in which I wear a dress instead of tights, just to give my Art a break.

**Moran and Mack:** That we'll give the worm more of a break with the early bird during the year of 1930—but who cares about that, anyway?



**Clara Bow:** That I'll always have a scarlet evening gown and wrap the exact shade of my hair.

**Rudy Vallée:** That I'll not write any more stories about my Dream Girl—or anybody else's Dream Girl.

**Helen Kane:** That I'm gonna twy sumpin diffrunt this year—'stead of poo-poo-pah-doo little Helen will sing poo-pah-doo-doo.

**Dorothy Mackaill:** That I'll give my cook all my gowns which Alice White duplicates.

**Alice White:** That the same to you and many of them.

**Greta Garbo:** That this year I t'ank I go home.

**Nils Asther:** That since Rosetta Duncan is going along on my honeymoon with Vivian, I shall be as polite to her as possible.

**William Haines:** That I'll continue my wisecracking for another year.

**Mary Brian:** That now Patsy Ruth Miller is married, I realize that the torch has been handed on to me. I promise to be rumored engaged to a different man at least every other month.

**Ramon Novarro:** That, following my established precedent, I shall give out one or both of the following statements in 1930: (1) I am leaving the screen for opera; (2) I am leaving the screen to enter a monastery.

**"Buddy" Rogers:** That I shall be the most wholesome boy in Hollywood for at least another year.



**Lupe Velez:** That I'll bite my Gar-ree on his left ear during the new year. His right ear is all chewed, anyway.

**Gary Cooper:** That I'll let myself be bitten on the left ear during the new year. My right ear is all chewed, anyway. Also to put on some weight before I wear riding breeches in another picture.

**Sue Carol:** That I'm going to make up my mind about Nick Stuart and let it jell!

**George Bancroft:** That I will be a bigger he-man than ever and that I will stop talking baby-talk.

**United Artists:** That we shall make at least one picture during 1930.

**James Hall and Ben Lyon:** That we're going to be out of the air corps in "Hell's Angels" before Christmas 1930.

**Lily Damita:** That I solemnly swear to show my two good reasons for success as often and as much as possible, the new long skirts notwithstanding.

**Marion Davies:** That whomever else I imitate during the coming year, I will *not* imitate Al Jolson.

**Al Jolson:** That I shall start a fund during 1930 for the establishment of a colony for all my imitators—preferably on a distant desert island.

**All producers:** That with our hands on our checkbooks, we shall show no more courtrooms, struggling ingénues and love-sick song and dance men who croon sobby ballads while their hearts break!

**All recruits from the stage to the talkies:** That we shall put our broad A's on the 18-day diet.



**John Barrymore:** That, feeling the public is tired of my right profile, I am going to give them a break during 1930 and concentrate on my left profile.

**Lon Chaney:** That I'll shoot at sight the first fellow who says: "Don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney."





In the center  
is Paul Muni  
—without  
make-up



On either  
side, Muni  
in two char-  
acter studies

# “Don’t Call Me *Lon Chaney*”

*By Stanley Burton*

“GOOD God, I don’t want to be another Lon Chaney.”

Thus a good story was rendered completely useless. When a group of magazine and newspaper writers saw the tests of Paul Muni, made shortly after his signing a Fox contract, they proclaimed him a genius at characterization and make-up. Yes, they said with hushed breaths, a young Lon Chaney.

This was equivalent to telling a painter that he was a second Rembrandt. Didn’t Chaney make \$5,000 a week, and couldn’t he disguise himself to appear like a duck, a living skeleton or the Roosevelt Dam?

Here was a young man, sufficiently handsome to be convincing in romantic clinches, and yet he could don whiskers, false teeth and glass eyes and be in the same class with the famous screen wizard. And then the actor in question said quite emphatically, and with flashing eyes, that he didn’t want to be a Lon Chaney.

Paul Muni, who made his screen debut in that somberly ruthless but intensely sympathetic study of a man condemned to die, “The Valiant,” is an unusual person. He is exceedingly serious, modest to the extent of apologizing constantly when he must talk of himself, and devoid of actorish mannerisms. He has dark hair, what fiction writers are wont to call a stormy brow, and brown, expressive eyes.

There is no one on the screen to whom one can point and say, “Muni is like this actor.” Perhaps this distinction is the very thing that may sweep him up the slippery ladder of film fame.

“Well-meaning people have desired to compliment me by

saying that I am a young Chaney,” he said to me. “Well, I resent it. Understand, I don’t wish to minimize the art of Chaney. He is a master. But we choose our characters differently. Chaney likes to enact the grotesque. I take my characters from the street, real types everyone recognizes. I’ve been playing these characters for nearly twenty years on the stage. I was Paul Muni in the theaters. Why can’t I be Paul Muni in the studios?”

MUNI’S uncanny gift of characterization is displayed in “Seven Faces,” his new Fox picture. He appears first as an old man, and then he goes back through the years and acts the lives of six other men. It will be an experiment as yet untried on the screen. There will be old men, young men, lovers and villains. For months he has been working at a new process of make-up, developing a formula of his own. At first the preparation was too strong and left scars on his face, but now he has learned how to apply it.

“If I must use make-up I want it to be good. One must be more careful on the screen than on the stage. The camera’s eye sees more. I wish I did not have to use artificial means to simulate age. If I were a better actor I would not. Eleanora Duse, when she was very old, could play a young girl without make-up and yet be convincing. Ruth Draper does without it in her characterizations. That is a God-given gift.

“I have never known anything but the stage. My father and mother were struggling actor folk. They intended me to be a violinist. One of my brothers is a pianist, and the other plays the violin. One night, while [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]





An English Beauty leads the smart  
young Racing Set

**LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE**



**B**RILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society at balls and dances, famous race meetings, hunting and house parties. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her rose-petal skin is much admired for its delicacy of texture and coloring. She gives it the utmost care. "Here in England," she says, "smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile. "Pond's Method is easy, satisfactory, complete. The Cold Cream cleanses so thoroughly . . . the Tissues remove cream gently . . . the bracing Freshener is just the skin tonic we all need . . . the Vanishing Cream is exquisite!"

**F**OLLOW these simple steps of Pond's Method:

*During the day*—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

*Second*—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent.

*Third*—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and keeps your contours youthfully firm.

*Last*—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

*At Bedtime*—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



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# An Original Movietone

# Sunny Side Up



**I**T was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that block party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing

table. All in all, it was too good to miss. Molly would go and she'd even do more. . . .

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

**T**HE Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody — and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother . . . ?



Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor

**I**T is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.

Advertisement



# Talking Romance



Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until . . . . .

**B**UT we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and

*Advertisement*

"Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!

David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents.

Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.



All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.



# DO-RE-MI-FA-SOL!

By

Maurice Fenton

THE do-deo-do department is still more or less on its ear—the old cabbage being close to the ground in hopes of picking up something worth reporting.

There is little change in the market, but from rumors and gossip that have leaked out to us the better days are just around the corner—as usual. Theme Songs still persist in being top-heavy, bullish on Theme but short on the Song side. Is a picture supposed to support its music or is the yodelling designed to bolster up the picture?

We were tucked up in the corner of a plush orchestra seat the other evening watching the thrilling adventures of True Blue Somebody and having our hairs stood on end in military regularity. Just as the strain reached a pitch too strenuous to stand, a beauty-boy trotted down a flight of stairs, a hidden orchestra leaped into action and the spell was broken. Out of the darkness about us came hoarse, cutting whispers:

"Theme Song! Ugh! . . . Now for the Theme Song. . . ." etc.

Before the singer had got to the exciting part of his bit something that sounded very like snores rose to the ceiling. The tune did not do its job. It sounded as if it had been bought across the counter of a five-and-ten at the last moment.

WHICH brings us to the kick of the month about records. If a talkie number looks at all good, all the companies pounce on it and turn it out in two or three forms. You can have it as a solo played "as is." You can pick it up as a straight waltz or fox trot or whatever and use it for dancing purposes.

In this latter variety is the "vocal refrain" stunt necessary? Does a vocal refrain help a dance record, or are we right? It's all very well in a night club or a dance hall where one can see the excruciatingly funny faces of the singers and watch their comic stuff, but in the great silences of the ancestral mansion the only noticeable thing about the orchestral warblers is that they should be taking a few elementary lessons in vocal culture. The majority of the boys trying to do it for the discs this year are on the light side.

Our bet is that, even as you and I, some of the great world are due for the bump of their short lives when they get around to hearing Gloria's first records. La Swanson, incidentally, made the grand tour in connection with "The Trespasser," blazing the trail that all the stars will have to follow very shortly.

Having made the picture she skipped to Europe to be mobbed on the night of the première in London. Back again, then, to land up at Camden, N. J., to make a couple of records, both from the picture. Off, after that, to the N. B. C. Studios to broadcast the same programme on the night before Victor released the discs, and then a period of rest until Moran and Mack made way for her at the Rialto by fading off that bill.

And it seems to be worth while. The records she made stand out of the mass.

On one side or the other of the Swansoniana comes the four sides that Brunswick has been turning out by the old reliable Jolson from "Say It With Songs." Al made some of the records we bought with our first musical box in the dark ages so he knows his stuff from both sides. In consequence the old slogan about "if you liked the picture you'll go wild over these" is half the story. The bits are better than anything that happened in the picture itself.

Victor also gets a bite out of the same picture. Paul Oliver seldom, if ever, appears in public, but the odds are that through his



## PHOTOPLAY'S Tune Critic Tells You All About the New Movie Music

records and broadcasting he is better known than if he did. He has made "One Sweet Kiss" from the Warner opus and sings it like a lark—if you have ever listened to a tenor lark you will understand what we mean. Recommended.

Class A selections close with mention of a couple of sides that we itched to hear. How would Bebe Daniels record? Now we know. She takes a couple of numbers from "Rio Rita"—"If You're in Love You'll Waltz" and "You're Always in My Arms"—and more or less twists them round her little fingers. This against difficulties.

Here are some new ones:

### MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

Once Upon a Time  
Dance Away the Night  
Peasant Love Song

Our money is on No. 2. At the pace it goes it promises to be a long and not very eventful evening, but it is just enough out of the run to be worth it.

### OUR MODERN MAIDENS

I've Waited a Lifetime for You

At the end of which period, one gathers, the boy is a bit too tired to do anything about it. Melodious and well accompanied.

### PARIS

Miss Wonderful

Earns our *grand prix* for taking liberties with rhyme. May we bore you with some specimens?

You've got a style so beautiful,  
You've got a smile so cutiful. . . .

You're just the right age,  
Stay-out-at-night age,

You're a wow,  
And how. . . .

I can't resist you,  
Think if I kissed you,  
That I would fall,  
Beautiful dawl (dollar for short)

We hope he got all that was coming to him. And even with those handicaps, or encouragements, the composer has plunged in and produced a fair job.

### ILLUSION

When the Real Thing Comes Your Way  
Revolutionary Rhythm

Look out for the composer of the second bit. He's going to do something one of these days.

### SUNNY SIDE UP

Turn on the Heat  
Pickin' Petals o' Daisies  
If I Had a Talking Picture of You  
Sunny Side Up  
Aren't We All

The Daisies get our vote here. It starts as if it was really going to be something, gets half way and stays at that level, which after all is far above the present average.

### GIRL FROM HAVANA

Time Will Tell

Quite right. What it will tell is another matter. Think this will last until February.

### WORDS AND MUSIC

Steppin' Along

We liked this one and so did the neighbors.

### HALLELUJAH

Swanee Shuffle

Probably at the head of all these extras. And an apology to finish off. Our cracks at "True Blue Lou" of last month are hereby revoked. No, we haven't met the composer. Someone put it on one of those repeater gadgets and after the third playing we found that it falls into the top shelf.



# Beauty that proceeds from You!



**Y**OU never pat it on—you drink it. This saline combination that keeps its users looking young.

What strange new beauty is this, that owes its glory not to scents or powder puffs, to unguents and creams—but to you, yourself?

It is health, Madame, good health, that keeps your complexion clear, your eyes bright, your step buoyant. It is true beauty that proceeds from within and you achieve it by the approved saline method—with Sal Hepatica.

Not for a moment does Sal Hepatica trespass on your creams and care, rather it is their most potent helper. For, by banishing constipation, this famous saline laxative sweeps away the poisons that mar the skin with blemishes and the acids that cause dullness to creep into your cheek.

European women of fashion and wealth are devotees of the saline road to beauty. At the season's end, they re-

pair to the famous springs and spas. And there, through drinking the saline waters, they restore themselves to exuberant health and sparkling beauty.



Physicians everywhere highly approve the saline methods of internal cleanliness—either by means of Europe's spring waters or their American equivalent, Sal Hepatica.

Salines, because they get at the source, are good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion and restore your health.

Send coupon for free booklet "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-10, 71 West St., N. Y. Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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## Sal Hepatica

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# Broadway Stars Close-up

*Like 9 out of 10 Screen Stars, they have  
long kept their skin at its best with  
Lux Toilet Soap . . .*



GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, adorable favorite starring in *Candle Light*—"I'm devoted to it."

THE moment the talkies "arrived," many of the most famous stars of the Broadway stage were signed by the great motion picture studios. Then, under the terrific glare from the huge incandescent close-up lights, they faced the cruelest test a skin can possibly meet.

They passed the test, needless to say! Theirs was the flawlessly smooth skin demanded for the innumerable close-ups

of sound pictures. And never were they more appreciative of the gentle care Lux Toilet Soap has given their skin.

For long ago the stage stars made Lux Toilet Soap their own. Long ago it was made the official soap in 63 of the 65 legitimate theaters in New York alone—and in other leading theaters throughout the country.

Hollywood found out years ago that



RUTH CHATTERTON, much beloved star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves one's skin smooth."



MARILYN MILLER, "the darling of musical comedy," who played *Sally* so unforgettably, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth."



ANN PENNINGTON, world-famous dancer in George White's *Scandals*, and in the talkies, says: "I wouldn't be without Lux Toilet Soap!"



WINNIE LIGHTNER says: "It cares for my skin so perfectly!"



PEGGY WOOD says: "It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."



HELEN CHANDLER says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."



NORMA LEE says: "It leaves my skin just like velvet."



# Pass Merciless Test

no girl ever becomes a motion picture star unless her skin shows *perfect* on the screen. That is why, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps the skin lovely and smooth as a flower-petal.

It was at the request of the actresses themselves that all the great film studios have made this white, daintily fragrant soap official in their dressing rooms.

You can keep your skin just as attractively clear and smooth as the famous women of the stage and screen keep theirs—by using Lux Toilet Soap. And it does lather so very generously, even in the *hardest* water! Order several cakes today.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT (*See Naples and Die*), "So soothing!"



BEATRICE LILLIE, "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so smooth."



MARY EATON is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap.



HELEN MORGAN (*Sweet Adeline*)—"...a wonderful soap."



LENORE ULRIC, who won fame in *Kiki*, *Lulu Belle*, and *Mima*, and who is now in *The Sandy Hooker*, says: "It keeps my skin exquisite."



JOAN BENNETT says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth!"



JEANETTE MACDONALD says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so lovely."

## LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French  
soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now

10¢



HELEN KANE—"It keeps my skin in beautiful condition."



BOBBÉ ARNST says: "It leaves my skin so soft and smooth."



# Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]



"Just because a man takes a girl out four or five times it doesn't follow that he is engaged to her. Lupe and I were never engaged." Four or five times, Mr. Cooper?

The sequel to the story came shortly after, however, when the long-limbed Mr. Cooper disappeared from Hollywood, leaving not a trace. He could be found neither at his home nor at the studio, and no one knew where he had gone.

The studio paged him frantically, and after a hectic search finally discovered that the taciturn young rancher had hired himself a plane and without a word to anyone had taken wing for Florida.

So—it's all off, is it?

"DON'T applaud at this wedding," said Marshall Neilan at the marriage of one of the most famous musical comedy stars.

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"The bride would go into her dance from force of habit."

NOW that we have heaved a cynical sigh and resigned ourselves to the thought that it was all a publicity gag—that Clara Bow and Harry Richman never really cared in a big way at all—word comes from the Coast through our personal wire-tappers that Harry and Clara have begun to take it all pretty seriously.

The contract is being carried out with what looks suspiciously like genuine enthusiasm. Clara has shown flashes of amazingly realistic jealousy, and the Richman eyes have been a bright and poisonous green on more than one occasion.

Well, stranger things have happened in Hollywood.

AND when you think of it it's not so strange, after all.

Harry Richman represents to the former Brooklyn high school kid the glamour of Broadway—the wealth, the brilliance, the night-club dazzle which was beyond her reach when she was so close to it.

And to Richman, Clara Bow must stand for the world-wide fame, the fabulous popularity which a local success cannot bring—but which is the hallmark of Hollywood achievement. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]

**Just an acrobat!**  
**Our wholesome**  
**boy friend,**  
**Buddy Rogers,** as  
he appears in his  
**Para mount**  
**picture, "Half**  
**Way to Heaven."**  
**The young lady**  
**partner is Jean**  
**Arthur, one of the**  
**prettiest of the**  
**youngsters of the**  
**screen**

as a talkie-singie, and those two sudden and enormous hits, Jack Oakie and Helen "Baby Talk" Kane, will play the leading rôles.

Oakie will have the Cantor rôle. Helen will play the one originally done for the screen by a red-headed girl named Bow.

**F**EMININE trouble-makers frequently come to Ray Dooley, the Ziegfeld star, and wife of Eddie Dowling, with glowing descriptions of the beautiful girls in Eddie's Broadway shows, or picture casts.

"Don't you ever get jealous of all those beautiful girls?" they ask Ray.

"Well," she always answers, calmly, "there were a lot of pretty girls in the act when I met Eddie, but he married me."

**T**HE fan mail problem is a big one in Hollywood at the studios where there is no department for it.

Before Joan Crawford made an agreement with the studio she literally could not afford to answer fan mail. It costs about thirty-two cents a picture, including the portrait, the mailer and the stamp.

This does not include a secretary's salary. And Joan receives something like 2,000 requests a day. Figure that out in algebra or just plain arithmetic and see what happens.

It'll amuse you when you're waiting for your street car.

**W**HILE that fiery little tamale, Lupe Velez, was down in Florida making a big hit—and, incidentally, a picture—she gave out the astounding news to the Tampa dailies that she was "thr-r-rough with Gar-ree." No longer, she informed the eager newspaper scribes, would she bite her big he-man's ear. In short, the engagement was all off.

Gary, too, had a statement to make to the press.

**A famous party—that**  
**celebrating the en-**  
**gagement of Lita Grey**  
**Chaplin to Phil Baker,**  
**stage comedian.**  
**Lita's former fiancé,**  
**Roy D'Arcy, is to the**  
**left of the betrothed**  
**couple**





# How refreshing • How cleansing • How safe this modern thrift dentifrice



**H**ERE is a dentifrice that will win you the moment you try it.

You will be delighted by the wonderful refreshing effect it has on the mouth—a feeling of cleanliness, invigoration and well-being that you associate with Listerine itself.

Note, too, how gently but how swiftly it erases tartar and discolorations from the teeth. Note how it penetrates into those hard-to-get-at crevices between teeth,

and sweeps away fermenting food particles.

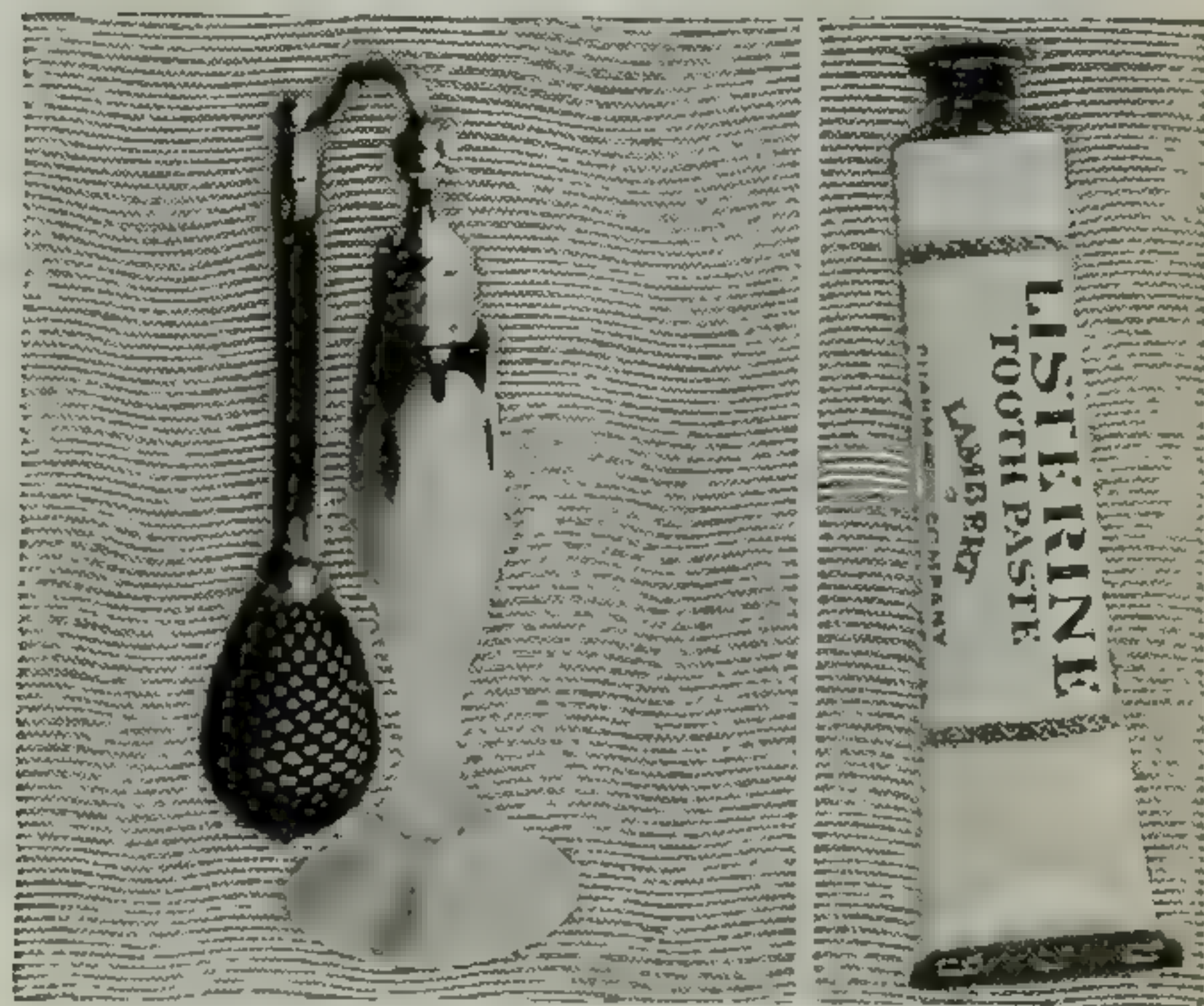
After you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste a few days, examine your teeth and see how much more attractive they are. You will also perceive that they are beginning to have a delicate, lovely luster. This is due to the presence of modern polishing agents, which keep teeth looking their best.

You will discover an immediate improvement in the hygiene of your mouth and the ap-

pearance of your teeth.

Moreover, Listerine Tooth Paste is safe for all types of teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are the most costly obtainable and are selected because of their gentle action. They simply cannot harm enamel.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste.



You will be delighted by its results and by its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Buy things you want  
with what you save*

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. An atomizer is merely a suggestion.

**LISTERINE  
Tooth Paste  
25¢**



# Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

**T**HE newest angle on the June Collyer-Buddy Rogers romance is that June has been seen recently with a diamond ring on the indicating finger of her left hand.

Lothar Mendes, the director, has watched the romances of Buddy. First, it was Mary Brian. Later, Florence Hamberger, a wealthy society girl of Los Angeles. And now June Collyer.

It happens that Mary, who is now a good friend of Miss Hamberger, had the society girl to lunch the other day at the Paramount studios. Buddy, who sat at another table with Gary Cooper and several song writers, ordered a sandwich. But when his order came, it was a platter of hamburger steak.

Buddy looked around the room. He still doesn't know it came by Lothar Mendes' orders.



P. and A.

See those charred and empty reels? That's what fire can do to your movie entertainment. Firemen inspecting the wreckage of the Consolidated Film Laboratories in Hollywood

J. P. McEvoy story, "Show Girl in Hollywood."

**P**OLA NEGRI, during her recent visit in Hollywood, never came near the Paramount studios, the scene of her triumphs, and where she was once the undisputed queen of the lot.

**P**LENTY of excitement up at the John Barrymores the other day!

At five o'clock one Sunday morning Chief Canfield and the Beverly Hills fire boys were called to the Barrymore shack. There was a fire between walls, caused by an overheated flue.

When the brave laddies arrived they found that the Japanese house boy had pulled a garden hose into the house and had squirted away merrily until the floors were three inches deep in water, without having touched the blaze!

The firemen drew their trusty axes and had the fire out in a few minutes. No loss from the blaze, but John—or the insurance company—will have to stand the gaff to the tune of about \$10,000.

Probably the house boy is running yet!

**T**HEDA BARA'S first try at a comeback in vaudeville came—not back, but to grief.

Her sketch, "Serpent of the Neva," which she tried out in New York, was found badly wanting and was taken off, while the first and greatest of the vampires went into the market for a new one.

No less than eleven picture "names" were having a whirl at vaudeville in the East and West at the same time. Besides Bara, such celebrities as— [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]

**Happy Harry Langdon!** His bad luck having turned the corner, he is happy at his film work and happily married to this pretty and charming young lady



If this doesn't stop the press, nothing will. It is Rudy's first film kiss—Rudy Vallée smacking Sally Blane in his Radio Pictures talkie, "The Vagabond Lover"

**I**S this broken toe business an epidemic in Hollywood? We don't want to harp on so unpleasant a subject, but it's got to a point where we can't pipe down about it any longer. First on the list was George O'Brien. Then Olive Borden did a tap dance with one too many and too vigorous taps. Now Townsend Netcher (Connie Talmadge's husband), not to be outdone, has broken his toe. He doesn't tell how.

**T**HE wheel of fate turns overtime in Hollywood.

A few years ago, when Alice White had deserted her switchboard for pictures, she played a small rôle in support of Jack Mulhall in "Naughty Baby." Now Jack Mulhall is playing Alice's leading man in the





# "Use no soap except Palmolive"

says NIRAUS, of Madrid

*Known throughout Spain as one of the foremost specialists on care of the skin*

*"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin deep, thorough cleansing. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."*

*Niraus*  
MADRID



*Niraus' reputation extends throughout Spain. His salon is one of the handsomest in the South of Europe and his smart clientele includes many royal personages.*

**T**HE basis of all complexion care is, or should be, to cleanse the skin thoroughly twice a day, using soap and water." That is the opinion of Niraus, well known beauty specialist of Madrid, Spain.

But Niraus warns against the use of ordinary soaps. He realizes that some soaps have a tendency to irritate the skin—bringing coarse pores, causing the texture to lose its smooth loveliness. For that reason he specifies one soap and one only—Palmolive. Like most modern beauty experts, Niraus believes in the use of vegetable oils in facial soap. These cosmetic oils are so bland, so gentle on the skin, that 18,012 beauty specialists, all over the world, advise the daily use of Palmolive.

*"No soap but Palmolive"*

"All my clients are asked to use no



*An assistant giving a facial treatment in the salon of Madame Elin Dahlstrand of Stockholm, who finds that "Palmolive Soap lather revives and strengthens the tissues."*

soap except Palmolive," says Niraus. "The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin the deep, thorough cleansing that is required in order to rid the pores of all accumulations."

Niraus is a skin specialist of wide experience and enviable reputation. He advocates this simple daily treatment, to be used morning and night: massage a fine creamy lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, with warm water, then with cold. And you're ready for rouge and powder!

Use Palmolive every day. Consult your beauty specialist regularly. And remember—a clean skin is absolutely necessary in order to get best results from special beauty care. Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils make it the perfect skin cleanser and beautifier.

One week's use will show you why millions use it for bath as well as face.



5075

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAU and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c



# Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]



cup of coffee, Arthur said his goodbyes and slipped away.

When the lunchers asked for the bad news, the waiter said that Arthur had paid the whole score and galloped off to the theater where he was appearing in vaudeville. And it was a high score.

Probably the old actor habit of feeding the press, now happily on the wane, was too strong for little George. So no more Scotch stories about George. He broke a rule, but he GAVE.

**Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther, all set to hold hands at a Hollywood premiere. And sister Rosetta, devoted chaperon**

**Awful effect of amusement parks. Dignified Corinne Griffith and husband Walter Morosco were lured by a comic photographer**

AS the talkies grow to maturity, one terrible, tragic fact has been learned.

Love scenes that were tender and impressive in the silent days now get the succulent and vulgar raspberry in dialogue.

John Gilbert has been a victim, in his first all-talkie, "His Glorious Night." The same amorous technique that made Jack adored and famous in the dear old days is inclined to raise a storm of titters in the new.

One flapper grew so vociferous at the great Capitol, New York, that an usher was forced to do a lot of shushing, and the whole house was a bit edgy with ill-suppressed laughter.



It isn't the actors' fault—it's just the fact that so far such love scenes sound a little funnier than they look. Producers are reported soft-pedaling on the clinches. We can't have our great romantics guffawed at!

**GEORGE KOTSONARIS**, the burly and ferocious-looking wrestler, adds to his income by playing bits and small rôles in the movies. Recently he had his teeth extracted. Now he has two prices for his Thespian efforts.

One price is with teeth. The higher price is without 'em.

INTERESTED as she is in his career, Joan Crawford almost broke up young Doug's show. He's been appearing in the stage production of "The Youngest" at a Hollywood theater and Joan, of course, was on hand every night. One evening she brought their prize toy Boston bull down and thought she had locked him in the dressing room.

Joan and Doug stood in the wings and suddenly they heard a howl go up from the audience. They realized that it occurred at one

**The color is deep pink, the lines are Hollywood—and it's the last word in smartness. The seductive wearer is Natalie Moorehead**



Claire Windsor, Irene Rich, Baclanova, George K. Arthur, Ben Turpin, Charlie Murray, Leatrice Joy, Viola Dana, Esther Ralston, Buddy Rogers and Kenneth Harlan.

Many other picture people wanted vaudeville dates, too. But they also wanted just a little more money than managers were willing to pay!

**A** HOLLYWOOD star has been looking for an apartment. She called the number of one of the swankiest new residence hotels in town, and asked the prices of suites.

"Apartments are from \$350 to \$1,000 a month," replied the girl at the switchboard, "but that includes telephone."

WHEN Miss Ina Claire of Broadway promised to love and honor Mr. John Gilbert of Hollywood, the executives of Pathe, Miss Claire's studio, were delighted that one of their stars made good in such a large way. So when Ina's first picture was released they plastered the town with this billboard legend: "The Girl Who Won John Gilbert's Heart, Ina Claire in 'The Awful Truth.'"

**DON'T** tell me any more Scotch gags about little George K. Arthur.

Wee Georgie sat at lunch in a New York hotel with a little crowd which has an iron-clad rule that every muncher pays his own check. Food and conversation flew, and so did the lunch hour.

Just as the mob was dunking in its last



of the most dramatic moments. Joan knew at once what had happened. Patricia, the pooch, had calmly walked on the stage, looked disdainfully at the audience and taken a running jump for the leading lady's lap.

THEY call the episode "The Ten Dark Days in Hollywood," and to hear them tell it you would think that all the poor movie stars were ordering an inferior grade of caviar and struggling along with only eight fur coats a season.

When the stock market decided to go boom, executives, stars, directors and even some of the lesser featured players fell to earth with a dull, sickening thud. It is true that many worthy citizens lost heavily, but Hollywood would have you think that everybody's life-long savings had disappeared. It was really not quite so bad as it was told.

Jack Gilbert's face has taken on a decided stream-line. Remember how elated he was a year or so ago when he made a hundred thousand dollars or so in Montgomery Ward? The present crash got him for about seventy thousand dollars. Irving Berlin, so the story goes, was badly bent, as were producers Harry Rapf and Irving Thalberg. Richard Dix lost heavily, Joe Schenck was another loser and Al Jolson is not buying any diamond necklaces for Ruby Keeler.

Jolson used to be just a little playboy over at the local brokers. It was his coy habit to walk over to the ticker, take a look at the thing and scream "My God, I'm wiped-out." It invariably threw the boys into a panic, but that was long before the real crash. He is not so playful now.

However, even in these distressing days, gags are running loose. Sid Grauman hired a hearse and a company of funeral dirge singers. He, himself, in a long black beard, headed the procession that drew up in front of Joe Schenck's office.

Wise Ronald Colman was left untouched.  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



A ten-gallon hat-full of liquid fire. Keep an eye on Mona Maris—she makes her Fox Movietone debut in "Romance of Rio Grande," and she's a sensation



DIRECTLY SERVING ARIZONA'S GUEST RANCHES

## "Sunset Limited"

*New Orleans • Los Angeles • San Francisco  
Across America Through the Sunny South*

On smooth rails this famous train speeds through the story land of the old South and the new Southwest . . . through a land marked by the Old World, a land that Romance calls her own.

But you could shut your eyes to the outside world and still enjoy the trip, so luxurious is this fine train. Rooms en suite, if desired; club car, valet, shower; ladies' lounge with maid and shower.

Returning you can take another of Southern Pacific's color-bearers over the four great routes—"Golden State Limited," "Overland Limited" or "Cascade."

Only Southern Pacific offers choice of four routes. Go one way, return another. See the whole Pacific Coast, stopping over as you like.

# Southern Pacific

Write to E. W. CLAPP, 310 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, or  
H. H. GRAY, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City, for book with illustrations and animated maps, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast."



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. C., RIVER ROUGE, MICH.—Last March PHOTOPLAY ran a picture of Greta Garbo being met by her brother on her return to Sweden. Said brother looked more like Charlie Ray than Charlie himself, and the caption dubbed him "the Swedish Charlie Ray." Which did not mean that our own Charles Ray is Greta's long lost brother. See?

M. L. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.—I can't tell you the name of Laura LaPlante's parents, but I'm sure she doesn't call George Fawcett papa. The John Gilberts were still very much on speaking terms when they came back from Europe. Bill Haines is twenty-nine years old.

MYRTLE M. KARL, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Your friend was right. Dolores Del Rio was *Charmaine*, the gal that *Quirt* and *Flagg* fought over in "What Price Glory."

ALBERTA COTTER, HAWTHORNE, CALIF.—Leslie Fenton is the lad who played opposite Phyllis Haver in "The Office Scandal" and you won't see him in pictures any more because he's gone off to the Balearic Isles to commune with his soul.

P. M. K. AND L. M. S., HOUSTON, TEX.—Corinne Griffith had the lead in "Six Days." Jetta Goudal, the spirit of Equity, hasn't a picture scheduled at present. There is talk of a play or a vaudeville engagement for her.

H. P., TRENTON, N. J.—November 15, 1879, was Lewis Stone's first birthday. Dolores Costello is soon to present the world with another Barrymore—she is married to the famous John. H. B. Warner is Mr. Rita Stanwood off the screen. Janet Gaynor, Greta Garbo and Lily Damita are twenty-three years old and Vilma Banky is twenty-six.

D. M. R., MT. LEBANON, PENNA.—Eugene O'Brien is living in Hollywood. Jack Holt played the detective in "The Donovan Affair."

D. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Little Bessie Love is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and was born Sept. 10, 1898. Something tells me you lose your bet!

SIDNEY BELLE ALDRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I'm neutral all right, Sidney—but so is a baseball referee and he frequently gets hit with a pop bottle! Monte Blue is six feet, three inches tall and has brown eyes and hair. Monte has Indian blood, but I don't know how much.

T. N., MINERSVILLE, PENNA.—FBO meant Film Booking Offices. That company is now Radio Pictures. Dorothy Janis had the feminine lead in "The Pagan."

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 109 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

VERBEDA SWANSON, MOLINE, ILL.—Gary Cooper's first all-talkie is "The Virginian," based on the famous novel. There wasn't any *Beppo* in the cast of "The Devil Dancer." Maybe you have the Marx Brothers on the brain, Verbeda.

SMOKEY KUWAMOTO, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—The theme song of "Dynamite" was called "How Am I to Know?" and Dottie Parker wrote the lyrics.

MARY HUGH CUNNINGHAM, LONE GROVE, OKLA.—Bessie Love and Anita Page are not sisters—you mustn't take your movie relationships so seriously, my dear. Joyce Compton played Clara's girl friend in "Dangerous Curves." The Brooklyn Bonfire's next is titled "Station S. E. X."

JEAN PECHERSKY, NEWARK, N. J.—In "Sorrell and Son" Mickey McBan played *Kit*, the child, and Nils Asther, *Kit*, the man.

L. K., JACKSON, MICH.—James Hall is five feet, ten inches tall. Colleen Moore is twenty-seven years old and an expert on the care and feeding of gold fish, in case you're interested.

MARY OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.—You have a sister complex, Mary. Watch for the sister number in Warner's "Show of Shows." Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters, but Bessie Love isn't their triplet. Mary Astor and Billie Dove aren't related. Al Jolson hails from Washington, D. C., and I don't think he's anybody's sister.

ELIZABETH RUDOLPH—Lupe Velez was born in San Luis Potosi, a suburb of Mexico City, July 18, 1909. She played in "The Wolf Song." Her next is "Hell Harbor." Who am I to say whether she makes too much whoopee or not? People in glass houses shouldn't throw bottles.

INTERESTED, FRANKFORT, KY.—LeRoy Mason played opposite Del Rio in "Revenge." I haven't any further information on him as yet.

L. M. STRADLEY, SOUTH BEND, IND.—The title of the boat song played in "Our Modern Maidens" is—guess—"I Love You." New, eh? Joseph Striker was the Spanish snatchee in the "Cradle Snatchers." Clive Brook was born in London, June 1, 1891. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.

ROSEMARY CARR, KENOSHA, WIS.—William Collier, Jr.'s latest is the "College Coquette," in which Ruth Taylor does the coquetting. Buster is five feet, ten inches tall; twenty-seven years old and was born in New York City. He isn't married, but he beaus Connie Talmadge around when she's between husbands.

AUDREY DERENBECKER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Charles Morton had the male lead in "New Year's Eve." Yes, that's Conrad Nagel's real name, and his latest is "Dynamite."

BILLIE KNAPP, BRYAN, OHIO.—Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 19, 1902. She is married to John McCormick. He's her manager. Richard Barthelmess is divorced from Mary Hay and married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent. And she's a mighty nice girl, I'll tell you. Jess, he calls her.

AGNES J. POWERS, LEWISTON, IDAHO.—John Mack Brown was born in Dothan, Ala., Sept. 4, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair, brown eyes and a new daughter of whom he is very proud. Joan Crawford's new picture, "Untamed," is a talkie.

SARAH ATHERTON, GLENVIEW, KY.—You're quite a question box, Sarah. Loretta Young is eighteen years old, five feet, three and a half inches tall and engaged to Grant Withers. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is just twenty. William Bakewell played both of the twins in "The Iron Mask." Laura LaPlante is twenty-five. And the tallest girl in pictures is probably Gertrude Astor, who measures five feet, seven and a half.

T. M. REGNERE, OMAHA, NEBR.—Gilbert Roland's real name is Luis Antonio Damaso De Alonso. Think you'll remember it?

THOMAS NEWTON, KINGSTON, ONT.—Richard Dix is American. Joe E. Brown was born in Holgate, Ohio. Richard Talmadge is not dead. Richard Arlen did play in "Wings." Larry Kent is still in pictures and Mary Brian is not married. Phew!—I'm out of breath.

P. N., FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA.—Ruth Chatterton is married to Ralph Forbes. William Powell is thirty-seven years old, six feet tall and hails from Pittsburgh.



M. L. B., DETROIT, MICH.—You're right—it was Claudette Colbert who played opposite Ben Lyon in "For the Love of Mike." Rudy Vallée, America's this week's Sweetheart, is twenty-six years old and has blond hair.

A FARRELL FAN, RACINE, WIS.—John Gilbert came into the world in Logan, Utah, thirty-two years ago. Your favorite, Charlie Farrell, was born in Onset Bay, Mass., twenty-seven years ago and is unmarried.

SADIE KRAIMAN, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Master Davey Lee was born four years ago right in Hollywood, Calif., so when he went into pictures in June, 1928, he didn't even have to move!

CATHERINE E. LORENZ, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—John Harron was born in New York City, March 31, 1903. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, dark blue eyes and is a brother of the late Bobby Harron, beloved Griffith star. Jack Oakie, before coming to the screen, appeared on the stage in "Innocent Eyes," "The Passing Show," "Artists and Models of 1926" and "Peggy Ann." Doris Kenyon made her début on the concert stage last October.

WHITE MTS., N. H.—Toronto, Canada, is the birthplace of Walter Huston. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. His latest appearance is in "The Virginian." He will probably return to the stage for an engagement before making another picture.

RUTH M. MERGET, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Douglas Fairbanks did not appear in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Forrest Stanley was the leading man opposite Marion Davies.

M. G. L. R., RYE, N. Y.—Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian have been reported engaged to various people, including each other. At present Buddy is stepping out with June Collyer and Mary Brian seems to have made quite a hit with Rudy Vallée during his sojourn on the coast. William Boyd is being divorced by Elinor Faire. Nancy Carroll's latest is "Sweetie."

R. H. J., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Auburn-haired (not red!). Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia twenty-three years ago. She is just five feet tall. Her latest picture is "Sunny Side Up," a musical comedy, and it's worth seeing. Nils Asther is engaged to Vivian Duncan for the second time. Nils hasn't faced the microphone yet.

K. W., ENGLEWOOD, OHIO.—Sue Carol is twenty-one years old, five feet, two inches tall; weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Back in her home town, Chicago, they called her Evelyn Lederer. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, South America, twenty-four years ago. He is five feet, eleven and a half inches tall; weighs 168 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes and answers to the name of Alfredo de Biraben.

WINNIE, SUPERIOR, WIS.—Marion Davies has never been married. Yep, Marian Nixon was born in your village. Other Wisconsinians are Ben Bard (Mr. Ruth Roland), John Holland, Frederic March and Ford Sterling.

V. V., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—Mrs. Irving Thalberg was born in Montreal, Canada. What!—you aren't interested in Mrs. T.? Well, then—we'll call her Norma Shearer. Whatever you call her, she's five feet, three inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes, and I am very fond of her.

MICHAEL J. WEATHERBY, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910. She is five feet, three inches tall. She made her movie début in March, 1928, and her next appearance will be in "Navy Blues." Ronald Colman is thirty-eight years old and five feet, eleven inches tall.



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**TUSSY**



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**COSMETIQUES  
LESQUENDIEU**

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# Here Are Winners of \$5,000 Contest

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

moment was used in planning and designing my 'Mirror Screen'—'spare moments' because, during the summer, I worked at the public library.

"I wanted my entry to symbolize PHOTOPLAY—'The Mirror of the Screen.' The mirror represents PHOTOPLAY, which gives a true reflection of the players and events of the screen.

"If I should be so fortunate as to be one of the prize winners, I'd use my 'pot o' gold' towards finishing college, to continue studying the art of writing scenarios and plays, and to be able to realize a long sought opportunity for studying singing."

**MISS TAMARA CHRISTIANI**, c/o M. G. Lund, 12th floor, 15 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y., winner of the fourth prize, \$250, for her book "Stars on Earth," writes:

"I did not wait until all four sets of Puzzle Pictures came out. I was not afraid that I would not be able to recognize the actors—not only because I am a great movie fan, but because reading PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as I had, from the first page to

the last every month, there was no danger of my not knowing everything about the actors.

"I would like to do art work—such as advertising and illustrative.

have worked hard since then, and I just did not have the opportunity to go to any art school.

"That is what I would do with the money, if I should win a prize. I would be very careful as to where, when, and how I would use it. There are few wishes I have."

**MRS. SALLY Y. SCOTT**, of Apt. 15, 1650 Pearl Street, Denver, Colo., winner of the fifth prize, \$125, for her "Heart of a Fan," writes:

"Even aside from any prize that I may hope to win, I am very grateful to PHOTOPLAY for giving me the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the folks of Movie-land. From the knowledge gained in my research work in the contest, I feel that I am a sort of 'walking encyclopedia' on movie topics."

Well, it was great fun while it lasted, wasn't it? But it's all over now.

The judges' decisions awarding fifty prizes totalling \$5,000 will bring checks to these half-hundred lucky contestants as an early Christmas present.

To the winners, PHOTOPLAY offers the heartiest congratulations.

To those who failed to win a prize, PHOTOPLAY says: "May you have better luck next time."



Here are part of the solutions which won for their makers twenty-five dollar prizes in Photoplay's annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

## Additional Prize Winners

### FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES

**EMIL PAULSON**  
58 Edwards Street, Springfield, Mass.

**MILDRED A. BRADLEY**  
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**MARGARET C. LAURITZEN**  
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**CARL F. HAAS**  
636 N. St. Louis Blvd., South Bend, Ind.

**CHARLES PAUL GELZINIS**  
14 Vinton Street, South Boston, Mass.

**MRS. CLINT F. OVERMAN**  
6411 5th Avenue, Kenosha, Wis.

**MRS. GOLDIE RAMANO**  
151 S. Angell Street, Providence, R. I.

**BETTY O'NEIL**  
2544 East Blvd., Shaker Heights, Ohio

**CARMEN WOOD MARCELUS**  
96 Nelson Street, Kingston, Canada

**MRS. SADIE NELSEN**  
608 E. Lake Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

**D. C. HILLS**  
532 W. 31st Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

**MRS. J. C. BAIR**  
707 West Lynn Street, Austin, Texas

**MRS. H. HENIG**  
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**P. HAMBLBY**  
1123 London Road, Duluth, Minn.

**MARIE BUTTERFIELD**  
160 W. Monroe Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

**MRS. PAUL LA VORGUE**  
191 Lamson Street, West Haven, Conn.

**EDITH LOUISE JONY**  
2 Claffin Road, Brookline, Mass.

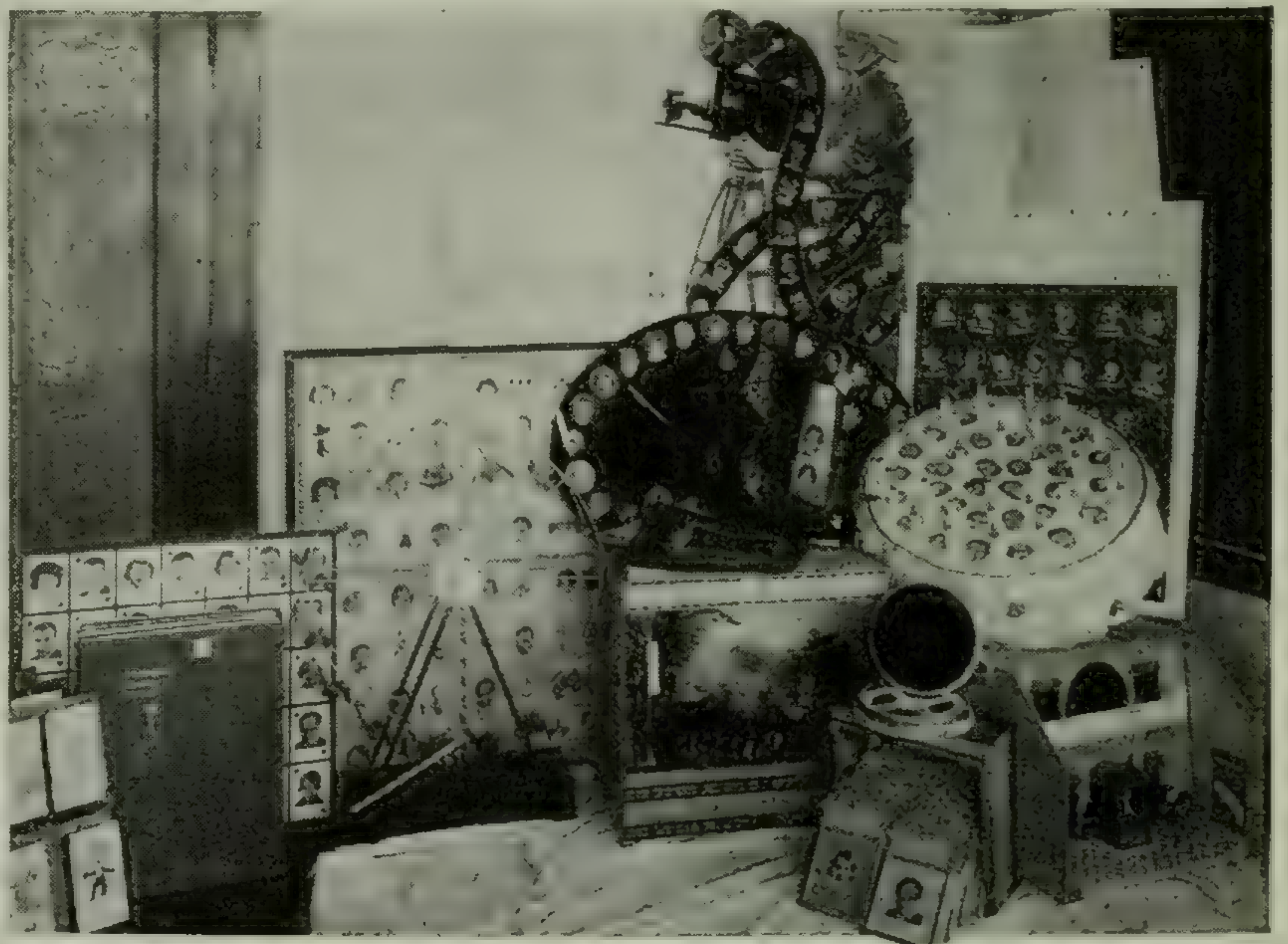
**MICHAEL KAMPEL**  
2920 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

**MISS GRACE V. TROTTER**  
4232 Edmonson Avenue, Dallas, Texas

**MRS. F. A. SCHMIDT**  
1329 N. Parkway, Memphis, Tenn.

### TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES

**MISS IDA P. HOEPOLD**  
65 Cumerford Street, Providence, R. I.



Various types of solutions were awarded prizes of fifty dollars each in this year's Cut Picture Puzzle Contest



ELEANOR BLANNING  
707 Highland Avenue, New Castle, Penn.

ROBERT S. GALLAGHER  
5802 Woodcrest Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

JOHN BOTCHEN  
215 So. 4th Avenue, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD L. FRANKLIN  
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3001 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

MRS. D. B. JAMES  
242 W. Main Street, Jackson, Tenn.

MARGARET VIOLA DAVIE  
2453 Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Here are the thirty-two correct Cut Puzzle answers:

## JUNE

Clara Bow  
Janet Gaynor  
Eleanor Boardman  
Esther Ralston  
Richard Barthelmess  
Gary Cooper  
Richard Dix  
Richard Arlen

## JULY

Mary Pickford  
Betty Compson  
Mary Brian  
Renee Adoree  
John Gilbert  
William Haines  
Al Jolson  
Thomas Meighan

## AUGUST

Anita Page  
Marion Davies  
\*Virginia Valli  
Billie Dove  
William Boyd  
Charles Rogers  
Ronald Colman  
William Powell

## SEPTEMBER

Sue Carol  
Gloria Swanson  
Vilma Banky  
Laura La Plante  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Emil Jannings  
Lewis Stone  
James Hall

\*A mistake was made by the engraver in putting together the actresses' faces in the August, 1929, issue, but that has been taken into consideration in the awarding of the prizes. The verses described Norma Shearer, but the sections of the picture, when put together, showed Virginia Valli.



# Practical SUEDE

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*Our beautiful fall and winter style booklet describes costumes and accessories to match the popular Velveta shades. Many fashionable models are shown. Please write for your free copy.*

# Velveta SUEDE CALF





# Doubling for Death

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

"Don't go with the woman, go alone," suggested Bruce.

"Alone? No, I go with her. I show them I am no coward!"

Then Don became dramatic. He dwelt long on the actions of silly women, and the resulting re-actions of sillier men. He waxed warm and passionate.

"And I must suffer the tortures of the honest lover. Bah! I drag the women into the mud? Bah! it is they that drag themselves. They are alike, the pity!"

"SEE!" Don pointed to several pictures hung in romantic sequence on the walls. Bruce glanced from Don to the pictures. An ironical thought came to life in Bruce concerning the ego of man. And then Don pointed to the latest: "This is she. She is sweet and lovely, see?"

Bruce looked. "Yes," he reflected. "She is sweet and she is lovely, but—she's a woman."

Don defended vehemently. "Yes, but she is different."

"I suppose," conceded Bruce laconically. "But what do you want of me?"

Don sat down. He tried to be friendly. "Well, my friend," Don explained, "I tell you. Tonight you go to this opening with her, in my place. Up the aisle of stars and into the theater, there I shall arrange to be. It will be safe for me then. Will you do it? It give you the great chance to be the great star, Don Torredo, and to stroll with such a beauty as my lady should compensate for the risk, eh?"

Bruce looked at Don. The ironical thought came back. He had the great lover, Don Torredo, pleading, begging. "Well," hesitated Bruce. "Well, sure, I'll do it."

"Good!" exclaimed Don. "I pay money."

"I'll do it," added Bruce, "for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" repeated Don, amazed. He got up and paced the floor again. "Cut-throat! Taking advantage of me, an artist! What does your life mean? See, what my life means to my public—and you—" Don waved his hands in disgust.

Bruce leaned forward. His face burning, he restrained a cutting remark. He asked, "You want to show this guy you're not afraid?"

"Of course," said Don.

"Your personal pride's at stake, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Don.

"THEN," concluded Bruce, "what are you kicking for? I'm taking a chance, too. If I get bumped off, and it looks like I will, you lose nothing and get a lot of free publicity, and what's twenty-five hundred to you. I thought you foreigners were gamblers?"

"Cut-throats, you Americans are! No wonder there are no artists here. Money, money, money—it is all you know!"

"Sure," agreed Bruce, "we're dumb in America."

Bruce, rising, remarked: "Well, so you

won't be at your first big night. They will say, Don Torredo was scared yellow and wouldn't go to see himself opening night. It wouldn't take *that* long to get in the papers. Well, so long." Bruce strolled toward the door. Then Don called him back.

"Yes, by God, I be there! I give you twenty-five hundred dollars. See, I give it to you! I show them!"

"Sure, you show them," agreed Bruce.

"Women. Always one woman," groaned Don.

"It must be hell," said Bruce, "to be so damned good-looking."

"Be careful what you say," reminded Don, "you are my dead image."

"Not yet I'm not," snapped Bruce.

"Now I tell you what you do," explained Don. "I'll give you a note to her and you go see her now. Tell her Don he very sorry but it is necessary I have to send you, my friend, to escort her to the theater. Assure her that

apprehensions of the whole affair, but quelled them with the thought that on the morrow he might be free from it all or, well—he looked at the address on the note and continued on down the hill.

\* \* \*

THE opening of Don Torredo's starring picture was a great event. It drew out the great and the near-great. Dignitaries of the screen and society assembled to pay their respects to a new star of another country. Writers, directors, stars, producers, newspaper men, drove up in expensive cars and walked up the aisle of stars in evening dress.

The many arc-lights, covered with varicolored paper slides and focused on the passage-way into the theater, made a circle of intense light as though emitted from a huge magic lantern. The people moved within this light, like magic shadow-shapes bathed in kaleidoscopic and fantastic colorings.

Shafts of swinging lights, made by the movement of other arc-lights, cut the air, crisscrossing, making grotesque angles of light rays.

On both sides the people of surrounding towns, and the curious of Hollywood, crowded in to catch a glimpse of their favorites. Some had waited hours to insure themselves good positions. Eager eyes watched for favorite luminaries. And each one of these great ones who walked up the aisle stopped and spoke a word or two into the waiting microphone. The press photographers and the studio cameramen worked hard, sorting and taking the pictures of the big names, before they entered the theater. At last some one spied Don Torredo alighting from his car. His name passed from mouth to mouth. People

crushed in. They stood on their toes, straining their necks. Ropes and policemen kept them back. Some one yelled: "Bravo! Don Torredo!"

Bruce, expensively and perfectly dressed in one of Don's dress suits, assisted the woman from the car, and they made their way toward the theater. His eyes swept the crowd with a furtive glance. Each step seemed to bring him nearer to his fade-out. Perhaps not the one he had planned. He dragged his leaden feet toward the entrance, while the crowd chattered on either side. His heart pounded furiously. Nervousness overcame him. He was greatly agitated, and then he finally faced the microphone. It would soon be over. He had a mad desire to run back and escape. Instead, clearing his throat, he spoke a short, suggestive sentence for the benefit of radioland: "It ees a great feeling to be what I am tonight. Thank you."

THERE was applause from the crowd. In the woman's face could be read the humiliation she had to tolerate. To stand before these searching eyes with the bearer of a note which carried a double disgrace to her. Biting her



And this, believe it or not, is a scene from the latest S. S. Van Dine thriller, "The Bishop Murder Case." Directors Grinde and Burton of M-G-M are bull-doing Leila Hyams into a whimsical mood. What a lot of grief for one tiny scene!

I will be waiting her in the theater. Here, I put her address on the note." Don handed the note to Bruce, who added: "And have that twenty-five hundred in ready cash, see!"

"Yes," grunted Don, wiping his forehead. "I will. Have a cigarette?" "Thanks," said Bruce. He selected one from the Chinese cigarette box. He walked to the door. For a moment he hesitated there.

Was he justified in making such an exit from the movie colony? He had his own self-respect at stake. After all, accepting money like this was fraud. He was about to turn back and explain to Don that he couldn't do it. He heard Don derisively call to him, his words like a knife, cutting away all doubt in the mind of Bruce: "You are afraid, uh?" Bruce looked back and smiled: "No, not now I'm not." He closed the door quickly.

Outside on the sidewalk again, he strolled leisurely down the hill toward Hollywood Boulevard. He smoked the expensive monogrammed cigarette of Don Torredo. He blew the clear blue smoke into the sweet air of Hollywood and sighed. He would now, perhaps, be able to buy his freedom. Tonight would tell. Tonight? He began to have mis-



lips, she knew she must bear it. They were told to step back. The woman glared. And in the few minutes, during which time the camera clicked, she thought of the real Don and of the hours of misery he had caused her when he had sent Bruce with that note. Her own personal pride had meant nothing to him. Her face burned with a fever of resentment. She could kill him for this! Before she realized it, the cameraman had taken this pose of them.

They entered the theater. Behind, the announcer, speaking to radioland, shouting like a barker, proclaimed to the listeners that Don Torredo had just spoken.

He left her at the check room. Straightway, Bruce went to a half-opened door, marked "Private." Don nervously awaited him there. They were alone. "Well, I'm here," said Bruce.

DON eyed him, and then took from his pocket a large roll of money and thrust it into Bruce's hands. "Here, count it. Twenty-five hundred of the American dollars. This America! A price for everything!"

Bruce glanced up into Don's disillusioned face, and then finished counting.

"Well, hurry," commanded Don.

"It's all here," replied Bruce, putting it away. "See you some more."

Don bowed him out the back exit. "Not if I know it, never! Goodbye, my not-so-cheap caricature. Here." He picked up a prop coat which was flung in a corner. "Here, I also give you this cheap coat. It should fit your character—beat it!"

Bruce put on the worn overcoat, gave a final backward glance. He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and went out through the private exit. Don adjusted himself, assumed a pose, and made his entrance into the foyer.

All eyes were on him as he searched for her. He found her waiting for him, but she did not speak. He had expected as much—but reconciliation would come. They were ushered to their seats. He attempted conversation but she was silent as the Sphinx, her face pointed to the screen. For fully an hour they remained thus in silence, watching the elaborate prologue put on in conjunction with the picture, and the short comedy.

When Don came on the screen in his romantic English-speaking rôle, that of a dashing Southern scion, masquerading as a Spanish bandit for the purpose of avenging the family name, restoring the family fortune and winning for himself the blue-eyed damsel of his dreams, the audience was agreed—here was a great actor. The voice of Bruce and the figure of Don blended and synchronized into a new star of Hollywood.

Don spoke again to her: "At last something important has happened."

Don expected a giggle. But the woman at his side gave him a quick, cutting look and answered in a low, angry voice: "A fine trick you pulled—my God!" Don was all explanations and apology. He whispered in a vibrant, warm voice:

"My dearest, it had to be. I'm sorry. You must forgive—"

"Forgive!" came a harsh whisper. "Forgive you for showing me up as a fool and you a coward?"

THE golden voice of Bruce, from the screen, was pleading his love to the blue-eyed damsel, before taking ship for foreign parts.

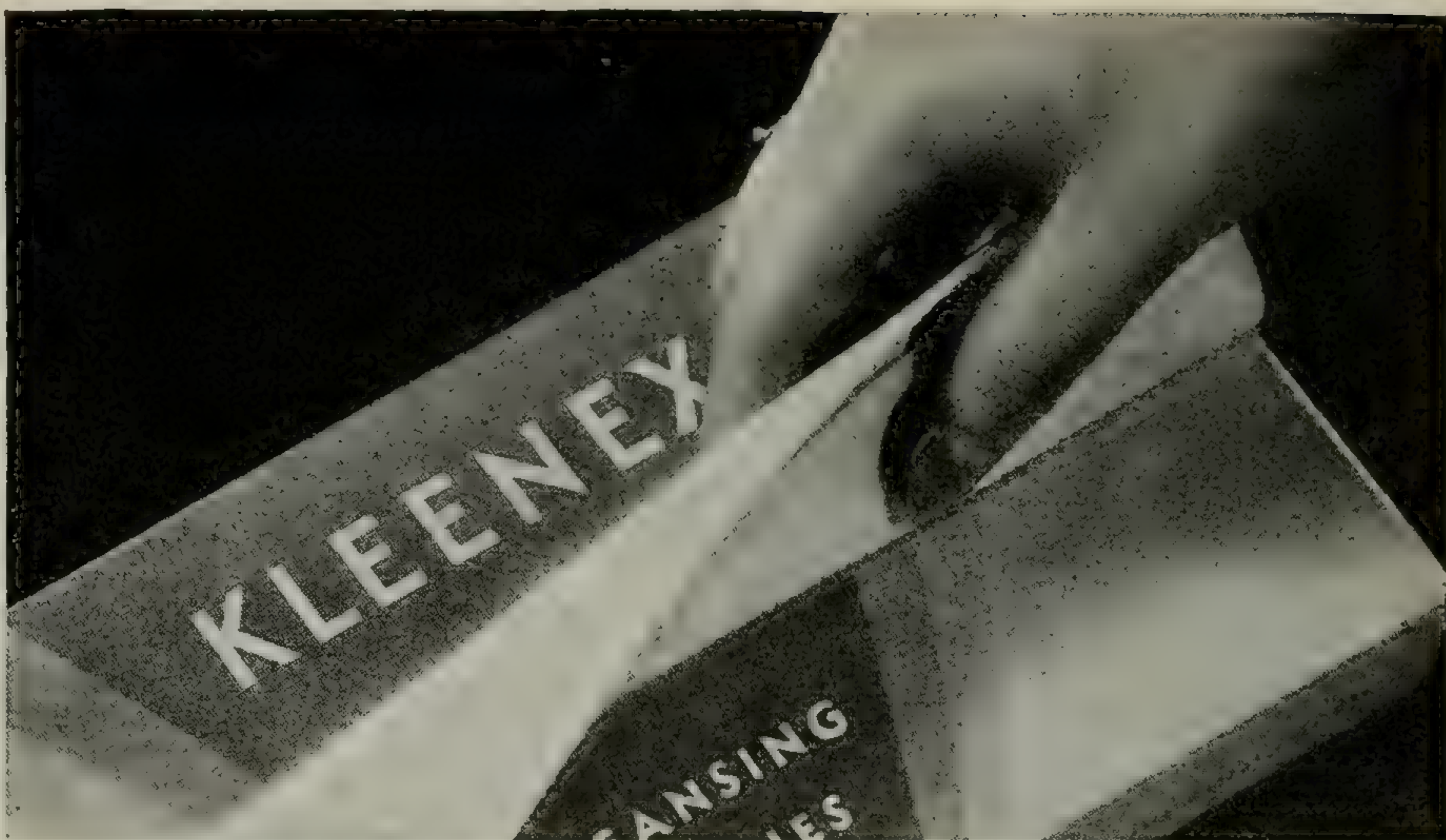
—"And," continued the woman, her eyes glaring at Señor Don Torredo, but her ears alert for the clarion tones of Bruce Reid, "making me walk up that aisle of stars with my husband—"

"Husband? Him?" cried Don, light breaking over him like a thunder-clap.

He thought of Bruce's sullen face—of a note that threatened death—of a chunky roll of crinkly yellow bills!

"My God!" he squealed. "Me han robado!"

Which, reduced to English, means, "I've been robbed!"



The tissues harmonize in color with the package, which is designed to give you two sheets at a time, keeping the rest germ-free and hygienically fresh till you use it.

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Cleansing Tissues



# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

## THE ROAD SHOW—M-G-M

GOOD ole "Broadway Melody"! In "Road Show" you discover Bessie Love laugh, clown, laughing because Charlie King, as a conceited singer, is in love with somebody else. There are dance numbers in Technicolor, back stage atmosphere and songs. Even the slapstick of Polly Moran and Marie Dressler and the humor of Jack Benny can't lift this out of the imitation class. *All Talkie.*

## THE 3 SISTERS—Fox

DIRECTOR PAUL SLOANE'S Italian film is as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Everything is real and warm—atmosphere, music, emotions—but the story is as simple as the souls of its people. Louise Dresser gives a beautiful performance. She is supported by Paul Porcasi, June Collyer, Joyce Compton, and Tom Patricola. All give vivid performances. *All Talkie.*

## SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal

GLENN TRYON falls heir to the story that made Reginald Denny five years ago, and Essanay, twelve. And "Skinner's Dress Suit" (none other—despite the trick title) hasn't suffered a bit in its talkie metamorphosis. The little Tryon boy puts it over with a yip. His high-pressure salesmanship gets you gasping. *All Talkie.*

## APPLAUSE—Paramount

THIS is a curious one. Helen Morgan is a beautiful girl famous as a singer of love songs, so they have her play, for most of the picture, a middle-aged and frowsy burlesque queen who emotes about her daughter instead of singing ballads. None the less, some brilliant acting by Morgan and by Joan Peers, a pretty ingénue, and some nice camera work, help save a confusing job. *All Talkie.*

## IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners

WELL, Jolson did it in "The Singing Fool"—then Texas Guinan did it and Sophie Tucker did it, and now Ted Lewis has done it. Only instead of saying "Sonny Boy!" Ted asks "Is Everybody Happy?" The answer is "No!" Ted is not the romantic type—nor is he an actor. As Ted Lewis, entertainer, he is the same old Ted and wields a mean saxophone. Alice Day plays the girl who gets him and Ann Pennington the girl who doesn't. *All Talkie.*

## HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe

AN army post in Kansas is the scene of this drama. There are a good many shots of parades and drills and steeplechases, spectacular and diverting. Otherwise it is a pretty sorry affair, with the rookie hero rushing in at the last moment to save the colonel's little niece from being trampled by a regiment of horses. William Boyd (the screen star) finds a new personality with a nice drawl, American voice. *All Talkie.*

## GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount

PARAMOUNT has been fussing with this idea for many months. As a result, this backstage trifle as a peg on which to hang big, girly scenes is stone-cold turkey, for all it has the use of the Ziegfeld name and stars. The coldly beautiful Mary Eaton, as the girl who breaks into the "Follies" to get glorified, is merely cold and beautiful. The fragile story is left hanging before the picture is half over.

Only an Eddie Cantor comedy bit marks the grave of an idea that was left to die. *All Talkie.*

## HURRICANE—Columbia

THOUGH this isn't just the newest wow in sophisticated screen drama, it is a clean-cut thriller with a crashing storm sequence made doubly effective by sound. The story is an orthodox sea yarn of the post-Victorian era, but it's dramatic and convincing. Hobart Bosworth's dynamic screen personality is



Loretta Young's cute hat would come in for more attention if the face which it frames were not so distractingly lovely. Loretta is featured in "The Forward Pass"

strongly enhanced by talking films, and in this sort of thing, as master of unruly men and elements, he is at his best. Really stimulating. *All Talkie.*

## NIX ON DAMES—Fox

THE life of the vaudevillian, like the life of the polyp, has been scandalously bared to a palpitating public by the talkies. The scene of this picture is a theatrical boarding house, and if you like watching acrobats, ventriloquists and dog trainers eat, sleep, shave, bathe and love, don't miss it. The players are mostly from the legitimate stage and the two-a-day. They're all real troupers and the film is good entertainment. *All Talkie.*

## LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox

IT is a tender story about a little Italian and it moves from New York to the battlefields. It is tearful but never maudlin, for which Director Wm. K. Howard should be praised. George Jessel gives a splendid performance as the Italian, and scores with his songs. "Two Little Arms" will be popular. There are such fine Italian types as Lila Lee and David Rollins—but convincing. *All Talkie.*

## THE LONG, LONG TRAIL—Universal

HOOT GIBSON'S first all-talking picture adds more admirers to his long list. The "Ramblin' Kid" is an irresponsible cowboy with an indifference to women that approaches animosity. It takes the beauty of Sally Eilers and Kathryn McGuire to bring him to his senses, but you love the charm of Hoot's voice and smile. Fast moving Western drama. *All Talkie.*

## JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures

THIS is a sentimental little ditty about a song writer and a girl who helps him make good. Critics may scoff at its romance, but if you're in the mood you may be touched. John Mack Brown, accent and all, is the chap who writes the theme song, and Sally O'Neil sells it. Joseph Cawthorn saves the picture from being too saccharine by his comedy. *All Talkie.*

## THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—Paramount

SHERLOCK HOLMES, the great detective who is the artistic ancestor of the great Philo Vance, comes faintly back to life in this rather stiff and stilted picture. Clive Brook, with the traditional pipe and sideburns, plays *Sherlock* heavily. It is interesting to note the return of Harry T. Morey as *Moriarty*, an unbelievably vicious villain. Others are Betty Lawford and Donald Crisp. *All Talkie.*

## BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia

IF this picture appeared six months ago, it would have looked better, for it is a late entrant in the line of love stories back of the theater curtain. It turns up a boy named Jack Egan, who looks like Buddy Rogers and sings well. And Carmel Myers glitters as a vamp with a French accent and a lot of come-hither. Sally O'Neil tries hard. *All Talkie.*

## THE LONE STAR RANGER—Fox

ZANE GREY'S epics have an appeal all their own, and this is no exception. George O'Brien makes a picturesque ranger, against a beautiful Arizona background. Better add him to your list of favorites, as Westerns are coming into their own again. Sue Carol is pretty enough in the lead and you may enjoy on the screen songs like "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven." *All Talkie.*

## AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.

AT least this picture is not a musical comedy. That is something to recommend it. It is drama almost as relentless as "Wild Geese." That must be one of the reasons that Russell Simpson was chosen for the part. Mary Philbin has another rôle similar to her "Phantom of the Opera," while Carmelita Geraghty vamps in a delightful manner. A good time will be had by all if you like cruel husbands and martyred wives. *All Talkie.*

## WHISPERING WINDS—Tiffany-Stahl

WE have with us, for a curtain call, the eternal triangle. What can be new in this? Though this is just a simple little tale of a man and two maids (too simple) it's still a triangle, with few novel situations. Everything is quite all right until Eve Southern galumps into the scene. They have to print her titles. She probably hasn't learned to talk yet. In spite of her, Patsy Ruth Miller and Malcolm McGregor hold up bravely. *Part Talkie.*



**VENUS—United Artists**

CONSTANCE TALMADGE made this silent picture a year ago on and around the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, and then announced her retirement from the screen. She might as well have retired a bit earlier and thus headed off this trifling romantic melodrama about the love of a princess for a sea captain. Connie is supported somewhat by a French troupe. Some pretty exteriors—and that's all. *Silent.*

**HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal**

WHAT with Laura La Plante over-emoting, and what with a thin and watery story about a dissatisfied young wife, this is anything but a merry and laughful comedy. Young Scott Kolk makes a fairly pleasing debut as a leading man, but Laura just runs wild. And the dialogue, sad to say, is pretty soupy. All in all, this is not the sort of thing that is going to keep the La Plante addicts coming back for more. *All Talkie.*

**THE EMPIRE BUILDERS—  
Carlsbad Prod.**

IF you enjoyed "The Covered Wagon," you will get a thrill out of this picture—because it is so different. Might easily be termed a burlesque on the former. However, it proves that Tom Santschi, one of the first players to make pictures in California, is an impressive, virile actor yet. Blanche Mehaffey is pretty enough for the love interest. Good entertainment for rural districts. *All Talkie.*

**SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill**

BUT they don't stop at the cradle, much to our frank dismay. In this thing better left undone, they go on—and on—far into the night. The perpetrators of this celluloid crime never even heard of enough being too much. Story, direction, music and actors are wrong. Things get worse and worse, until the hero gets an engraved invitation to watch his girl-friend take her convent vows. At this point, the audience goes mad and bites itself. *Sound.*



Julia Faye, one of the better screen sirens, began her deadly career at the age of three, as the above coy study reveals

# GIRLS Do Well in ART

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# Why Hollywood Scandal Fascinates Us

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

obviously they are not to be pried into. Don't! Don't! Don't! I wonder how many don'ts a child actually hears during the early days!

And how much he wants to violate those don'ts just because he is told he must not!

To prohibit a person from doing this or that never, of course, wiped out his desire to do it. Always and invariably has it made the desire stronger.

And whereas this is true of all forms of prohibition from leaving the cookies in the pantry alone as a child, to shunning liquor as an adult, the curiosity desire is enhanced a hundred- or a thousandfold when it comes to the don'ts regarding sex.

IS it not a fact that although we are intrigued by any and all scraps of intimacy that are supposed to transpire on the other side of the wall that separates celebrities from the public, that we are unusually roused when the information deals with the primitive relations of man and woman—the one outstanding, stressed, cardinal, scarlet prohibition of our younger days?

As a very refined and rather severe lady of my acquaintance remarked to me recently, with a twinkle in her eye, "Thank goodness our modern sex freedom still keeps the married state private. Else what kick could I get out of my tabloids?"

Yes, peeping and prying gives a greater kick than knowledge gained easily, knowledge where no effort is made to withhold it or conceal it.

This is the first reason psychoanalysis has to offer in explanation of our interest in the distinctly personal side of Hollywood.

Now we come to the second reason.

It deals with our jealousy motive.

If you think it over, I am sure you will agree that few men and scarcely any women exist who would not like to be stars in the movie heavens.

Not realizing how hard the work is, how subject it is to heartrending trials and tribulations of all sorts, the average person views picture acting as a kind of "seventh heaven," sparkling with romance and paved with millions.

In consequence, whenever anybody succeeds in pictures, be it Jack Holt, Greta Garbo, one of the Barrymores, Colleen Moore—it does not matter—it means to each and every one of us that somebody else has managed to "crash through" and accomplish what we ourselves have yearned to do but have been hindered or prevented from doing.

And mind you, the more brilliant the success of the star the more keenly do we feel it.

Such feelings within us are not always conscious, to be sure. They may be. More often, however, we sense the jealousy within ourselves only vaguely. And sometimes, indeed, we react in a jealous manner, although we are entirely unaware that such an attitude of jealousy exists.

The third explanation of psychoanalysis concerns our innate "sadism."

Sadism really means pleasure derived from giving pain to another.

If I should strike a man over the head I would be exhibiting a sadistic trait. Should I make a cutting or wounding remark to a person, or about a person, sadism would be in evidence, but in a more socialized way.

And, if I take a certain delight, be it marked or scarcely perceptible, in hearing or reading that some prominent individual has fallen from grace, sadism is again the fundamental motivation.

I RECALL distinctly what a friend of mine said when the Chaplins had their troubles.

"I am frank to confess," he said, "that it pleases me every time I hear of one of those movie stars getting it in the neck. Who do they think they are, anyway?"

Need I add that he is an actor himself and one who has never been able to land on a Hollywood lot?

Yet such remarks, or, at any rate, similar thoughts, are not uncommon among non-professionals.

It probably dates back to the days when we had to fight in the jungles for our very existence. Every time we killed a wild beast or knocked another savage over it gave pleasure.

And sadism continues to survive, although nowadays it is often so disguised and symbol-

ized that we do not recognize its existence until the mechanism is called to our attention.

In the business of explaining the reasons for our heightened interest in the privacies of picture life, the science of psychoanalysis seems to be sadistic too. Does it not impress you that way?

At any rate, let us get on to the fourth and last reason, which, I assure you, is no more flattering than the other three.

It deals with our so-called "guilt sense."

If we are absolutely frank with ourselves, and examine ourselves without prejudice, each man and woman is bound to admit that during the course of his career certain sex thoughts have occurred which he wishes had not, or of which he is deliberately ashamed.

CHILDHOOD is the favorite period for the sprouting of such ideas and the subsequent self-condemnation that goes with them.

In the course of my professional work I have analyzed many minds—exactly how many I scarcely know—but I have yet to find a single individual who has not harbored, in this connection, a certain amount of guilt feeling. Now it is a well-known fact that, if you find somebody else as bad as you are, you feel gratified. And if you find him even worse than you are, your gratification may amount to jubilation. This is the secret of why Hollywood scandal thrills. It gives an extra fillip to our ego.

"Why," you say to yourself, "those movie kings and queens are really no better than I am. How foolish to feel guilty about my own sex thoughts. Theirs would bring a blush to the cheeks of a marble statue."

Psychoanalysis does not mince matters, does it? But are the theories correct? Are they true?

Well, I leave that to you, my good reader. Test the validity of the four reasons for our unusual interest in the personal side of Hollywood. Find out if they are true for you.

Be careful, however, that when you do have this heart-to-heart talk with yourself, you make it a fearless and honest search of your real inner self.

Otherwise you may be fooling yourself.

## Stepping Out with June

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

June's comfortable, big living room. Nothing arty or Hollywood about the room. It might have been a smart New York apartment. Plenty of comfortable chairs and reading lamps and books. The maid disappeared to get "something" which would give me an appetite for dinner. June declined to join me in the elbow-bend, but said she would love a cigarette.

WE managed to get in a discussion of Don Byrne's books before starting. He is June's favorite author. She loved playing in "Hangman's House." Let's see, Sally and I discussed books, too. She quoted verbatim whole passages from "Salt Water Taffy," the parody on "Cradle of the Deep."

June thanked me for my flowers. I had sent gardenias. I noticed that the customary silver ribbon on the gardenia corsage had been changed for a pastel color. Which made me think that perhaps, after all, I should have sent orchids. June does rather make you think of orchids—slim, delicate and expensive. But the gardenias were duly anchored to her shoulder and we were off to the fights. If you ever at-

tended a première in downtown Los Angeles you'll agree that's what they are.

We drove down in June's glistening Packard. A star has to maintain a certain prestige, and anyway I couldn't imagine depositing June in front of the theater, windblown from my roadster which hadn't been washed since the last rainy season.

June isn't too darned finicky about her appearance, but I have never seen her when she didn't look as if she had stepped from the hands of a Park Avenue maid.

I remember now that neither Sally nor June had a session with the powder puff and vanity mirror after leaving their homes. No rouging in public.

During the half hour down Wilshire Boulevard, June confessed to an overwhelming homesickness for New York, now that the first, brisk fall days had arrived. She would give the feminine equivalent to a shirt just to walk into Milgrim's or Cartier's.

"I like California," she said, "but I miss the seasons. Why the same roses are blooming in my garden Easter, Fourth of July and Christmas. I'm one of the New Yorkers who really

love New York, scorching summers and freezing winters."

The chair-warmers in the long galeria at the Ambassador sat up agog when June entered. The head waiter almost tied himself in French knots when she entered the dining room. Soup was spilled, nine checks were added up wrong, and the lady who intended to order chicken salad again said absently "calves liver and bacon." We had the best table in the room—where everyone could watch our table manners.

JUNE ordered a simple dinner, although she said that she was starving. She had a thin soup, emince of beef, a vegetable and demitasse. She doesn't like sweets, so she had no dessert.

"I should eat more sweets," she explained. "I want to put on weight." (The eighth wonder of the world, a movie star who wants to put on weight!) "This summer I tried to drink a combination of eggs, milk and cream. I'd rather be thin."

The food was easy to handle, nothing messy to get in your ears. At Sally's house we had fried chicken, corn on the cob and strawberry



shortcake. Soul-satisfying, but it would have been difficult at the Ambassador. Both Sally and June can eat gracefully. Sometimes it's an awful test to watch people eat.

Between courses she told me how she had been brought into pictures to play society rôles. Her first appearance on the screen was as the wife of a delicatessen keeper in "Four Sons." Since then she has been a gangster's sweetheart in "Me, Gangster," and she portrays an Italian peasant girl in "Three Sisters." In "The Love Doctor" she was a trained nurse. Her social accomplishments haven't meant much.

The dinner check was \$7.20. Not bad, considering that it was the Ambassador. The tip was one dollar, of course.

A snail could have passed us in the drive through the Los Angeles streets on the way to the theater. Spectators pressed against the car. Once they broke the windows in Vilma Banky's motor. Cordons of police, hands locked and their weight thrown back against the crowd, tried to keep open a tiny lane of traffic.

JUNE got as far back as was possible in the corner of the car. Eager fans almost tumbled into our laps. Her poise deserted her a bit. She was nervous.

"Oh-oh, lookie," shouted a fan, peering into our car, "there's Mary Astor."

The resemblance between June and Mary has been commented on before. It is a strange fact that defies analysis. Their coloring and features are not the same. I saw them together later that evening. Only in photographs is the resemblance really startling.

At last June's car reached the theater marquee.

"Ah," breathed the radio announcer fervently into the mike, "here comes another of those gorgeous screen girls. June, won't you say a word?"

June, by this time, was apparently as calm as if she were picking daisies in a sixty-acre field.

I heard her say something about being "so glad to be able to say hello to everybody tonight." The rest of it was drowned out in the applause of the crowd.

She admitted that it was quite a problem to know what to say into the microphone. I've always had a theory that no one listened in anyhow. I would just as soon spend an evening translating Sanscrit.

"I've discovered twenty ways to say 'How are you?'" she laughed.

The picture ended, happily, promptly at midnight. It was half an hour later before June's car could reach the curb. She waited patiently, although she had to work the next morning. She complied smilingly when a bevy of girl fans asked her to autograph their programs. She spoke to friends and we commented on the long line of magnificent motor cars.

ONE of the star's cars, a foreign model, had a lacquer and mother of pearl interior. Just like a swell chop suey restaurant.

With June working the next morning, supper was out of the question. Just as well, however. Los Angeles dance bands pack up and go home at one A. M. Only the road houses stay open all night, like corner drug stores. June doesn't go out at nights, as a rule, while she is working. Sally Eilers stays home nights, too, when she works.

At one o'clock I said goodnight to June. She shook hands with me and said she had had a marvelous evening, and wouldn't I come out to dinner before she went back to New York? She sounded as if she meant it.

Example number two proved that a swanky evening's entertainment with one of the most beautiful and popular girls in Hollywood could be accomplished without pinching (no pun) on \$23.20. As a matter of fact I had overestimated the business by \$15. But, never mind. That will come in handy on another date.

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# Protecting Them From Fame

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

racketeers. Their two aunts, Norma and Constance Talmadge, seem to be Buster's chief difficulty in keeping the children from getting spoiled.

"I send them to public school," says Buster. "At home they have three and a half acres of ground and a couple of Newfoundland dogs to chase around. Trouble over celebrity? We have it. When their mother takes them to see one of my new comedies they begin doing all the stunts of the picture before they are out of the theater. When they went to see 'Battling Butler' the usher came down the aisle and said: 'Madam, I am sorry, but you will have to take those two young ruffians out.'"

**T**HE mortified Natalie had to lead the two children, busy punching and cuffing each other, in imitation of my battle in the film, out through a lobby of scandalized spectators. The idea seized them when they got home of copying a scene where I was in training and could have only milk and crackers. Milk and crackers was all we could get them to eat for four days.

"American schools are good enough for my kids. None of this Oxford stuff for them. Public schools until they are grown. Mixing with other children, where they have to stand or fall on their own merits, will make regular guys out of them."

Gloria Swanson has always refused to have photographs taken of her two children for publication.

"My private life is my own and I can't see what possible reason there is for dragging my children into my business on the screen," is her story, and she has stuck to it for years.

There is a little bit of the feeling of the besieged princess in this dramatic seclusion of the children. They are educated at home, under the care of a governess. Any attempt to get past the barriers, to find out the details of the lives of these children, who have a famous woman for a mother and a French Marquis for a step-father, meets with the same firm answer, which is remarkably in substance like this: "It's none of your business."

Gloria, in discussing schools for her children with a friend said, "I believe in the democracy of the public schools, but there is no such thing as democracy for the children when they are pointed out as 'Gloria Swanson's children.' Under those circumstances they would have that awful feeling that they were different from other children and it might easily lead them into the habit of withdrawing from normal contacts with them, which is always disastrous to development."

**L**EATRICE JOY faces the rather appalling situation of dealing single-handed with the problem of raising up little Leatrice with not only her mother's fame but that of her famous father, Jack Gilbert, as well.

Leatrice, who is a calm, cheerful person, has taken the attitude that it is not a good thing to have her little girl "shopworn," as she calls it. She wants the child's life to be her own, not a reflected career. Normalizing surroundings, with a newly adopted sister, Mary Joy, aged seven; Kiltie, the Scottish terrier; Fluff, the Persian kitten; a big yard and lawn, and plenty of playmates are forming the background for the child.

It is to be expected that with the baby's family tree what it is, even to the grandparents on her father's side being theatrical folks, Leatrice, Junior, will follow the footlights. Leatrice, Senior, thinks being an actress a fine career for any girl, as it "gives her freedom and latitude of life not accorded any other career for women. People instinctively make allowances for an actress and she is not

hemmed in with a stuffy smothering lot of conventions." When the baby days with nurse are over, Leatrice plans to educate her child abroad.

John Gilbert has had little influence in the life of his child, so far as having his fame forced upon her. Those interested in publicizing Gilbert have left the baby strictly alone. One harks back to the stories of Madame Glyn when Gilbert was playing in one of her torrid romances. Madame was scandalized at the indiscretion of Gilbert in having a child.

"A wife—bad enough for a romantic hero—but a baby!—impossible!" Madame sniffed, and one immediately got the atmosphere of



**Little Bill Hart, Jr., the son of the old plainsman and Winifred Westover. Young Bill will always be well taken care of, but his pappy doesn't believe in pampering**

talcum, soap, gruel, and warm milk. No one knows just how much that opinion influenced Gilbert's attitude towards his baby.

The two children of Charles Chaplin are also being raised without their father. Those in charge are the mother's mother and grandmother, who are certainly doing things in the good old fashioned way of grandmothers.

If baby Charlie gets a fit of temper, it is called temperament, and what could be nicer than that? There are no impartial nurses for the children's training, to use up the two hundred dollars a week appropriated for their upbringing. Lita, their mother, is on vaudeville tours most of the time, and an occasional visit from their celebrated father is their sole parental contact.

No plans have been made by the mother, Lita Grey, for the education and training of the two Chaplin heirs; there is a vague idea that there will be an education abroad, if her vaudeville work carries her abroad.

Clive Brook, who has always kept his children out of the public eye, has done so with little thought of the effect it might have, one way or the other, with the flapper fans. Brook is retiring and self-effacing and not inclined to believe too much in his own fame. Brook feels that he owes what position he has in films to his work as an actor, rather than on the basis of his being married or single, with or without children.

He takes his work with the view that it is a good way to make a living, and not with any craving for intoxicating draughts of fame, such as some stars quaff for themselves. Daily living, with plans ahead to give the children a good, thorough general education, accents the ideal for them that life and happiness depend on personal effort, not reflected glory or inherited money.

**W**ILL ROGERS has answered the problem of keeping his children unbranded by vicarious fame, in the way he has raised them. Both boys attend public schools, though Mary, fifteen, attends a girl's day school. Any hint of his own celebrity and importance in the world of men is promptly laughed off by the sagebrush sage. The children luckily inherit the same sense of humor, which is a good antidote of the snakebite of self-esteem.

Will, Junior, aged nineteen; Jim, seventeen, and Mary, fifteen, have all been trained in dancing and acrobatics and music and riding and rope throwing, so that if necessary they could barnstorm as a troupe and play everything but the bloodhounds chasing Eliza across the ice. The homely idea that everybody should work to eat is pretty well understood around the Rogers rancho.

The George Bancrofts believe in the isolation and ignorance method as the best protection from fame for their little daughter, Georgette. Georgette, at ten, has been raised "so that she does not realize how important a man her father really is."

Her father does not wish her "to be self-opinionated or precocious because of reflected glory." This protecting their child from the father's fame is a serious thing to the Bancrofts, who have thought and planned for it for years, even before Papa became the prize hairy-chested he-man at Paramount.

Victor MacLaglen, father of Andy, nine, and Sheila, six, is not the first celebrity in his family. Victor's father was a bishop in the English church, and the maternal grandfather is a retired Admiral in the British navy. Adhering to the English tradition, the MacLaglens are raising their children plainly but well. Plain living and high thinking is their style.

Victor has been anxious to see that both children are well-developed physically, for he considers nothing so desirable as good health. True democracy, with its power to insulate one against false ideas of importance, is learned through sports and competitive games, he thinks. Little Sheila is being raised with attention to the domestic virtues, and plays at keeping house in a serious way in her own small play house in the garden.

**C**ONRAD NAGEL is inclined to minimize the importance of his fame. "I always think of what Viola Dana said once, that there was just one thing she hated worse than being stared at, and crowded, and followed in the streets, and that was not being stared at, and crowded, and followed. That is part of the life of an actor. If an actor does not like it, he should change his job. I don't really believe my fame is great enough to constitute any menace to my little girl."

While this is Nagel's joking attitude, he is carefully insulating her against the virus of self-importance and reflected glory. Ruth, aged eight, attends a day school where there are many other picture children. Her playtime is spent with movie children, and neighbor children as well. She is encouraged to accomplish her school tasks perfectly, and is so busy with her little affairs that there is no time for idleness. Nearly every day she writes a long letter to her parents, to train herself in writing



and the use of language. The letter is pinned on Conrad's pillow, and gets a careful reading and criticism from him.

Hollywood's dollar princess, little Mildred Gloria Lloyd, is being reared in a common sense way by her mother, Mildred Davis Lloyd, who earned a claim to fame herself, as Harold Lloyd's leading lady. A child's simple routine, with sun baths, early to bed and early to rise, includes dancing lessons, which make the little five-year-old a daily joy to her proud parents. She eats dinner early, but waits to sit up at table to visit with Daddy and Mamma.

On Wednesdays, the big event of the week takes place for Mildred Gloria. She helps Mamma get Daddy's dinner ready. Vegetable soup, biscuits, muffins and such things, are carefully stirred by the tiny little girl in a big white apron.

THE common sense Harold Lloyd can see that there is a big advantage in preparing his little girl for whatever life may bring her. No talk in front of the child of her father's work is allowed. She has no realization that he is of any more importance than the fathers of other non-movie children who are neighbors and playmates. School days, fast approaching, are admitted by Mildred Lloyd to be something of a problem to face.

"Children are beginning to tell Gloria her father is rich," says Mrs. Lloyd. "Harold hates that. I presume we will have to send her to a private school to get away from that, though Harold would prefer to send her to a public school if she is let alone."

Mildred Gloria is remarkably unspoiled. A recent vacation at Catalina, on which she met Charlie Chaplin personally, is a high spot for her.

She watched Charlie, hand in hand with a little chum, hoping Charlie would do something funny in spite of the absence of the big shoes and baggy trousers.

Charlie caught the adoring look with its hope, and did a few funny steps around the corner of a building. The youngsters rocked with glee.

That night they lay awake wide-eyed, talking of meeting the funny man. As yet Gloria does not realize her father is as important as Chaplin.

The new Lloyd home in Beverly Hills, a gorgeous estate, has a little playhouse out in the garden. Everything in the playhouse is real and workable. There are facilities for real baking and sewing, and housekeeping will be done there by the tiny mistress.

BILL HART, JR., whose mother, Winifred Westover, has recently returned to the screen for a rôle, has been well protected by his father's provision from many of the evil effects of the celebrity of his parent. Bill Hart settled a sensible sum, \$100,000, on his boy before his birth. This money is in a trust fund, which yields over five hundred dollars a month, stipulated to be used for the child's care and upbringing. The mother's money from Hart was in addition to this.

The little boy may not be taken outside of the United States. He may not be used in films or on the stage, where he would be exposed to the disastrous results that follow advertising as the child of a famous person. Little Bill's health and proper education are at all times under the stipulations of his father's trust fund, which may become void if his father, who is the trustee, should construe the trust terms as being violated and should make an issue of it.

Hart says he does not intend to leave any large sums to his child in his will. If he is the fine young fellow his father expects him to be, his good education and a sum like \$100,000, which comes to him when he is twenty-three, should give young Bill a fine start in life. Bill believes his boy will be happier and more likely to escape the dry rot of laziness and reflected glory and unearned wealth if he has to look forward to making his own way in the world.

Nancy Carroll's portrayals of chorus girls and ingénue rôles are certainly not suggestive of maternity. Yet Nancy insists that her baby should not be concealed from the public. She talks of the child in interviews, and resented the idea that her baby was not apropos of the sort of rôles she is playing.

"Everything I am doing, my career, and the money I am earning, are all for my baby," she said in her dressing room at Paramount studio.

There was no need to ask Nancy about the baby; she is more than likely to start talking about her first. The baby's routine (she is four years old) is rigidly guarded by a nurse; later years are planned to include travel abroad, dancing and singing lessons for the heiress of the beauty and talent of the LaHiff's (Nancy's real name).

JACK KIRKLAND, the baby's father and Nancy's devoted husband, newspaper man and scenarist, is proud of his baby, but was so proud of his beautiful wife that after the baby was born he insisted that Nancy go back to Broadway to continue her musical comedy career.

Nancy's attitude towards her baby is in marked contrast to the other two young mothers of Hollywood, Eleanor Boardman and Joan Bennett, whose employers do not allow them to speak of their children at all, for fear of destroying the romantic aura of youth that surrounds the rôles in which they play. Eleanor Boardman is to play a series of young romantic rôles this year. Joan Bennett, who is a mother at nineteen, considers it may hamper her career materially if her motherhood is called to the attention of the public too much. Both children are being given every advantage of luxury, but, as the rhyme says,

"Some gave them plum cake  
And drove them out of town."

Claire Windsor's little son, Billie, lives with his grandparents and his mother. Claire is anxious to see that he enters whatever work in life he desires; at present Billie's time is too consumed with lathes, vises and monkey-wrenches with which he constructs little airplanes, and with his friends at Urban Military Academy, in Hollywood, for him to bother with the adulation that an admiring world gives his beautiful mother. Her public life is never allowed to touch him.

Billie's friends, camping trips, and visits to his friends' ranches compose his main interest now. This has been politic for Claire as well as good for her child, for Claire, who is of the romantic and beautiful ingénue type in films, would have been hampered in film work, she feels, if her boy were allowed to be constantly before the public, shining in that sort of lime-light which properly belongs only to his mother. Being a mother is reserved for the sacred moments at home. To the world, Claire is the carefree, beautiful creature of her film rôles.

ERIC VON STROHEIM, father of two boys, says, "To avoid the adverse influences of the parent's celebrity on a child, it would be necessary to take the parents out of the film business and dry clean them. The egotism of the parents will be reflected in the children, and this can not be otherwise, for egotism is necessary to a creative artist's work. Only experience of life, after the child goes away to school, will destroy this self-importance."

Von Stroheim does not talk of his film work before his young son, seven. He deplores the fact that his older child, by a former wife, is in films, as it is against his wishes.

Von Stroheim's younger boy will be given an education at West Point, if this should prove to be possible, as the father considers that proper discipline is the framework for a successful life. Von Stroheim says, "Only discipline and education will protect any child from growing up a narrow, egotistical member of a caste as snobbish as any in the old regime in Europe."



## Fingers Fall Into Place Naturally

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# Secrets of the Fitting Room

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

position. Here every defect of her figure is shown, so she gives the picture to Greer as a working basis for his design. It was he who made her clothes in "Coquette."

THE walls of the fitting room held a secret of Sue Carol for many months. Sue faced a court trial over her contract with Douglas MacLean. She appealed to Greer.

"I want a frock that will be smart, but most inexpensive looking. My suit is over money, and I can't look as if I paid a lot for my clothes, yet I must look nice," she said.

She relied on the court's bad judgment. A woman would have known in a minute that simplicity comes high.

Greer took out his shears and materials and designed a complete outfit for Sue. The simple, inexpensive little costume cost just \$310. The dress was \$195; hat, \$40; shoes, \$30; gloves, \$10; and bag, \$35. She appeared in this costume at the trial and won her case.

To Marion Davies clothes are of secondary importance. She must have them smart for her pictures—for herself it doesn't matter. She usually shops with other people, buys a last year's dress for herself for \$35, and writes a check for \$650 for an evening dress for one of the friends she has brought along.

Bebe Daniels is another who always brings a crowd. They swarm the fitting room, giving advice, and Bebe herself goes behind the scenes and parades out with the mannequins.

Once Charlie Farrell arrived with Virginia Valli. They were alone in the shop. Charlie disappeared and returned fifteen minutes later gowned in an afternoon dress, fur trimmed coat, velvet hat and veil. While he was gone,

customers arrived. Charlie's levity wilted when he found several pairs of aristocratic lorgnettes fixed upon him.

There is very little levity when Norma Shearer is fitted. She arrives in the evening and brings her mother. She is always definite and precise in her selections.

It is only with Corinne Griffith that Greer feels a social wall set up between them. Betty Compson and Evelyn Brent breeze into the shop with flying hair. "Hello, Howard, where are your new doll rags?" It's all informal and casual. Laura La Plante, unmindful of how she looks, keeps her dark glasses on when she fits. Renee Adoree enters the place demurely, tries on a coat, says the price is too high, and pays it.

But Corinne Griffith is always charming, patrician and aloof. "I could know her from now until the time women wear leopard skins again and I'd still call her 'Miss Griffith,'" Greer says. Corinne is the one lady in the fitting room, the one star who remains poised no matter what goes wrong.

Many, like Negri, attempt the grand lady attitude but, unlike Corinne, fail in it. Clara Bow, for instance, visited Greer when she was still under the Elinor Glyn influence. Greer designed her gowns for "It" before the all-seeing eye of the Glyn. Clara, in those days, was trying to live up to something or other.

Always bewildered in the presence of clothes, she was more so than ever when she felt it necessary to act a lady. She made only a few suggestions, for she is wise enough to know that she knows nothing about good clothes. But does it matter? Not by a basketful of godets and hem lines! Gowns, to Clara, will

always be secondary to color, movement and vitality.

Ethel Barrymore has a habit of swaying back and forth while she is being fitted. The trick is as contagious as the whooping cough. The fitters sway. The mannequins sway. Greer sways. But Ethel wins in scope and velocity.

NO story of the fitting room is complete without a spasmodic allusion to Jetta Goudal. In this sanctum she is, according to her dressmakers, the arch feminine fiend. Many a time she had come to Greer after a hard day's work at the studio and remained in one spot until three A.M.! Literally, without sitting down! The fitters work in relays.

As one set drops from exhaustion others take their places. And Jetta stands on, a Joan of Arc in teddies!

"Greer likes Jetta personally," said the fitter, "but he hates her in a fitting room more intensely than he's ever hated anybody in his life."

Careful to the most minute detail, she will work with one seam for six hours until it is what she considers right, and when it is done at last she turns and says, in a martyred voice, "Well, if this is what you call a dress, I'll wear it." And she wears it in just that tone of voice.

The stars of first magnitude come to Greer, and the new stage people arrive to be gowned. Even, occasionally, a smaller player saves enough money for just one Greer creation. And each day brings new secrets. New and more bizarre confessions are heard behind the locked doors of the fitting rooms of Greer, Inc.

## Just Try to Interview Ulric

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

murmured gaily. "Sorry to keep you waiting. Was I much longer than ten minutes?"

A short while later, we sat in Miss Ulric's apartment in the Beverly-Wiltshire.

I went to work at once. Reportorial work, of course.

"TELL me, Lenore," I began, "in working a movie death scene such as I saw this afternoon, how do you find that it compares—?"

The telephone jangled. Miss Ulric excused herself for a moment. She was back shortly.

"That was Lowell Sherman," she announced. "He said he'll be right over. He wants to talk to you about the situation on Broadway. By the way, what IS new on Broadway?"

I picked up my glass of grape juice. The ice in it was very nice.

"Well," I returned, "let's see. When I left town, the new Carroll show—"Sketch Book"—was quite a hit. Very dirty, I thought, but the public is going for it strong.

"George White was preparing his new Scandals, without Harry Richman. Funny to see a Scandals without Richman. Incidentally, what do you think of Harry's engagement to Clara Bow?"

Perhaps I shouldn't have brought that up, because Lenore, herself, was once reported engaged to Harry. As, indeed, who hasn't? But the ex-Belasco star merely shrugged her shoulders.

And let me tell you right here, boys and girls, that unless you've seen the Ulric shoulders in the act of shrugging, you don't know what a real shrug looks like.

"I don't know," she offered. "You never can tell. Love strikes in queer places."

"You said a big mouthful, Lenore," was my contribution. "But, speaking of love and such, how about yourself? You've been married to Sidney Blackmer a long time, and it was only the other day that you permitted yourself to admit it. What's the big idea?"

Miss Ulric grew very serious.

"I'm sorry it ever got out at all," she exclaimed. "It is my firm belief that the public should not know too much about the people they see in the theater. It spoils a great deal of the illusion."

"The other day, for instance, two photographers were up here. They said that they knew of my marriage to Sidney and that they wanted some pictures of the two of us. As a matter of fact, one of them suggested a shot of me in the kitchen cooking ham and eggs for my husband."

I nodded and glanced at my watch.

"Say," I cried, "it's getting late. We've got to get down to business on this interview gag. Now, listen. As far as motion picture direction is concerned, how do you think—?"

THE telephone interrupted me. Lenore answered it.

"It's Lowell Sherman again," she said when she returned. "He's with Sidney and a whole crowd of people. They'll all be over in ten minutes and they want you to wait. Now where were we?"

"We were nowhere," I retorted wearily. "We've been trying to get somewhere, but

it doesn't seem to be of much use. I'm going to try just once more. When Ziegfeld comes out here to make a movie, how do you think—?"

A contented smile illumined the Ulric face.

"Ah," she interrupted, "good old Ziegfeld! How I wish I had been back in New York for the opening night of 'Show Girl.' I read all about it. Tell me, how did you like it?"

"Well," was my response, "it was fair. Not Ziggy's best show by any matter of means—but a pretty good show just the same. I thought Ruby Keeler was swell as *Dixie Dugan*. The poor kid is sick now, I understand. She's going to leave the show."

"SO I understand," understood Lenore. "Poor kid. It's tough to be yanked out of a production by illness just when you get your first starring break. How are she and Al Jolson getting along anyhow?"

"Great," I asserted. "It's strange that so many people ask that same question. Al and Ruby are probably two of the happiest people in the world today. For some reason or other, though, people don't feel that they should be happy. I can't quite figure it all out."

"What's the use of trying?" observed Miss Ulric. "And what's the use of worrying about what people say about you? I never do—much."

I gritted my teeth. I was going to get this interview or die in the attempt. The way things looked, death was creeping up on me.

"Listen, Lenore," I muttered, "let me ask you one question. Do you think that the talking pictures will ever supplant—?"



The doorbell rang. The maid opened the door.

In came a mob of people. I looked around me and could have sworn I was in Reuben's on a Saturday night.

"HELLO, old boy," cried Walter Catlett, "tell me what Broadway looks like."

"Whoops, dearie," said Beatrice Lillie. "What in the world are YOU doing in Hollywood?"

"Good Lord," murmured Walter Donaldson, "you here too? What's new along the main stem. Many parties going on? How's Nick Blair?"

Questions.

Questions about Broadway.

Nothing but questions.

Lowell Sherman. Eddie Dowling. Seymour Felix. Sidney Blackmer.

All of them 3,000 miles from Broadway—yet closer to Broadway than they were to California.

Half an hour later, I made my escape. Miss Ulric took me to the door. I looked at her.

"That, my dear," I observed, "was a heluva interview. I have less now than when I started."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I tried. Isn't there



This young man, peeking coyly out over a mountain of spaghetti, is none other than Tom Patricola, who will be seen in Lenore Ulric's next starring vehicle for Fox—"South Sea Rose"

any one particular question you'd like to ask me?"

Wearily, I placed my hand in my pocket and drew forth the telegram from the editor of PHOTOPLAY.

I glanced at it.

I cleared my throat.

"DON'T stop me now," I shouted, "and I don't want any interruptions. Just one question: What do you think of Hollywood?"

She smiled happily.

"Great," she returned. "It's marvelous! Wonderful sunshine! Lovely people! Finest place in the world to live!"

She paused for a moment. Then—

"But, after all is said and done, there's only one Broadway, isn't there?"

We both smiled.

We shook hands.

"I getcha, kid," I said.

And I left.

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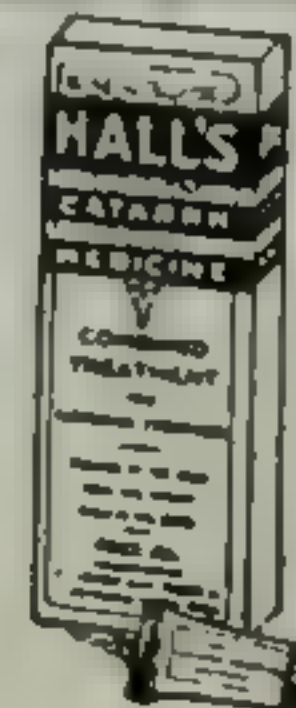
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# Garbo-Maniacs

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

Not long ago our Miss Lois Shirley wrote a simple, kindly story in PHOTOPLAY about Greta and her double, one Miss De Vorak. Lois' article was friendly in the extreme. She simply retailed what nearly everybody knows—namely, that the star is remote, retiring, unsocial, unfashionable in dress—and she said it all in no carping spirit.

And what happened? PHOTOPLAY was buried alive under a terrific avalanche of denunciatory mail. Not even my long nose stuck out of the mountain of missives which denounced Miss Shirley, Editor Quirk, the magazine, its hired hands and anyone who even hinted that Garbo lacked one attribute of utter and complete perfection.

I'LL quote from some. This is from a man in Oakland, Calif.:

"I like Greta Garbo for her simplicity and old-fashioned ways. . . . Keep up the good work, Miss Garbo. Lead your simple life, and remember—there will always be a critic."

From a young lady in Ruleville, Miss.:

"If Greta is cold, aloof and mysterious, this is entirely a Garbo trait. . . . I love to think of her as being mysterious. The public loves Greta Garbo with all her faults—and there can be no substitute."

From a gentleman in Berkeley, Calif.:

"You certainly slammed Greta Garbo in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY for not dressing up and going around showing off like the rest of the so-called stars. Garbo is far too clever for that. She is a genius, and does not have to dress to attract attention. . . . How happy her mother would be if she knew how good her girl was, out here all by herself. I wonder how many young girls in Hollywood are as respectable in private life as this great star, Greta Garbo?"

From a miss in Louisville, Ky., heart of the Blue Grass:

"Of all the stupid people I ever heard of, Lois Shirley takes the cake. I never had a favorite until I saw Greta Garbo. She is my ideal—she is wonderful. The thing that bores half these so-called writers is the fact that Greta Garbo minds her own business and doesn't let everyone in on her affairs. My own opinion is that Jack Gilbert married Ina Claire because he couldn't get Greta Garbo—meaning no disrespect to Miss Claire. Three cheers for Greta Garbo!"

And, most astonishing of all, this—from the wife of a druggist in Kansas City:

"I suppose all of us have a foolish wish that can never come true. Mine is to shake the hand of Garbo the Great. Have we not many Claras, Crawfords and Pages? We have one God—also one Garbo!"

WELL, there you are. Those, and a hundred like them, were stirred up by a simple little story containing nothing that hadn't been printed before a score of times about the Stockholm siren.

And what about Garbo?

The facts are just the same, but nobody cares. She can dress as she darn pleases, and does. If she wants to wear twenty yards of opaque cheese cloth to a formal gathering, it's quite all right with us. In the greatest scene Garbo ever played—the renunciation sequence in "A Woman of Affairs"—she wore a slouchy old tweed suit and a squashy felt hat. She never looked more mysterious, more alluring, and she never acted with greater authority or arrogant power.

It is probable that in the whole history of the world no artist ever grew to such great glory on utter heedlessness of what anybody thinks, says or writes.

After hours of speculation on her reactions to her life and art and the funny world around her, I have come to the conclusion that Greta Garbo simply does not care one single hoot in a Nebraska twister.

She has her job, her maid, her comfortable slippers, her windows looking out upon the sea.

She is the one great queen of the screen who not only has never courted public favor, but has actually fought to a standstill all attempts to haul her into the limelight.

Where others scrabble and squall for notice, submitting to photographers and the pawing



**This eight-year-old youngster may soon be as famous as her name. She's called Mitzi and she was headlining in vaudeville when Paramount signed her for talkies.**

**The first kid so contracted for**

of the herd, Garbo crawls into a hole and pulls the hole in after her.

Whether it is a trick or whether it is the nature of the lady, it is absolute perfection. Where others leave off, she begins.

More, Garbo is the one great star who has attained unique power and public interest without one lovable screen trait.

Far from being emotionally appealing in any way, she is cinematically heedless, cold, arrogant.

I have even watched some of her magnificent scenes which seemed almost insulting to her fellow actors and to her enormous audiences.

And from her, we take it, bat an eye, gape and love it. For she is Garbo.

Garbo and her work, in addition to being tremendous rousers of men, have more women adorers than any male star of the screen. Women flock to her pictures, to wonder, admire, gasp and copy. In every hamlet of the country slink and posture a score of incipient Garbos.

For every girl child who kicks up like a Velez, a dozen whiten their faces and gaze through half-closed eyes upon a tiresome, boring world.

And I, a calloused old picture reviewer filled with scars and aches, scuttle to her pictures

as fast as they come and sit in a daze as that astonishing figure goes about its cinematic business.

For Garbo, in her own quaint way, is an undoubted genius—one of the three or four surviving in American motion pictures. She conquers as much by what she leaves undone as by what she does, and her odd beauty has that weird, intangible quality that fascinates the beholder and makes dreamless men dream dreams.

Pardon a little personality, it adorns the tale.

I know a girl who is a calm, cool New Yorker, a trifle blasé around the edges. She meets the great and the near-great and never throws even a mild fit. Yet this Garbo girl puts her in a spasm. She snoozes through talkie after talkie, no matter how loudly the actors bellow, but she dragged me twice to see "A Woman of Affairs" and is still pursuing that Garbo opera into obscure neighborhood theaters, up blind alleys.

IN Hollywood she went Garbo-wild. Metro-Goldwyn put a huge, fire-snorting motor at her service, like a fire truck, and whenever this girl heard that Garbo was on location she jumped into the car and lit out in pursuit, cut-out open and siren screaming. The day she jimmied her way onto the Garbo set in Culver City went down in her history along with the day she got her first proposal and the day she got a bad break and met me.

She has a better collection of Garbo photographs than M-G-M, and I am under daily orders to steal more—from bent old ladies if necessary.

I drag this in to show what the Greta can do to a sophisticated New York gal who knows her Menckens and Nathans. Garbo is no respecter of persons.

The cream of the jest is, of course, that nobody knows exactly what Garbo is all about.

Reporters are poison to her, and though they chase her up hill and down canyon, they seldom get close enough to her to see more than a hank of yellow hair scooting down the cellar stairs.

Naturally, Hollywood is always alive with talk about her, but much of it is probably wild shooting from the hip.

Stories that appear about her in magazines and newspapers are, with few exceptions, pipe dreams or a dreary and sentimental rehashing of all the old tales. During the trying times of the Gilbert marriage to Claire, Garbo used excellent taste and strategy. To all the reporters who came within gunshot while she was on location at Catalina she said absolutely nothing, with her usual bland eloquence. One young sprout, it is said, broke her down momentarily—but that story has never been printed and probably never will.

GARBO, in spite of gabble and gossip, is always largely conjecture.

My hat is off to her. Not only is she a sizable artist—I have a feeling that she must be, in a sense, a great woman. She has licked the Hollywood racket to a pale frazzle. She has made almost no mistakes, personally or professionally.

She is one of the few people in the world who do exactly as they please. But—she makes millions like it.

She slouches along her own sweet way, and even her slouch is a regal gait to those who idolize her.

I smile skeptically at the odd spectacle of Greta Garbo, and yet I genuflect in admiration. As the race of queens dies out and is replaced by ordinary erring, faulty, frail men and women, she alone remains—the greatest and loneliest of a mighty line.



# These New Faces

Watch for These Each Month

**WINNIE LIGHTNER** ("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warners). Winnie stole this picture from the rest of a high-powered cast by her speedy clowning, rough but funny. For five years she was featured comedienne of George White's annual "Scandals," and before that a member of the vaudeville act called "The Lightner Sisters and Alexander." She'll do more films.



**J. HAROLD MURRAY** ("Married in Hollywood," Fox). This boy has been a Broadway musical comedy leading man for some years, getting his biggest part as the ranger captain in "Rio Rita," the part done on the screen by John Boles. Before that he played in a long line of musical shows and operettas. "Married in Hollywood" was his first film.



**MARJORIE WHITE** ("Sunny Side Up," Fox) made a whale of a hit in this, her first picture, as the little East Side girl friend of Janet Gaynor. She's to be watched. Still very young, she began her stage career as one of the White Sisters, vaudeville act which began when they were children. Last stage appearance—"Lady Fingers," with Eddie Buzzell.



**CLIFF EDWARDS** ("Hollywood Revue of 1929," M-G-M) is even better known as "Ukulele Ike." He's been a vaudeville feature for a long time—he and his little uke. And his records have been very popular, often becoming best sellers. His work in "Revue" was so good that M-G-M immediately slapped Ike into another big musical film, "Road Show."



**NANCY WELFORD** ("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warners) was very sweet in the leading rôle of this bright picture. She's the daughter of Dallas Welford, veteran comedian who was in Edison pictures many years ago. Nancy has been in musical comedy for some years, singing leading rôles. Just another of Broadway's gifts to the baby phonoplay.



**LAWRENCE TIBBETT** ("The Rogue's Song," M-G-M) is one of the few real grand opera stars to take a regular picture job. He is without doubt the greatest living American baritone, and a feature of every season at the Metropolitan. He created the male lead in the American opera, "The King's Henchman," by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Deems Taylor.



**ARMIDA** ("General Crack," Warners) is a real baby discovery of the screen. Gus Edwards, the star-maker, found this little tamale, and she was a feature of his big vaudeville revue. When he went to M-G-M to write and direct, little Armida went along. Her first big part is with John Barrymore in "General Crack." Now she has others, too.



**JOSEPH WAGSTAFF** ("A Song of Kentucky," Fox) is another musical comedy song and dance man who seems to be making good on the big sound stages. As a juvenile in many musical shows, he was well liked but not conspicuous on Broadway. Then he attracted attention in George M. Cohan's show, "Billie," and Mr. Fox's sleuths snapped him up for films.



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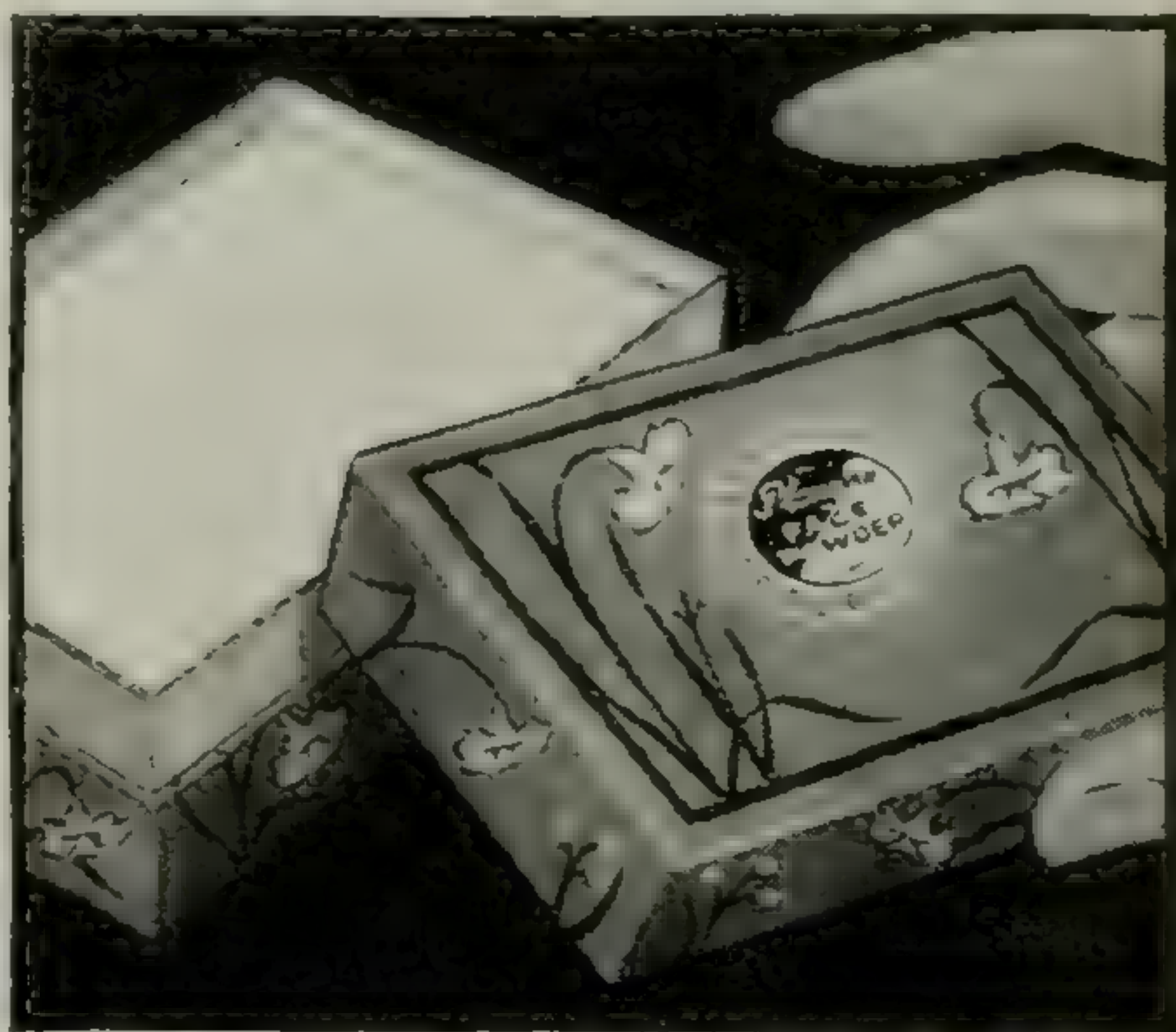
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# Clara's First Train Ride

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

been a bus boy in a cheap little restaurant.

We met at the station. Clara was going into a new world and yet she took it as a savage would, fearlessly, naïvely. It didn't register at all. She didn't then have the slightest idea of what her journey might mean to her.

Her parting with her father was peculiarly lacking in sentiment. They were fond of each other in a strange sort of way—he had been mother and father both to her—yet not a sign of tenderness passed between them.

I EXPECTED that Robert Bow would turn to me and say, "I'm entrusting my little girl to you. I feel sure that you will look after her as her own mother might." But he said nothing. Just nothing at all. Neither he nor Clara (completely ignorant of the world of charm as they were) knew that words were expected.

Nor was Clara vitally interested in the amazing new train. She was too primitive for that. She was there. She was on her way to a mysterious California. She was going to be a movie star! That was all. As simple as that.

Besides her grip, the pathetic little satchel so tenderly and intimately packed by Robert Bow, her only other worldly possession was a dusty little portable phonograph and one record, "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." The train had not passed beyond the city limits before it was going full blast. My efforts to turn it off or even to shut our compartment door were fruitless. I explained that the noise might bother the other passengers.

Clara was amazed. "Aw, gowan," she said, "let 'em enjoy the music!"

There was no alternative but for them to enjoy it literally from New York to Los Angeles. The machine grew so grimy and greasy that it is a wonder it played at all. I believe that it was silent for no more than five minutes at any time during our trip!

By the time two hundred miles had been ticked off by the wheels Clara knew everybody on the train. Conductors, porters, millionaires, children—they were all the same to Clara. She visited almost every compartment.

I knew, then, that I had not been wrong in fighting for a contract for her. Men, young and old, married and single, gay and grave, all felt that strange magnetism of the girl.

There was a famous tennis player who was enthralled by her, and the son of a Pasadena millionaire who took us into the diner for luncheon one day. When he swung off the train at his destination, he held her somewhat grimy little hand and looked into her large, emotional eyes until his family dragged him away. Ten minutes later Clara had forgotten him. I wonder if he recalls her now when he sees the great star on the screen.

WE were certainly amusing to the rest of the passengers. Clara's first trip to the dining car was an experience I shall never forget. She could read, but the menu was Abyssinian to her. She settled her problem neatly and simply by ordering everything. She was hungry, hungry for the strange and different. There had been enough bread and butter in her life; she wanted *paté de foie gras* and caviar.

There was not enough room on the table for everything she ordered, numerous entrées, three salads and four or five desserts. Another little table was drawn up alongside and Clara pitched in.

I showed her a salad fork and initiated her into its uses. She had never seen one before, so she dismissed it with a shrug of her expressive shoulders.

"That's nonsense," she said. "Why dirty up another fork when one will do for everything?"

In the face of this astounding philosophy I was silent.

I had bought her a couple of cheap little dresses in New York. They were brightly colored and delightful to her. She wore them to shreds in one day! She had to go back to the sweater and skirt.

The grandeur of Western scenery interested her not at all. "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" was much more amusing and, although she had never seen nor even heard of the *Chauve Souris* or any of its imitators, she

"But how do they stay fresh so long and get here so quick?" she puzzled.

I had planned a treat for her. There was a circus in Chicago and we had a four-hour lay-over. We got within sight of the big top. Suddenly, she gripped my hand. A fear of the unknown possessed her.

"Look here, Maxine," she said plaintively, "I never saw a circus in my life. I'm not goin' to begin now."

The fear was gone as quickly as it had come. "Come on—let's get some chop suey."

She understood chop suey. She didn't understand circuses.

TOTALLY lacking in any of the formal gestures that you and I make without thought, Clara was as elemental as a native of the South Seas, the reincarnation, perhaps, of a child of some far-off primitive race.

Once she wore an evening dress of mine, without asking my permission. When I asked her why she had done it she didn't even ingratiate herself with me by saying, "Oh, it was so pretty and I was afraid you would say 'No' if I asked you." Instead she said, as simply as a child, "Why, it was there and I wanted it so I took it and wore it."

I was a nervous wreck when we neared Los Angeles, but I hadn't been bored. I glanced out of the window when we pulled into the station and saw publicity men, cameras, executives and stock actresses from the Schulberg organization to meet us. I looked at Clara. She wore the same sweater. There was not a crease left in the once pleated skirt. Her hair stood on end.

I knew that she mustn't face them. Such an entrance might ruin her career. Rough edges had to be polished off before I could present her to the public.

By bribing the porter, we made a get-away through another exit and a waiting cab hurried us to our suite at the Ambassador.

There I called Schulberg. "What's happened?" he shouted. "My men say you weren't on the train. I had planned a good publicity break."

"You'll understand," I said, "when you see Clara."

A half-hour later we sat in his office. He looked at Clara and then turned to me. "Is this a joke?" he asked. "Why, the girl's impossible!"

I pleaded with him, I cajoled—my trip must not be in vain. "Give her a test now—this minute," I begged. And he consented.

We found ourselves on a cold barren stage with Schulberg directing Clara's test. It was the most brutal experience a girl could have had. An ordinary person would have been petrified with fear. She would have known that her future hung in a balance and an unjust balance at that. Not Clara! Not simple, direct, primitive Clara! She took the test as calmly as she'd take one now.

WITHOUT make-up, still in the hateful sweater and skirt, she ran the gamut of emotions.

Schulberg told her to laugh. She did. Suddenly he said, "Stop laughing. Cry!" Immediately, in the snap of a finger, a flood of tears drenched her cheeks. She was an emotional machine!

Schulberg turned to me, threw up his hands and said, "You win!"

The rest is screen history. I have told a phase of Clara Bow's life that has never been told before. She has changed, of course. She has acquired poise of a sort and a meed of restraint. But underneath she is very much the same eager, simple girl. Otherwise, she would not be the great actress she is!



P. and A. Photo

**The Filming Deacon! The Venerable Joseph Henry Dodshon, Archdeacon of Ohio, "shoots" London from the roof of the Savoy Hotel. The Archdeacon's hobby is taking moving pictures—and colored ones at that. He has taken colored movies of the Henley regatta and other notable events, and will show them for members of his church when he returns**

did a little dance that caught the spirit of the music. I felt that I had in my care a rare and vital talent.

She accepted everything as it came. Only occasionally did she pause long enough to wonder. Once she said, "Maxine"—she called me that from the minute she saw me—"Maxine, where does the conductor sleep?"

"Who, Clara?" I asked.

"I mean the fella that runs this train. It's four days since we left New York and he hasn't stopped the damn train long enough to get himself a plug of tobacco."

She could never understand the mysterious process of wiring flowers. A friend of mine had sent us some to Chicago from New York.



# Addresses of the Stars

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen	Neil Hamilton
Jean Arthur	O. P. Heggie
William Austin	Doris Hill
Olga Baclanova	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Emil Jannings
Clara Bow	Jack Luden
Evelyn Brent	Paul Lukas
Mary Brian	John Loder
Clive Brook	Frederic March
Nancy Carroll	Adolphe Menjou
Kathryn Carver	David Newell
Robert Castle	Jack Oakie
Lane Chandler	Warner Oland
Ruth Chatterton	Guy Oliver
Maurice Chevalier	William Powell
Chester Conklin	Esther Ralston
Gary Cooper	Charles Rogers
Richard Dix	Ruth Taylor
Paul Guertzman	Florence Vidor
James Hall	Fay Wray

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree	Dorothy Janis
George K. Arthur	Buster Keaton
Nils Asther	Charles King
Lionel Barrymore	Gwen Lee
Wallace Beery	Bessie Love
John Mack Brown	Tim McCoy
Lon Chaney	Conrad Nagel
Joan Crawford	Ramon Novarro
Karl Dane	Edward Nugent
Marion Davies	Anita Page
Josephine Dunn	Aileen Pringle
Greta Garbo	Dorothy Sebastian
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Raymond Hackett	Lewis Stone
William Haines	Ernest Torrence
Phyllis Haver	Raquel Torres
Leila Hyams	

## At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson	George Jessel
Mary Astor	Lola Lane
Ben Bard	Ivan Linow
Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Marjorie Beebe	Sharon Lynn
Rex Bell	Farrell MacDonald
Dorothy Burgess	Victor McLaglen
Warren Burke	Lois Moran
Sue Carol	Charles Morton
Sammy Cohen	Barry Norton
June Collyer	George O'Brien
Louise Dresser	Paul Page
Nancy Drexel	Sally Phipps
Mary Duncan	David Rollins
Charles Eaton	Arthur Stone
Charles Farrell	Nick Stuart
Earle Foxe	Don Terry
Janet Gaynor	Helen Twelvetrees

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore	Al Jolson
Monte Blue	Davey Lee
Betty Bronson	Myrna Loy
William Collier, Jr.	May McAvoy
Dolores Costello	Edna Murphy
Louise Fazenda	Lois Wilson
Audrey Ferris	Grant Withers

## At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lina Basquette	Raymond Keane
John Boles	Merna Kennedy
Ethlyn Claire	Barbara Kent
Kathryn Crawford	Beth Laemmle
Reginald Denny	Arthur Lake
Jack Dougherty	Laura La Plante
Lorayne DuVal	George Lewis
Ruth Elder	Fred Mackaye
Hoot Gibson	Ken Maynard
Dorothy Gulliver	Mary Nolan
Otis Harlan	Mary Philbin

Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut

Glenn Tryon  
Barbara Worth

## At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton	Bebe Daniels
Sally Blane	Frankie Darro
Olive Borden	Bob Steele
Betty Compson	Tom Tyler

## At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
William Boyd	Jeanette Loff
Junior Coghlan	Carol Lombard
Diane Ellis	Eddie Quillan

## At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess	Colleen Moore
Doris Dawson	Antonio Moreno
Billie Dove	Jack Mulhall
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Donald Reed
Corinne Griffith	Milton Sills
Lloyd Hughes	Thelma Todd
Doris Kenyon	Alice White
Dorothy Mackaill	Loretta Young

## At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado	Gilbert Roland
Fannie Brice	Norma Talmadge
Douglas Fairbanks	Constance Talmadge
Mary Pickford	Lupe Velez

## At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Olive Borden	Jacqueline Logan
William Collier, Jr.	Ben Lyon
Ralph Graves	Shirley Mason
Jack Holt	Dorothy Revier
Margaret Livingston	

## In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky	Ronald Colman
Walter Byron	Lily Damita

## In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dolores Del Rio	Rita Carewe
Roland Drew	LeRoy Mason

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



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# Watch This Hombre!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

face with grease paint, I knew that I had found my work.

"I realized, absolutely, that I was where I belonged.

"So when the university opened again I didn't go back.

"I told my mother. She was sorry because she had wanted me to be a business man, but she said that it was my life and if I were going to be an artist I should be a good artist and give everything to it.

"SO here I am—what luck I've had! What chances! I hope I am worthy of all the things people have done for me."

Putting his words on paper is like eating caviar without chopped onion.

Secretaries came and went through his bungalow. Phones rang. He gave to each silly message his rare quality of Latin charm.

I knew, somehow, even then, that he had the stuff.

Later I sat in a dark projection room and listened to his first singing test.

The bit of film had been shot on a plain stage without background. He wore a gray business suit. A rather ordinary looking young Mexican boy with a broad nose. And then he sang! And the gray suit became a toreador's costume with a black velvet jacket and a scarlet sash.

"I always overact. I always do too much," he had told me.

He did. He overacted. He threw himself too completely into the mood of the little Spanish songs he sang. But it was such perfect abandon, such charming Latin intensity. He did one number in English. The familiar words sounded stupid and inconsequential and unworthy of the fire he gave them.

He is almost six feet, but is a little too stocky to impress you as being tall. He is twenty-nine and seems about twenty-three or four. His eyes, I imagine, do the trick, and his voice (low and lovely and accented like Novarro's).

He is still under contract to the Chicago Opera Company and is also booked for a con-

cert tour. (He sings his native number in costume.) In the meantime he will make original musical dramas for Fox.

No lazy Mexican—he! His energy is limitless. Once he dislocated his elbow (jumping through a window to save a fair maiden from a cruel husband, maybe) and was forced to stay at home for seven weeks. The servants gave notice. One can't live in the house with a volcano.

HE bought an enormous canvas and managed to hold a palette in the crippled arm. His mornings were given to painting, and in the afternoon he composed songs. He did five songs in seven weeks and chafed at the enforced inactivity!

He is all romance, all fire, all charm, all appeal—but virile enough to please the husbands of the women who rave about him.

A new luminary on the film horizon, as we laughingly say in Hollywood. Jose Mojica (it's pronounced Moheeka), but you'll be calling him just Jose.

## The Girl Who Just Missed Stardom

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

with straggly hair and a pug nose, but one day he took her to a strange show where pictures of people moved on the screen, and, in the semi-darkness her hand found his and first love was born.

When Renee asked for powder for her nose and high heeled shoes her mother banished the young Russian.

Cholera swept the northern part of the continent and soon the little family was back in Germany, tramping again. There tragedy, real personal tragedy, came to her.

ONE dawn her father, her kindly father, woke her.

"Get up and come with me," he said.

The two went to the railway station. Her father climbed aboard a waiting train and kissed his little girl good-bye. It was the last she saw of him.

The family was broken. Mira went to Egypt with a company of dancers. The rest went to Brussels.

Renee was now fourteen, the age at which most little girls are entering high school, but Renee had, by this time, known the misery of life. She had seen a great German acrobat with a fine, flowing moustache purposely miss catching a rope and hang from the roof of the tent, strangled to death. She had watched a brutal animal trainer lash a horse until the animal fell dead from exhaustion. She had watched her father, whom she loved, bid her a tragic, tearless, final good-bye. She had known hunger and suffering. And yet she had clung tenaciously to laughter.

At fourteen, war was added to her experiences.

To Brussels came the terrifying news that an invading army was marching upon the Belgian capital.

Cat-like, Renee climbed a lamp post to see the advancing host. On they came, the silent, ominous flood of Germans marching through Belgium to begin the four years' horror.

Renee would not be trapped. One must not be caged like the animals in the circus. One had wings with which to fly.

They waited until night when a lull settled over the stricken city. Renee knew every

alley in Brussels, every corner, and they huddled in doorways to escape the sentinels and made the sixteen miles, the length of the city, in a night, and by devious routes reached Ostend and a ship to England.

London, a strange city, filled with men and women speaking an alien tongue, treated them kindly. Renee at last found work as a dancer at a theater in Piccadilly.

One evening Renee, a woman of fifteen now, took shelter from the rain under an archway. She held in her hands a little bunch of violets for her mother.

A middle-aged man approached her. "What is your name?" he asked. "Your first name only."

"Renee," she told him. "Now go away."

Then she saw his eyes. They were the blazing eyes of an artist, alive with creative fire. She told him a little about herself but she could not understand all he said to her. They parted suddenly, as they met.

Some months later a package came to the theater. It was a book of poems by Arthur Symons. Page 82 was marked with a faded violet. It read:

"Rain, and the night, and the old familiar door,

And the archway dim, and the road-way desolate;

Faces that pass, and faces, and more, yet more;

Renee, come, for I wait.

Pallid out of the darkness, adorably white,

Pale as the spirit of rain, with the night in her hair

Renee undulates, shadow-like, under the light,

Into the outer air."

And so to the poignant, repeated refrain—

"Ever desiring, ever desired in vain, Mother of vain desire!"

Poor, poor Renee—ever desiring, ever desired in vain!

No more eloquent analysis of her could be written.

Equipped with such a background, given to dealing with raw emotions as she was, is it any wonder that she should not have achieved stardom? How could she have played the

game the stars know, kowtowed, bowed and smiled at premières and parties?

Renee's life and her soul are not the stuff of which Hollywood stars are made. Hers is the heart of an artist.

There were fitful years spent touring France, Italy and Australia (the first time she had ever left her mother, when she slept in railway stations and dined on black coffee). And then came America, where she was just another little "Frog" until the Shuberts used her in their shows and the pictures called her to California to play the part of Tom Moore's Irish sister.

It wasn't long until she married Tom. Mabel Normand was maid of honor. Jack Pickford was best man.

But the marriage failed, as did the one later on with William Gill, an ex-newspaper man. Renee could not be satisfied with puttering in a garden or fussing with tea and bridge. There was luxury for her with Moore, but she didn't want it. The artist fire burned in her.

RENEE is fascinating to men. She is all feminine charm, tenderness, sweetness. Her greatest friendships, too, have been with men, notably a fine, unsentimental comradeship with Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro.

But she gives herself too completely. If you need love and tenderness they are yours, before you've asked. If you need money she gives you a blank check. She has been badly treated by friends, but she goes on pouring out her life to those she loves or to those she believes need her.

Renee cannot be judged by ordinary standards.

After "The Big Parade," in which she did as fine a piece of work as has ever been done on the screen, she should have been a great star. Such a part in the hands of another would have brought world-wide acclaim. But stardom makes weird demands, with which Renee has no patience. Stars must dine and dance and entertain. They must be politically shrewd. No one with Renee's heart, no one who has led her life, could fawn and be wise in the ways of Hollywood.

We sat together one long afternoon at a



summer resort near Hollywood and Renee talked to me from her heart.

"I do foolish, hateful things," she said. "The musicians on the set—I cannot bear to have them ask me what to play. I say, 'I don't care. Only play something beautiful.' Then they play 'Mother Machree' when I want Tschaikowsky. I have not told them. Then I get angry and storm at them. I am wrong. They just don't know.

"I wish I were different. I will not be told what to do even if I am wrong. Producers can't tell me, nor directors. I hurt people. I do not mean to do it. I was never taught right from wrong and I have tried to learn and have failed.

"I HAVE so many faults. I try to make myself like other people who were born in houses and went to school and married and had babies.

"Oh, God, that's happiness! That's it. A baby, perhaps, that might be the answer for me.

"Would that bring happiness? I wonder. I wonder much when I am not in a temper and when no one is annoying me."

We watched the sun.

The next night she sang funny French songs to a group of rowdy friends.

I carry with me one vivid picture of the girl who just missed stardom.

We were driving along to a quiet little town. Renee is forever attempting escape. It was night and it rained. "Stop!" shouted Renee to her driver. She is fiery and temperamental with her servants and they adore her.

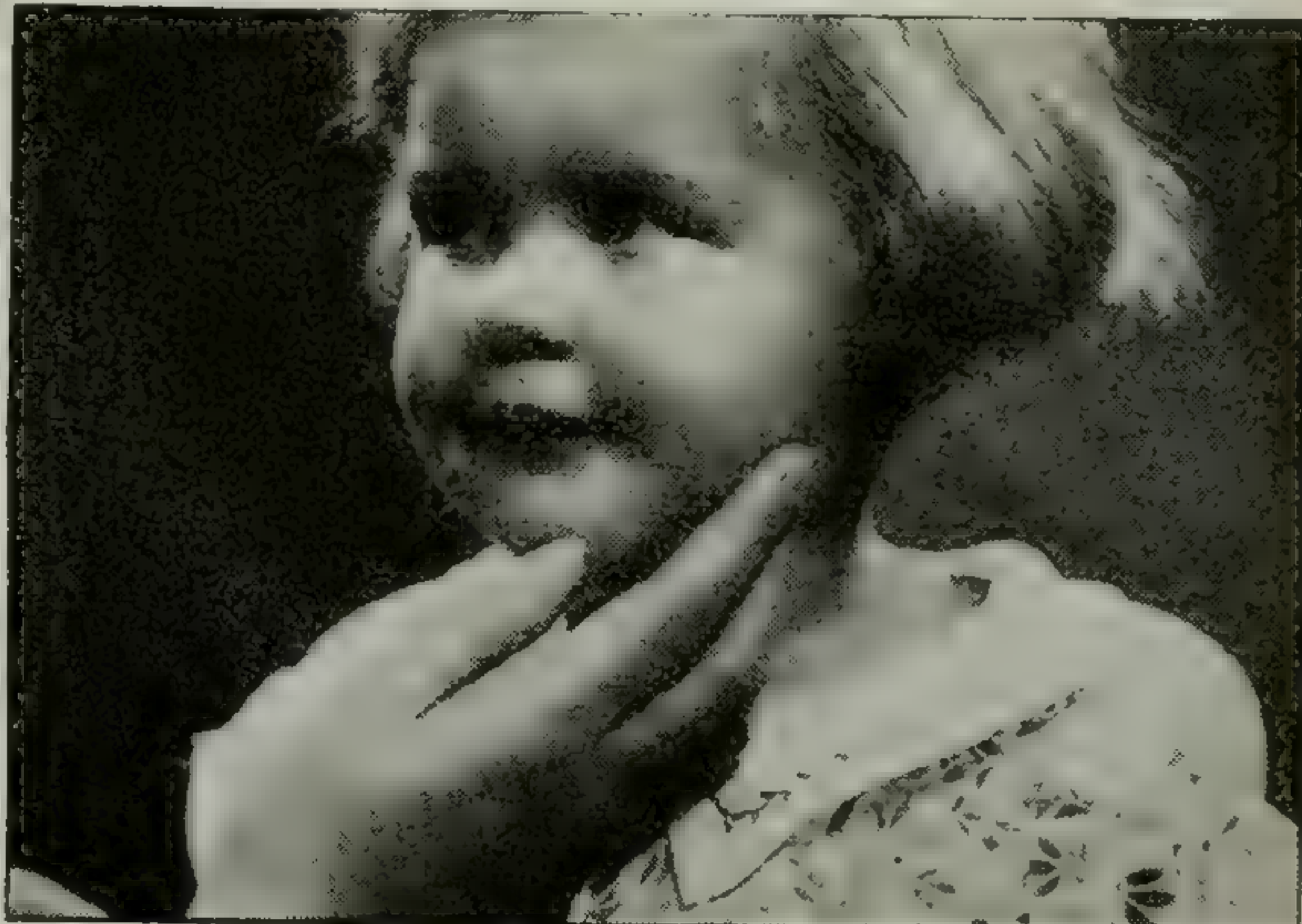
She had seen a little church. The two of us entered. Renee, the lady of beautiful gestures who holds with no cant or creed, knelt before the altar. For what she prayed I do not know. For peace and happiness, I guess.



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The critics raved about her, the public is doing likewise—and all in all you'll probably see a good deal more of Marjorie White who arrived in "Sunny Side Up." Her next is "New Orleans Frolic"



# Through the Studios with Pen and Camera

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91 ]

Ronnie says if he has got to lose money he had rather have the fun of shooting craps.

**O**LD Cal has stood by on many an evening and watched movie executives drop fifty thousand dollars into a poker pot without batting an eye. And they have written their checks like gentlemen and forgotten their losses the next morning. But you can't forget a stock loss.

Work at the studios is at a standstill. Executives won't call story conferences, stars won't rehearse, weighty questions are put aside, and every time a newsboy yells a new market headline everybody puts cotton in their ears.

The day after the first crash, Billy Haines said nonchalantly, "Well, I am convinced that the only stock to buy is bromo seltzer." They picked him up with a shovel just outside Louis B. Mayer's door.

**M**-G-M was the heaviest loser in the disastrous fire that destroyed the million dollar plant of the Consolidated Film Laboratories in the heart of Hollywood's studio district.

Negatives of Greta Garbo's recently completed picture, "The Kiss," "Imperfect Ladies," with the Duncan Sisters, "The Untamed," with Joan Crawford and "So This Is College" were all destroyed in the holocaust. These pictures were not in the big fire-proof vaults at the time. The night shift at the laboratory was at work on them for immediate release.

It is not likely that any "re-shooting" will be done, however. There is a lavender print for every master negative, and the pictures will be re-photographed from the "lavenders." Several cameras are used on every picture, and while the best "takes" were destroyed, second and third "takes" were saved. Some of these will be used. It will be a process of "piecing" in every case. According to first report the negatives of RKO's "Rio Rita," and "The Vagabond Lover" were all destroyed. However, "Rio Rita" was safe in New York, and "The Vagabond Lover" was at the studio. Two or three days' work was lost on "Hit the Deck," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Dance Hall." These scenes will be re-made.

United Artists and Samuel Goldwyn productions were safe in the fire-proof vaults. "Condemned," the Ronald Colman film, was found in perfect condition in the first vault opened.

**O**NE incident, serious enough, did not escape the attention of the wisecrackers. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of Howard Hughes' eternal production of "Hell's Angels" was destroyed.

"Oh, well," said the witty boys, "Hughes wasn't going to use that 'scene,' anyway."

Perhaps the most disagreeable and caloused aspect of the whole thing was the little interest given to the workers in the laboratories

who lost their lives or were injured. Hollywood was only concerned whether or not pictures were destroyed. Albert Lund, an employee, lost his life by staying at his post in an effort to save the films. Yet, very little has been said of his great heroism.

The material aspect is explained by the fact that many Hollywood people held blocks of stock in the Consolidated Film Laboratories. It is understood, however, that there was complete insurance.

**C**AMERA footage is not the only kind which causes disputes out Hollywood way. George Bancroft and Bebe Daniels had quite a little set-to about an entirely different kind of footage. You see, both George and Bebe are land-owners in Santa Monica—and their respective slabs of soil adjoin each other. The Daniels slab is occupied by a beach house.

All went well until the Bancrofts decided to erect a new house right next door to the Daniels ménage, and the question of bounda-

ing saw him hiking down to Bond Street to order another suit from one of the better tailors. From all reports there won't be room for anything else in the new house in Santa Monica when the Bancroft wardrobe arrives.

**L**ITTLE Doris Dawson came flying to Broadway in mid-Fall.

Flying by plane, too, because in New York waited her "heart," S. P. P. B. Cudia, a sculptor. Together they attended the opening of "Broadway Scandals," in which Doris appears, and Doris took a bow.

Doris is twenty-one, her fiancé forty-three. They met in Hollywood.

**I**T has been said that Al Jolson isn't the easiest person to handle during the making of a picture.

However, Jolson and Michael Curtiz, the Warner Brothers' director, have become fast friends. Perhaps Curtiz has found the secret.

The other day at five o'clock Jolson announced that he was going home whether the scene was finished or not.

"I'm disappointed in you, Al," said Curtiz.

Al walked off the set. He returned in a few moments in his street clothes, sans blackface.

"Well, goodbye," he said, "I'm going home."

"Goodbye," said Curtiz in an injured tone of voice. "But I never thought you'd do a thing like that to me, Al."

Al walked away. Fifteen minutes later he was back on the set in makeup as if nothing had happened.

He worked uncomplainingly until late in the evening.

**L**EW CODY

Went on a sight-seeing tour of the M-G-M lot where he was once a star. He dropped into the enormous

stage where Sammy Lee rehearses the chorus girls for bigger and more spectacular revues.

Lew shook his head sadly. "Why, I remember," he said, "when they used to make moving pictures out here."

**W**HEN Johnny Gilbert came marching home to Hollywood from his European honeymoon he didn't go into the old dressing room on the M-G-M lot.

No siree! Waiting for him was a six-room two-floor bungalow, built and elaborately furnished at a cost of about \$30,000.

There is a private garage attached, and a secret gateway to the dressing room—in case, I suppose, some over-ardent young lady should slip past the cordon of armed guards at the entrance.

Poor Jack! He just struggles on.

**I**F anything proved what an essentially quiet and smalltown boy Rudy Vallée is, it is what happened to the money-bags out in Hollywood



Proving that an ostrich doesn't hide his head when there's a pretty girl around. Little Sally Starr, formerly in the "Scandals," now an M-G-M player, is on the way to making her last name come true

ries came up. Bebe claimed that a certain almost infinitesimal strip of land belonged to her.

George said very politely that she must be mistaken—it was part of his property.

Bebe replied very very politely that Mr. Bancroft did not know what he was talking about.

Mr. Bancroft inferred with elaborate courtesy that the ocean in Miss Daniels' front yard was not the only wet thing thereabouts.

And so on far into the night. Thus far it's a no-decision bout.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, reports of George's triumphant progress through Europe have been drifting in from this source and that. It seems that the mighty thunderbolt ("The Mighty" and "Thunderbolt" in case you didn't get it. Cute?) is taking his first trip abroad not only big, but very big. London in particular reciprocated by making much over George. He was wine and dined and dined and wine.

Every evening saw George tripping the light fantastic at the better places, and every morn-



while he was making "The Vagabond Lover." Mother and Father Vallée, from up New England way, went along to the Coast. They frowned on big hotel bills and took a modest apartment, where mother did the cooking and father collected the \$11,000 a week that Rudy was drawing down.

Out there they even tried to frame up a publicity romance with Mary Brian. And it didn't get to first base. Now Rudy's back singing his little songs and blowing his saxophone in picture theaters in the East. And probably much happier about it than he was in the film colony, where everybody suspects and fears the new-comer!

**O**H, the efficiency experts have done wonders with the studios. Take the case of Wallace Beery, for instance.

He's been under contract to M-G-M for seven months at a weekly salary of four pretty good figures and he hasn't worked in a single film yet!

And now comes a report that poor Wally has suffered a stroke and will be in the hospital for months. We hope the report isn't true.

**T**ALKING pictures have created an entirely new studio jargon. It might as well be a foreign language so far as the uninitiated is concerned.

"Sinkem," for instance, means "begin synchronization."

One of the scenes in the Paramount production of "Kibitzer" called for a boating scene. One of the city parks served as location. Floating around over the lake were numerous canoes, manned by extra people. The scene was ready to take.

"Sinkem!" bawled the director.

"Oh, wait, for heaven's sake," cried an extra girl. "Let me right out. I'm no stunt woman. I can't swim a stroke."

**L**UDWIG BERGER is the director and Bobbie Lee is the assistant director of Paramount's "The Vagabond King."

In the last scene for the day, a mob of a thousand extras were to chorus, "To Hell with Burgundy!"

When the film was recorded, the hungry



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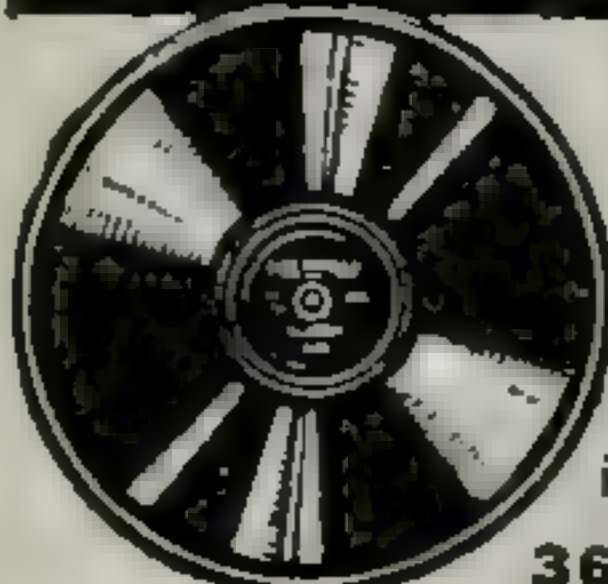
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extras yelled, "The Hell with Berger and Lee!"

The words hit the director with a shock. And the funniest part of the joke was that when the company viewed the rushes in the projection room the next day, no one could tell the Berger and Lee from Burgundy in the various "takes" of the scene.

**DICK ARLEN'S** next starring picture is to be a modern version of one of the late Wally Reid's popular pictures, "Across the Continent."

It is interesting to note that Dick Arlen worked as an extra in the original picture; in fact, merely took part in the mob scenes.

This should inspire the ambitious actor who has not yet arrived.

**JEANETTE MACDONALD**, the lovely blonde star of Broadway, seems to have struck Hollywood like so much lightning with her performance in Maurice Chevalier's "The Love Parade."

She has blue eyes and golden hair which will be revealed in the all-color romance, "The Vagabond King." Jeanette, which is pronounced Janet, became very enthusiastic while posing with some earrings the other day.

"I guess I'll get myself a pair of earrings like this," she remarked. "How much are they?" she asked the owner.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the answer.

"Then I'll get a pair of earrings not like this."

IT is interesting how some of these actresses change suddenly. Fay Wray has bobbed her hair and revealed a lovely speaking voice in talking pictures. She is learning the new jazz dances and plays a chorus girl in "Pointed Heels." Could you imagine the Fay of "The First Kiss" as a chorus girl!

Jean Arthur says she hasn't bleached her hair but every time she has it shampooed, the color comes out a shade lighter. Now she's almost a blonde.

Incidentally, they say she has stolen several of Paramount's recent pictures right from under the noses of the star troupers.

**THEY** do have to have new tricks.

It is now finger print dresses in Hollywood. Jean Arthur wears one these days.

The entire design of the dress is made of nothing but thousands of finger prints.

**TALKING** pictures have eliminated the ringing telephone on studio sound sets. A flashing red light now is the only method of signifying there is a call on the wire.

Apparently no one noticed the operator's flash on the stage where "Spring Is Here" was being filmed at First National studios.

Louise Fazenda, a member of the cast, spied the light from a far corner of the set where rehearsals were in progress. She called out:

"The phone is ringing! Is everybody color-blind?"

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For a good  
XMAS  
SUGGESTION  
see page 17

## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

water for hot, and had worn rubber or cotton gloves while working.

The average woman need only give a little daily attention to hands and nails. A few minutes at night to press back the cuticle with a softening cream or a liquid remover. A few minutes gentle massage of hands and wrists and elbows with a healing, chap-preventing lotion, or the vanishing cream, skin food or muscle oil used for the face. And there isn't any reason why the whole arm should not be included in this treatment, especially if the upper arm is subject to that annoying roughness about which so many girls complain.

In the morning, a brief filing of rough-nail edges, and the use of a dry or cream polish, if that is your preference. Liquid polishes, however, have been so perfected and popularized that they seem to solve the problem of sparkling finger tips with little effort. Some polishes are lightly perfumed. Coloring is a matter of choice and the dictates of fashion, but too brilliant coloring is unnatural looking, and most women do not consider it in good taste.

The shape of the nails is also a matter of individual preference, but most girls prefer the oval shape that follows the natural contour of the finger ends.

Practically all the products and materials used by a professional manicurist can be bought at drug or department stores, or at beauty parlors. Even the woman who finds it impossible to have the help of a trained manicurist can keep her nails smooth and her hands young and supple.

In fact, it all lies within your hands!

**MRS. J. D. S.:**

The combination of auburn hair, brown eyes and fair complexion makes it possible for you to wear black beautifully, especially lustrous materials, such as satins and rich velvets. Most browns should be becoming to you, but certain shades of tan and beige are apt to create that monotone effect your husband noticed. Blues, blue-greens and greens are good, but beware of too vivid shades of these

colors. Cream and ivory white are excellent and so are certain creamy shades of yellow and amber. Your makeup should be in pale rose or geranium tints. The auburn-haired girl needs to be particularly careful in choosing and applying makeup, to enhance rather than to destroy the beauty and harmony of her coloring.

**TANIA O.:**

Don't indulge those moods, Tania. It's a bad practice to start at sixteen, or at any age! I advise you to plunge wholeheartedly into your dramatic club work and let your temperament find a legitimate outlet there. Try to cultivate a happy outlook and make some congenial friends among the boys and girls in your classes. The moody girl makes herself unhappy and is a bore and a problem to everyone. The world is full of interesting work and fun. Make up your mind to get your share of both.

**ELSA LOUISE:**

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I shall be glad to forward my reducing booklet and skin leaflet. Even though your problem is not one of general overweight, by proper exercise you can make your flesh firmer and improve the line of your hips.

**BARBARA A.:**

You are still a school girl, you have regular features, face of medium width, and short, straight hair. With that description to work from, I suggest that you have a windblown bob. It ought to be extremely becoming.

**CHRISTINE K.:**

Read my answer to Mrs. J. D. S. in another part of this column. You can wear the colors I suggest for her, with special emphasis on the blues. I like the way you dress your hair. You don't need to wear beruffled clothes—neither must you always choose strictly tailored lines. There's a graceful in-between for girls of your type, especially in this season's return to more feminine lines.



## Don't Call Me Lon Chaney

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

we were traveling with our own company, it was necessary to find a character actor. We were in a small, isolated town and no one could be found. They put a beard on me, and I played a doddering old man. I was eleven then, and my characterization must have been very amusing. But I had my taste of foot-light glamour. I lost all interest in my violin then.

"I AM just past thirty now, so twenty years of my life has been in the theater. I have lived intensely. Too intensely. There are some actors who can get by with sheer personality. They can give a good performance and at the same time figure the evening's box office receipts, and watch what is happening in the wings. I can't do that, although I wish I could. It is so much easier.

"I must feel my rôle, actually live the character. Ten minutes before I go on the stage I begin to get into the spirit of the thing. Then I don't want to talk to people. The character grows on me as the play goes on. When the performance is over I am exhausted. I never went to parties in New York. I was too tired. I don't expect to go to parties in Hollywood. I don't like them. I feel that I am in the way of other people and I am quite sure that they are in my way.

"My own foolish intensity has burned me out. Sometimes now I feel that I am as old as some of the characters I have played. I can't relax. I don't sleep very well, and I don't eat much.

"Still I am young. I can be worn out at night, and be able to come back in the morning. Five or six years more and I will not be able to do that. Sometimes I wish I had chosen some other profession, but quite likely it would have been the same.

"THERE has been plenty of money during the last several years, but I don't seem able to keep much of it. I am, however, trying to save. I want to get enough money to protect the future. Not millions of dollars, just a comfortable, assured income. When I get that I want to go to Europe and rest. Perhaps I could have a small theater of my own and act once or twice a month, and give a real performance."

Paul Muni is very proud. He is a Jew, a member of a proud race. It was impossible for him to go around to managers and producers and seek work. He waited for them to come to him. When Laurette Taylor starred in "Humoresque" on the stage she wanted Muni for the rôle of the young violinist. He made the appointment and waited for her in the office of a manager. He was there before the time set. Five minutes after the hour of the appointment he walked out. The secretary was astonished. Surely he would wait, or leave a message. It was a sort of divine prerogative for great stars to keep other people waiting.

"Perhaps Miss Taylor was detained unavoidably. I do not know. If I were the star I

would have been ten minutes early. I did not get the rôle, and honestly, I did not care."

Another time Channing Pollock sent for Muni to interview him for the rôle of a stout, elderly man in "The Fool." He had been playing just such a character in a production at the Yiddish Art Theater, the little playhouse in New York which has been the beginning for so many distinguished actors.

POLLOCK was astounded to see a slender, young man walk in his office. He could not visualize him as he could be, and he had never seen an example of Muni's rare gift of characterization. The actor made no attempt to sell himself. Either he was satisfactory for the part or he was not.

There were few luxuries in Muni's life until he was able to provide them himself. He was born in Vienna, but came to the United States when he was four years old. He grew up in the squalor of New York's East Side. His education, when there was time for it, was received in the city schools, and in different schools throughout the country. The family was usually on the road, traveling with one company or another.

When Paul's father died in 1913 young Paul stayed with his mother as long as he could, but they were forced to separate. His mother received an engagement in New York, and the boy played in cheap vaudeville houses in Chicago whenever he could find work. When engagements were scarce he took a job in the gas works and bided his time until he could return to the theater.

The beginning of a change in fortune came with a stock engagement in Boston. From there he went to the Yiddish Art Theater. His reputation began to grow, and at last the dream of every actor was realized—he appeared on Broadway. Winfield Sheehan, vice-president of Fox Films, saw him in "Four Walls," and induced him to sign a Movietone contract.

Muni says stardom, with all the attendant pomp of name in electric lights and publicity, means little to him. It brings no thrills. I have heard many actors say that, and I have never been completely convinced by any of them. Paul Muni does manage to make such a statement ring fairly true. But then Paul Muni is more than just a merely good actor.

"BUT," he smiled, "I would be far unhappier if I did not have these things."

He has taken a small house in Hollywood. A big, pretentious house is unnecessary since he does not expect to entertain. He lives there quietly with his wife. The gathering places of the film colony see but little of him. During the several months he has been in Hollywood he has been once to the Montmartre Café.

Most of his evenings are spent at home in the study of make-up. When he doesn't work in his laboratory he likes to attend concerts. Curiously enough—one doesn't expect it of this serious, moody young man—he is an ardent follower of the boxing game.

## You Don't Have to Be Beautiful

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

there that she had to go to bed. The news wasn't told until next morning.

Sometimes it grew tiresome, always putting the worst foot forward in the films. Louise loved pretty clothes. Even today, at the peak of her success, she is still denied fashionable gowns. She is usually the austere spinster,

and with her dun-colored clothes she feels as drab as the character she portrays. She revels in a rôle that calls for a glittering wardrobe. It pleases her to play in a picture with Lilyan Tashman. Lilyan is always so smartly gowned and so vivacious that it inspires her.

I've often tried to analyze the cause of



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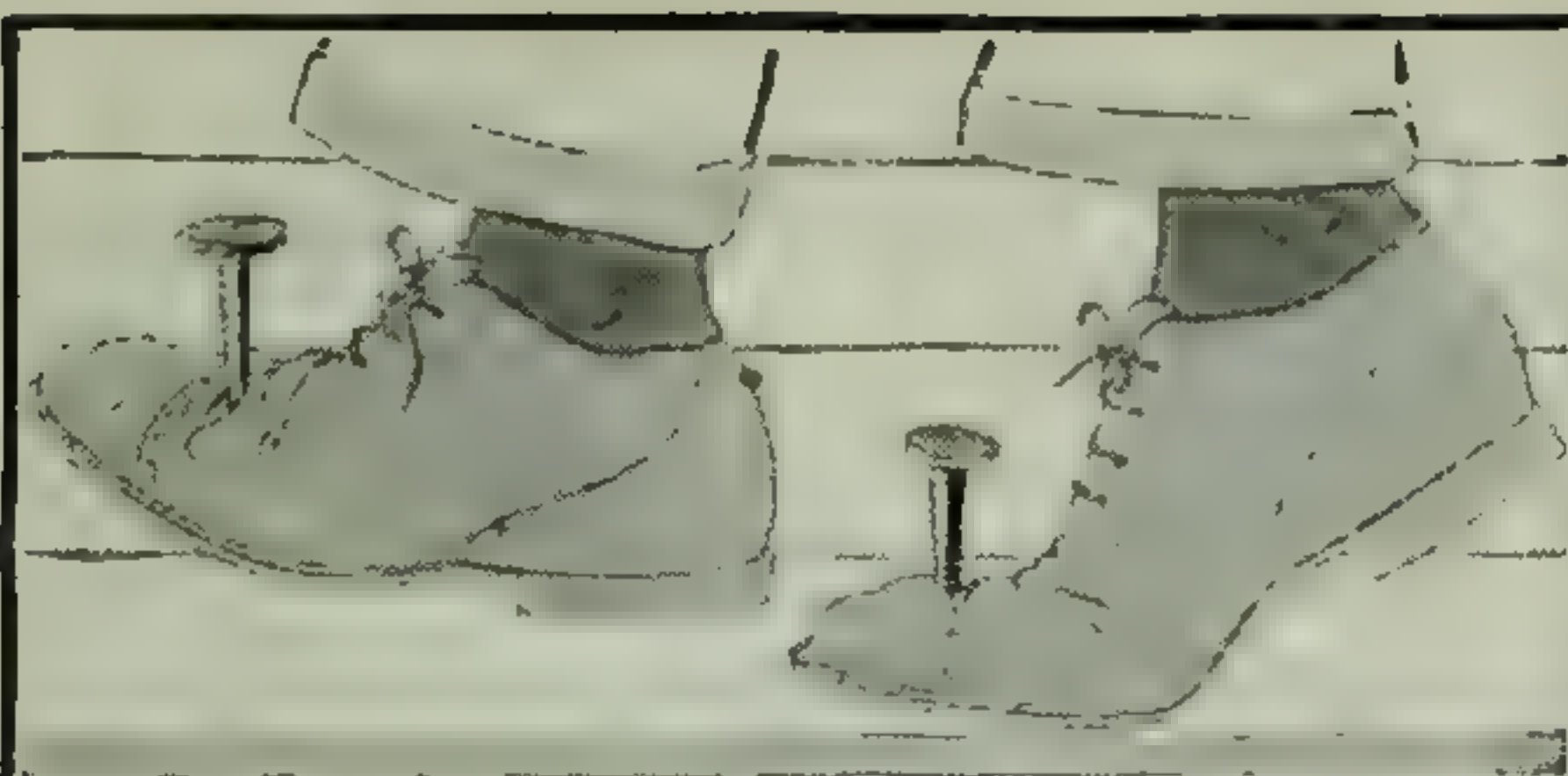
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Louise's long popularity with the fans. She is just as popular in Hollywood among her friends. She is a splendid actress, of course. Her popularity, however, goes deeper than that.

I believe that all find a sympathetic note in Louise, whether they know her only from the screen, or in real life. She is such a friendly person, and she has the greatest eagerness for life of any person I have known.

**S**HE goes to meetings of lonesome clubs and talks to the farmers about the corn crop in Iowa, and exchanges recipes with work-worn housewives. No one ever dreams that the friendly young woman is the successful Louise Fazenda of the screen.

She likes to walk down Main Street, tawdry, down at the heel, the melting pot of races, but the only interesting street in Los Angeles. She eats at funny little Japanese, Turkish or Mexican cafés.

It has always amazed me, Louise's ability to change her identity in her screen characters. She ceases to be Louise Fazenda. As well as I know her, when I talk to her in costume, I feel that I am conversing with a complete stranger.

Studios never tell Louise how to costume her characters. She works this out herself. Her private character wardrobe is probably the finest in the country. The attic of her home has trunk after trunk of old-fashioned clothes. People from all over the world have contributed to this collection.

Louise realizes that sentiment is attached to these old articles of wearing apparel. She lists every piece in a ledger, and when an opportunity comes to use it in a picture, she writes to the original owner and tells her about it.

Part of her ability to portray elderly people can be traced to circumstances in her own childhood. All of her relatives were well on in years. Her mother was past forty when Louise first blinked an inquisitive eye at the world. There were no other children, so she was always with people past the years of youth. Usually the characters she portrays for the films are taken from people she has actually known.

"I take my character in this way," she explained, "and then hope to heaven they won't recognize themselves. They never do."

She grew up in a little house on Alameda Street, Los Angeles. It is very far from being

a smart residence district now. Frankly speaking, it is down by the gas "woiks."

Very early in life Louise demonstrated an ability to succeed. She sold papers in front of the old Arcade Station, tended the neighbors' babies, ran errands, and sold vegetables from her garden. She could always cook, and she added to her "pin-money" by selling biscuits and cookies. Even today, when she could afford a retinue of servants, she very carefully "puts-up" preserves every year.

When she was ten years old she wanted to be a missionary. She wasn't much older than that when she was giving testimonials in church. She will never forget the night she was baptized into the Baptist Church.

"I expected to be a new person entirely after the immersion," she smiled. "I was so bitterly disappointed when I only felt wet and uncomfortable."

She was teaching a Sunday School class when she began working at Sennett, and faith has never ceased to mean much to her.

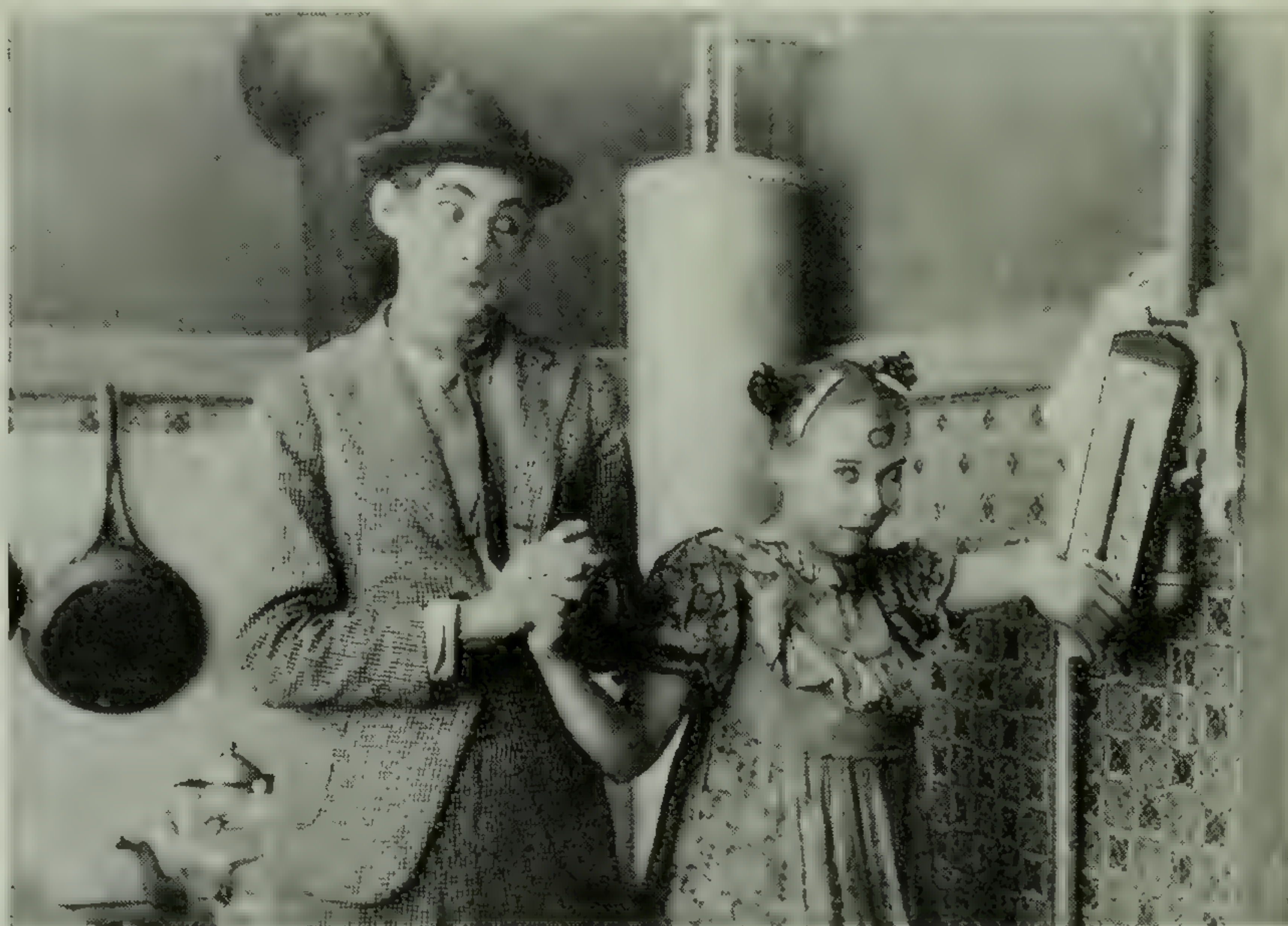
Her home now is in a pleasant district south of the expansive and expensive Wilshire Boulevard. It is a far cry from the showy hillside mansions of Hollywood, and the lordly estates in Beverly Hills, favored by most members of the motion picture colony. She has the upper floor of the duplex building. She built the house some time ago. Next door is her mother's home.

**L**A FAZENDA, as she terms herself (and she laughs when she says it, thank heaven) lives here with her husband, Hal Wallis, now studio manager at First National. The other members of the family include a white Sealyham, and a sad-eyed little Scotty. The Sealyham is named Eddie Sutherland, and the Scotty is Richard Wallace. She likes both of the directors and saw nothing disrespectful in naming her dogs for them.

It has never occurred to me to think that Louise is not a pretty girl. She offers so much that mere beauty seems a trivial matter. I doubt if the fans pause to notice this lack. Yet, any analysis shows that she does not measure up to the accepted standards of beauty.

Yet, certainly, she has proved that beauty is not necessary for success on the screen. By the same token, she has gone on and on in Hollywood. When youth is gone Louise will still be popular.

But, she says, she would like to be beautiful.



This was one of Louise Fazenda's own gags in the Sennett days. Slim Summerville holds her hand, and the thermometer shoots up to the boiling point



# Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

Most girls her age like to think they are the "world's worst yet produced," but the time will soon come when they will find that smoking, drinking and petting aren't the only things in life. And a brickbat for you, too, PHOTOPLAY. You should be ashamed to give a prize to a person who writes a letter like E. N's.

I'm only nineteen, and when I was sixteen I thought the same way she does. However, live and learn.

DIANA DUPRÉ.

## Movies Better Than Emily Post

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Once again the moving picture has proved a veritable training school for stay-at-homes.

A few months ago, and quite unexpectedly, I received a small inheritance from a distant relative. Having never traveled, I decided that I would take a first-hand look at the world which I had seen only through the ever-faithful eye of the movie camera.

As I thought of my intended trip, I was appalled at my lack of knowledge of the most simple things a traveler must know.

But, one evening, while at the movies, I saw one little thing which had always puzzled me, acted out with perfect lucidity. And from then on, until the money arrived—I attended school. The photoplay proved to be a genuine gold mine of information. In its realistic way it brought before my eyes all the niceties of travel etiquette.

BEATRICE RORDAME PARSONS.

## The Talky Talkie

Hollywood, Calif.

Talking pictures are a wonderful thing, but they have many faults. I have two pictures to speak of in general—"The Awful Truth" and "The Doctor's Secret." They were both good pictures, but they were all talk—no action. In both pictures I twisted and twisted. They were like long speeches.

W. Z.

## Mexican Love

Mexico, D. F. Mexico.

I want to tell the world how much I admire and love now that "pitiful, tired child who has called to life and heard only her own echo"—Clara Bow!—thanks to Miss Lois Shirley's beautiful article, "Empty Hearted."

I believed—God forgive me, and so Clara Bow—that she was just a flapper, perhaps a vulgar, cheap and dumb flapper. Now, my dear fans, I sympathize with her from the bottom of my heart because I have felt the depths of utter loneliness and despair also.

ALEJANDRO ARAGON.

## We Thank You

Dayton, Ohio.

Recently the editor of another "fan" magazine "took issue" with PHOTOPLAY for publishing the truth about the voice doubling going on in the talkies. And I rally to the defense—although PHOTOPLAY really does not need defense.

In the first case I am made to realize PHOTOPLAY's honesty. It maintains the beautiful balance of being all for the player without being against the reader.

Indeed, PHOTOPLAY is one movie magazine which the person with a reputation for intelligence may have lying about without the slightest feeling of apology.

MRS. F. J. HUGO.

## When Skirts Were Short

Miami Beach, Fla.

When I landed in New York from France with my American husband, shortly after the

War . . . I was a girl of seventeen whose short skirt created quite an uproar. People would stare and gaze and point me out on the street. This caused me much humiliation.

It was then that Hollywood came to the rescue. Your movie actresses wore and displayed the short skirt in every theater, and America soon followed its fashion. Now instead of buying a book of style for my wardrobe, I take in a fashionable movie.

ANDRÉE FRANCOIS.

## Learning to Walk

Long Beach, Calif.

Pictures have taught me what perfect grooming is, what styles are more becoming than those I have been wearing. Sitting, walking, posing, even speaking (thanks to the talkies). I know all these are done as perfectly as possible on the screen.

R. A.

## Even Pajamas

Perth Amboy, N. J.

I will just give you an example of my wardrobe, that I have taken from the players in pictures, with their smart clothing. I have copied the evening gown Miss Lila Lee is wearing in "Drag," or it may be a dinner dress as far as that goes. Miss Clara Bow, her sport outfit, the hat and bag, and the dress outfit from "Dangerous Curves." I have selected my beautiful pajamas from different pictures.

My wardrobe has been growing with the most pretty things since I have been going to the pictures.

ELIZABETH SNEKSA.

## Learn While You Laugh

Everett, Wash.

I have heard that "a rolling stone gathers no moss—but obtains a high degree of polish." I think the movies have "polished" up a number of us.

A sincere study of the styles of dress, manner, address and particularly a study of the resonance, expression and tonal qualities of human voices on the sound screen is a positive means of attaining some degree of this "polish."

And we get all this while being royally entertained!

ANNA JOHNSON.

## Age Sixteen

Danbury, Conn.

The well-meaning movie reviewers inform us that movies were created almost exclusively for adults, and that little Bobby must not see such and such a movie because it might corrupt his morals. Disobediently, I have attended a few of these forbidden films and found them very interesting, educational, and true to life as I've known it, but not wicked as our elders would have us believe. Personally, I much more prefer an adult picture to a child's.

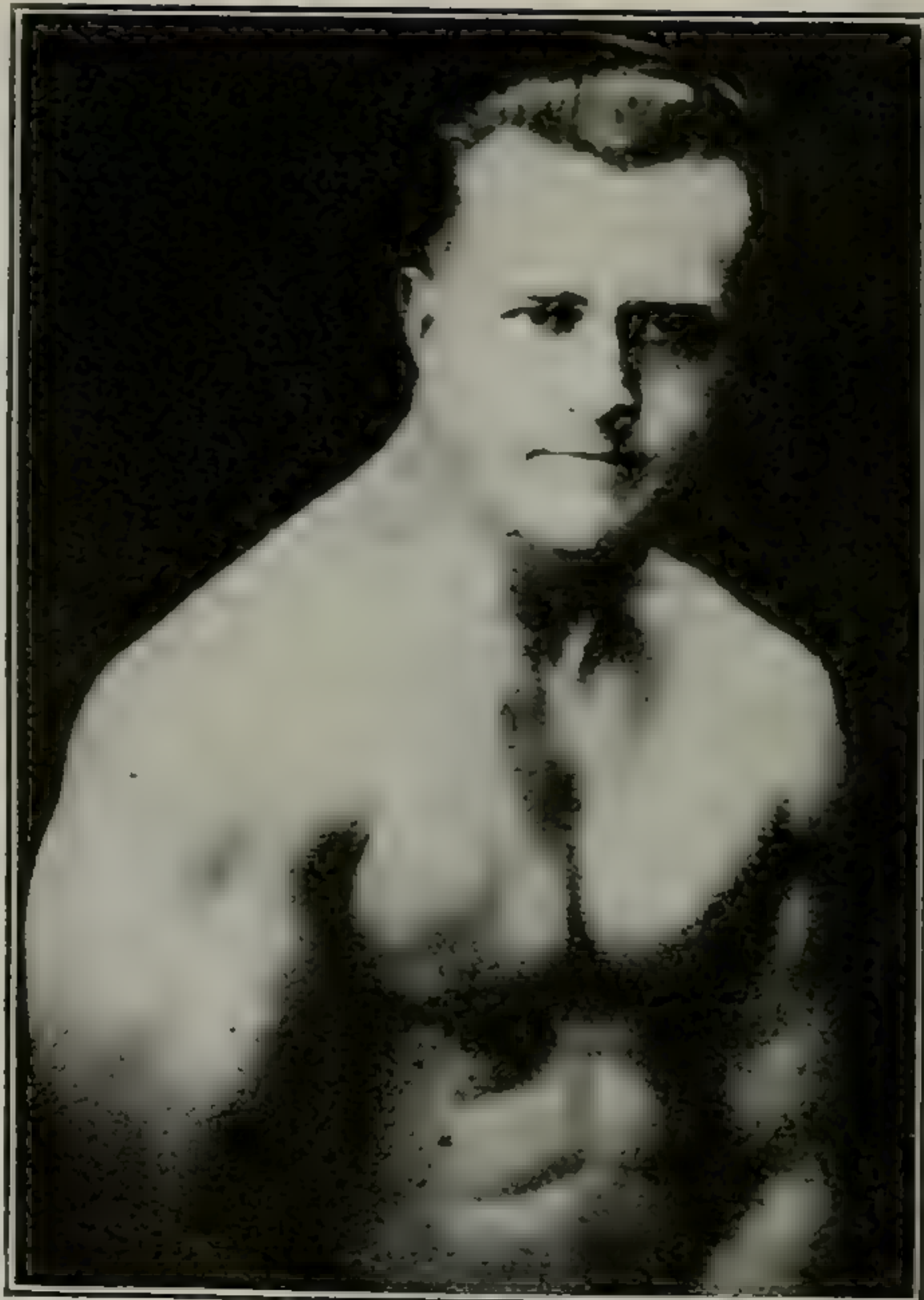
EDWARD T. McNAMARA.

## Why Not Both?

Since I have decided not to resubscribe to PHOTOPLAY this year, I thought it might be well for you to know just what I think of your publication.

It is true that I do not want to miss PHOTOPLAY this coming year, but since I am a senior in Utica Free Academy I am wrapped up, as one might say, in my year's work. As much as I'd love to, I cannot devote my spare time to PHOTOPLAY but must devote it to my studies.

PHOTOPLAY has been a source of enjoyment to me. Some day I hope to get PHOTOPLAY



EARLE LIEDERMAN  
The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

## If You Were Dying To-Night

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

### A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

### ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

### A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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regularly again, but now my spare time must be spent in preparing to teach school.

ELIZABETH M. STEDMAN.

### Minding Their Pros and Cons

FRASER MACDONALD, of Edmonton, Canada, this department's most prolific correspondent, wants to know why Paramount persists in miscasting its most promising stars. He complains of the numerous inadequate rôles given to Evelyn Brent.

This dry quip from D. A. GIANGIULIO, of Aldan, Penna., brought forth an appreciative chuckle. He says: "Unlike some of the critics of this new form of movie, I do not go to the theater for 'rest'—one's bed is a far more satisfactory place for that purpose. I go to be entertained, and the talkies accomplish this better than the silent movies."

MARY RUSSELL, of Fall River, Mass., thinks that voice doubles should be given screen credit. Strange, we thought the species was defunct.

There is a young lady in Auckland, New Zealand, who generously admits that American films are the best made, but adds that she can't endure our "Yankee twang" as revealed by the talkies.

P. J. ENRIGHT, of Philadelphia, announces that "the young men of today—were it not for such men as Fairbanks, Nagel, Roland, Mix, etc., would be a bunch of willies devoid of a spark of gallantry or chivalry."

And LOLA L. GIBSON, of Columbia, S. C., who claims a cousinship with "Hoot" of the same name, says: "Those who say 'I do not care for Clara Bow' are just envious of her, that's all!" Mebbe so, Lola.

Joan Crawford's fans don't like the way she wears her hair in her recent pictures. From Scarsdale, N. Y., MRS. LEROY BRASWELL, more in sorrow than in anger, writes: "If she continues this boyish bob I'm afraid her admirers will not like her long."

Producers take note. Fans would like to see the cast of characters at the end of a picture as well as at the beginning. J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, of Chicago, says: "When the cast of characters is flashed at the beginning of

the picture the story is not known to us, and although half-way down the list there appears the legend 'Truxton Rowe—James Smith,' there is no way for us to know that Truxton Rowe as played by James Smith will prove to be one of the finest bits of the picture."

PHYLLIS HOLTON, who lives in a town in California called Hollywood, says in a quavering voice: "Oh, PHOTOPLAY—do help us bring back our old favorites and keep them from taking too many elocution lessons!" The voice coaches will get you if you don't watch out, Phyllis!

W. HEDLEY, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (England, of course) wonders: "Why do they burst into song and dance at the most unexpected moments in the talkies?" Well, you see, Mr. Hedley, the producers have a naïve idea that that is what the public wants.

"Why," whys MARY DEMPSTER, of Knoxville, Tenn., "do some pictures have titles that have absolutely nothing to do with them?" We'd answer that, Mary, only we think you ought to work those things out for yourself.

CHLOE B. AYER, of Springfield, Ill., would like to see Chester Morris give the grim reaper the slip once in a while. She says: "Won't somebody put Chester in a picture where he can fade out—alive? Let him be happy just once, won't yer?"

Even the Philippines have noticed it. LUCAS ARCIAGA, of Manila, says scathingly: "Why not produce different themes and stories instead of making them resemble each other? Is there no longer variety in them? That is poison ivy!" Which, we take it, is the Manilan equivalent for raspberries!

A. ROGERS, of Oregon, says: "Let the stage stars prove their ability on the screen, for it is vastly different from the stage—before they are given the big rôles that established film favorites have merited by hard work." Whereas—

MARY ROSENTHAL, of Los Angeles, begs: "Give us more of Ruth Chatterton, Jeanne Eagels, Basil Rathbone, Paul Muni and Frederic March, who are indeed a treat to the ear, as well as the eye." You will undoubtedly see more of the others, Mary, but Jeanne Eagels has played her last big scene.

## Four Sons Wins

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

successive year, to be congratulated on the reception of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor—awarded, not by professionals and

critics and editors, but by a suffrage that is truly significant—the suffrage of over a million fans!

These pictures were presented to PHOTOPLAY'S readers as the best fifty pictures released in 1928 and it was from these that the motion picture public selected "Four Sons" as the best picture of the year.

Abie's Irish Rose  
Alias Jimmy Valentine  
Barker, The  
Beau Sabreur  
Bellamy Trial, The  
Chicago  
Circus, The  
Cossacks, The  
Czar Ivan the Terrible  
Devil Dancer, The  
Divine Woman, The  
Docks of New York, The  
Dove, The  
Drag Net, The  
Drums of Love  
Enemy, The  
Fazil  
Fleet's In, The

Flying Fleet, The  
Four Devils  
Four Sons  
Four Walls  
Gauchito, The  
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes  
Interference  
Last Command, The  
Laugh, Clown, Laugh  
Legion of the Condemned,  
The  
Lilac Time  
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The  
Man Who Laughs, The  
Masks of the Devil, The  
Me, Gangster  
Mother Knows Best

Mother Machree  
Noose, The  
Our Dancing Daughters  
Outcast  
Patriot, The  
Racket, The  
Ramona  
Sadie Thompson  
Singing Fool, The  
Speedy  
Street Angel  
Trail of '98, The  
Wedding March, The  
West Point  
White Shadows in the South Seas  
Woman of Affairs, A



# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THESE are the pictures that are engaging our childish fancy in the gay autumn of 1919. The war's over.

"Twenty Three and a Half Hours' Leave." Oh, my, what a hit! It made Douglas MacLean a comedy star in one gale of laughter, and set a new high point for light screen comedy. Mary Roberts Rinehart's fine story had a lot to do with its success.

"Everywoman" came along to give the screen an allegorical morality play. Violet Heming played *Everywoman*, Bebe Daniels was *Vice*, and others were Theodore Roberts, Clara Horton and Irving Cummings.

Anita Stewart was pleasing her many adorers with "In Old Kentucky," the everlasting horse play, with Mahlon Hamilton as the hero.

WILL ROGERS has just made "Almost a Husband" for Mr. Goldwyn, and Peggy Wood is his leading woman. Wally Reid is a great hit in "The Lottery Man," supported by such big leaguers as Harrison

ing man. Kenneth Harlan becomes a star in "The Trembling Hour." May Allison stars in "Fair and Warmer." And Billie Burke strikes the screen in "Sadie Love."

A NICE story on Frankie Lee, the wonder kid of "The Miracle Man." Who could know that nine years later his tiny brother, Davey, was to score an even greater hit in "The Singing Fool"? . . . In the roto section, a beautiful picture of one Ina Claire. She had just scored her great comedy hit in Belasco's "The Gold Diggers" on the stage. . . . Two pages of pictures of the home of Marguerite Clark in Hollywood. She was soon to depart for New Orleans and retirement. . . . No less than four pages of the new Norma Talmadge wardrobe (and plenty funny they look in 1929!) . . . Bert Lytell's film version of "Lombardi, Ltd.," is fictionized. Alice Lake is leading woman, and far down in the cast is a girl named Jean Acker.

IT'S the heyday of Harrison Ford as a romantic leading man, and this month he's worth a long story. Mr. Ford, we find, is anything but a hunter in the boudoirs when not posturing for the camera. He is a collector of rare books, and goes in for operatic phonograph records and fancy bindings.

And we tell the girls, no doubt much to their horror, that Harrison doesn't dance!

HOLLYWOOD was terrifically excited over the visit of King Albert of Belgium. . . . Queenly Dorothy Dalton is leaving the Ince lot to go on the stage in "Aphrodite." . . . But Gail Kane is coming back to pictures after a brief spell in the theater. . . . Bill Hart has written a novel called "Patrick Henry." . . . The newest stars—Zena Keefe and Tommy Meighan. . . . Tom Mix stays with Fox, and Fox is to make millions out of that famous series of horse opera. . . . King Vidor is going to direct on his own, and Florence, his wife, is to be featured in some of his pictures. . . . Mary Thurman graduates from the Keystone Bathing Suit Conservatory to a leading rôle opposite Bill Hart in "Sand."

WE announce the return of Mae Marsh to the screen.

As soon as her little girl gets old enough, we say she is going to California and back on the lot.

Mae, you know, is the wife of Louis Lee Arms, a newspaperman.

BESSIE LOVE is on vacation—her first in some years.

She's been working hard as leading woman for Bill Hart and Douglas Fairbanks, and rates a holiday.

They say she'll produce on her own. We're in the days when all the stars think they can make their own pictures. (They couldn't.)

THE TWINS, ISHPEMING—No, those glasses of Harold Lloyd's haven't any glass in them! Agnes Ayres plays *Lela Trevor* in Vitagraph's "A Stitch in Time." Connie Talmadge is playing in "In the Barn." Thanks for the pretty handkerchief.



## Does

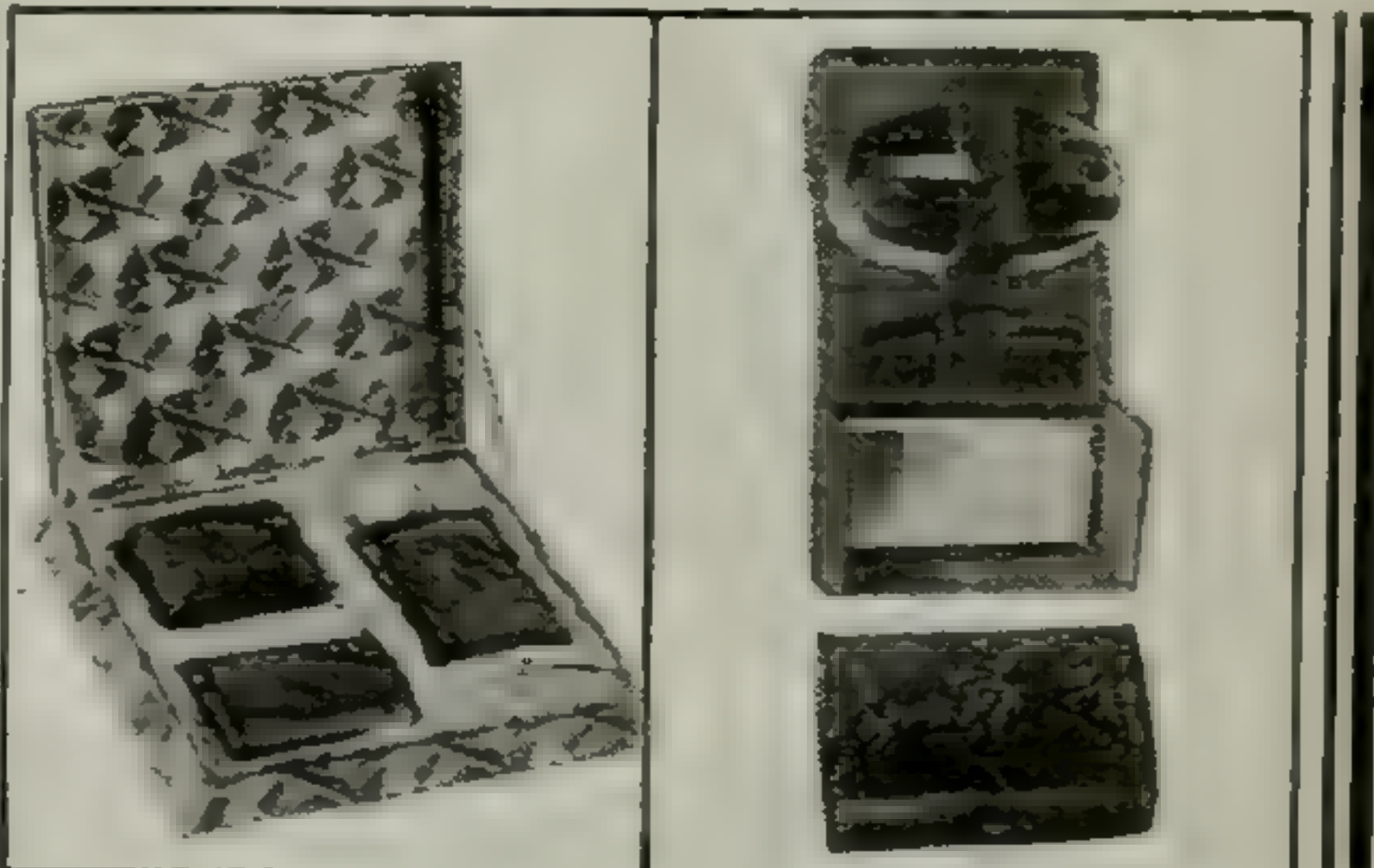
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VANITIES

BILLFOLDS

## The Gimme Girl

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

ecstasies. In an atmosphere of beating time till frosted dreams come true, the old and the new come into focus, for they add glamour.

Gim-Gam's rise was the half-baking of a Chinese girl in an over-heated oven of Ameri-

canization. Against the shadows of memories there lay, fragile, the bright pattern she was making of her life.

Some things she pressed backward, into mental recesses. The dirty dump in China-



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town. The dancer-mother, once pretty in a crudely artificial way, who had drifted to the Coast to enliven a cheap burlesque show. Any sort of marriage promised a haven. Squalling, half-caste children had come. Repugnance in time drifted into lethargy.

TO her eldest girl-child, the delicate bit of ivory and jet that was the one lovely thing in the squalid home, she gave the desire for freedom that she was too worn and broken to bother about any more for herself.

*Gim-Ghun-Fah* meant "honeysuckle." A name sweet and clean.

Her father concerned himself with the vegetables he sold and his evil-smelling long pipe and his sweet red wine, sipped to the accompaniment of rice cakes. She was but one of his howling, unkempt girl-children.

From infancy, *Gim-Ghun-Fah* had a difference. Americanization early put its stamp upon her, for the new was strangling the old in Chinatown. Her firm little chin set at defiance, her slanted eyes grew watchful.

"You learn." Her mother's flabbiness in moments of bitterness turned into rigidity. "You're more me than him, more white than yellow. Some day you get out of this."

So *Gim-Ghun-Fah* had gone to Johnny, who engaged the Chinese extras and interpreted for the directors. Stiletto finger-nails digging into her palms, she faced him. Something felt smothered in her. She demanded the work in which he could place her. At first disapproving, Johnny gradually weakened, his film-trained eyes gauging her possibilities. They held pity, too.

"I'll leave home, anyway," she cried. "I can model in a shop. They can't keep me here. You gave Etta Wong a chance. Why not me? I'm pretty, Johnny, say I'm pretty!"

Her lithe little body in its atrocious imitation of American finery, rings of fire dangling from her ears, swayed toward him.

"What are you Chinese girls going to do with your new freedom? You're a type," he mused. "You have personality and spirit. With training and clothes, you could have charm. We—ll," reluctantly, "I'll start you."

*Gim-Ghun-Fah* felt a new and enchanting power. She had persuaded Johnny, known to be unsusceptible to yellow girls' wiles. She would climb . . . and climb.

\* \* \*

A YEAR later: a pale lemon-blossom featured in Oriental rôles, to which she gave sweet, submissive pathos.

Off-screen she shed that languor and took on a pert insouciance. She lived in a tiny cabin slung upon the edge of a precipice rising out of Laurel Canyon. She smoked a dainty ebony and pearl pipe; she discarded hosiery and rouged her knees. She became a sort of rage, merrily leading the dance.

Men were crazy about her, and women were too polite.

An art director taught her how to dress, how to weave of her Oriental background an atmosphere of mystery.

"Stepping-stones" formed a ladder for her nimble feet. Hard-boiled, indeed. But what they didn't know, those clattering tongues, was that Gim-Gam played with a fire that didn't scorch her—much.

And another thing she hadn't told: that often she went down to Chinatown, taking comforting accounts of her rise to a flabby, broken woman.

No, Gim-Gam wasn't quite as bad as Hollywood painted her.

One evening, half ashamed, yet elated when he saw the envy leap into the eyes of other men, Buster took her out to dine. At the Crazy Cat roadside inn, all dull gold and weird black decorations, they sat in a corner, remote from the shrill confusion.

"Dance in that contest? Not *me*." Her liquid voice trailed across to him. Small head, turbaned in silver, thrown back, she drew deeply on her odd little pipe, speculative eyes

upon him. "I paid thirty berries for these slippers. Still, I *might* ruin them for . . . you."

There are a lot of ways to say that word. She said it with that intonation not exactly definite though indicative.

"What I like about you is your decency, Buzzer dear. You're clean, sweet fun. Other men mob me because I'm different. That's my asset. I've cashed in on it. 'Back to the kennels,' I tell 'em, 'or I'll call the fire department.' And it hurts—when they don't invite me to meet their wives."

He saw, rather dimly, the pathos of her, trying for the solid things beyond her reach. Something else smothered his quick pity and he whispered, "Gimmy-Gam, you're adorable. I see things in your eyes. A yellow orchid, swaying to music . . . amber lights that gleam and disappear . . . When I reach out toward you . . . you drift away. Why?"

She pulled at him, strangely.

"SO, Buzzer?" Her voice was negative. He hadn't intimated that he would speak to his wife about asking her to dinner. Still, he had delicacy; he didn't bluster the incongruity of it. "Let's ankle over and join the crowd. It's the only way to keep 'em from talking about you."

"Gimmy-Gam, I haven't told you half the things I want to. You're the most wonderful, fascinating—"

"And *exquisite*? Re-ally?" The clean-cut, restless vitality of him was both irritating and attractive. "You've been eating grapes, Buzzer," her laugh tinkled softly. "You talk in bunches!"

Buster had mastered that graceful art of playing. He didn't fancy himself in love. Gim-Gam charmed, and life would be drab without flirtations. So he fell into the habit of urging his roadster up that winding road to her little place.

He wasn't thinking of her, or of anything in particular, as he sprawled in the seat of his low-slung roadster one early morning.

Swerving up a side street, he stopped before a stucco *casa* splashed in a miniature green forest. Accompanied by a furrowed brow, his lips through habit fixed themselves into that placating it-was-like-this-honey smile which dawn-husbands bring home.

"Well?" His wife's voice was curiously like the rustle of leaves. It implied rebuke, by custom.

"Well, what?" he fenced. Instinctively, his dramatic sense rose to do justice to the scene to come, the perpetual Scene. "Aw, shucks, Aggie, don't nag." Stormy eyes dropped before the cold levelness of hers. "Spoil sport."

"Can't you see what a mess you're making of your life?" Her lips tightened to a thin line. "You're imaginative and inclined toward bizarre things. And you have romantic appeal. All that can find expression in your work. Rocky says no actor on the screen could touch you if you'd settle down."

"I suppose," he groaned, "I never work."

"Hit and miss. When you're interested. Lately, you have a negligent attitude. Your personality," deliberately, "won't carry you forever. You're drifting—missing real things. It hurts to see you jeopardizing what I've fought so to build up."

FOR in their lean days hers had been the capable, guiding hand, hers the struggle to put him in the spotlight.

To Buster's inherent restlessness was added the turbulence of an emotional work which feeds vanity with glamour. He scowled over his wife's managerial quality. Barricaded by a sensitive pride, she had nursed her grievance; and the occasional smile, tenderly maternal, infuriated him more than did the coldness with which she met his reckless, eager moods. Its very ambiguity gave him no definite assertive ground.

"I'm tired of being bossed," he persisted, stubbornly.

A flame welled up in Aggie.



"Was Gim-Gam there? With you?"

"A party," tartly.

Her ironic smile, the way her lips twisted ever so little, threw him into a rage. He stormed about, responsive to the drama that hung between them. "Making a mountain out of a molehill," he mumbled.

"Oh, am I? Well, you might at least have picked a white girl. A half-caste!" Her tone was careless; behind its shelter her brain fought for proper words. "You, the idol of young girls, have lost your head over a Chink flapper!" The scorn ruffed up from its blanket, edging her voice. "If it weren't you, I'd laugh. All Hollywood does."

"THEY have to have something to yap about. Look here. No use us beating about the bush. We'd been drifting apart. Why lay it on Gim-Gam?"

"But don't you see the human side of her, and her spunk? What she's done, fighting her father's prejudices, and the cats and competition of Hollywood. Independent. Wants to amount to something."

"Yes," wearily, "she has done well, materially. It's a fighting game. I *trouped*. I didn't use men for favors. I didn't get hard—"

"Hard?" His cutting surprise struck her with accusation. "Maybe not as they are. But hard—yes!"

Agnes' patience was exhausted. It was so frightfully silly, fencing this way. "Buster, we could mean so much to each other. Love is—it's sharing things, working for the one you care for—"

On her heart were the scars of his selfishness. The wonder was that they still could hurt. Each lay the fault to the other's lack, yet neither was solely to blame. In his personal contacts an actor meets those factors bound to ruffle domestic peace.

These other women—they hadn't mattered—much.

Just pleasure-beads, lightly strung. An actor's wife must, with her blessed sense of humor, make certain concessions.

The trouble was, they had married too young. He was such a kid, needing her so much more than he realized.

Impulsively, she touched his arm.

"Don't cry." The strange brooding in her eyes, away back behind her eyes, surprised

him into gentleness. He wished she would cry. Then irony twisted his lips. Aggie cry?

Instead, she smiled—that humoring, maternal smile. It was a mistake. The old affection that struggled in him melted before the crescendo of his self-pity.

"Cry? What would *you* do with an emotion, even tears? File it away, along with the fan-letters and the bonds and the real estate deeds?"

Under the sting of his words, a numbness settled about her heart.

"Marriage has taught me to fight, not cry."

White-lipped, she then told him, in brittle words, all that wifehood privileged her to say.

"All I'm good for is to work for you and that darn career. To write your letters to fans. To pass on your contracts, fighting for every chance that will take you a step higher. To keep your home comfortable, and you free from worries. To balance you. I can't cry. I've forgotten how."

Having silently fumed at her wifely woes, he now took the floor and aired his grievance magnificently. She stood quietly against his oratorical flow. How common, this duel of fruitless words! Talking got you nowhere.

"A FELLOW can stand just so much. I am the one the public wants. Too much harping wife has ruined many an actor. Why, there's nothing more inspiring than life. An actor needs to feel things, to develop."

Her cold blue eyes quenched his flood of self-justification. Buster stared into a calm scrutiny. A yearning came over Agnes to hold him—against everybody, against that ivory-skinned girl with the sloe eyes.

She sank into a chair.

"Well," he muttered finally, "you see how much good this argument's done. Damn it, I'd like a little peace! I shouldn't be all unstrung."

Grumbling, he slammed the door behind him.

Funny, that his vanity didn't hurt her now. She closed her eyes. Tired, just tired. All she wanted was to keep up.

So their marriage teetered. It would have been ludicrous, Agnes thought, if it weren't personal. The other fellow's tragedy always looks a little silly. Tentative sympathy she refused with a smile that intimated she toler-



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For a good  
XMAS  
SUGGESTION  
see page 17

ated Buster's foolishness because of its relative unimportance in her life. She played the little game of pretense as deftly as her contract bridge. For, you see, Agnes had a funny notion that you could lick anything if you just kept your head up.

At first, Gim-Gam merely kindled Buster's fancy. In a breath, it seemed, she became personally dear. He saw the littleness of her, and forgave her the weapons she used because they were the only ones she had, and she awoke a sense of protectiveness dormant since his marriage to Agnes.

When life went stale, he had the gift of clothing it with illusion. He would come rushing up to her hill-top nest, glowing with vitality, and would sweep her off her feet and into his arms.

"You always come in like a crowd!" she would gasp.

They would streak out for a joyous evening of the light love that skirted edges and indefinitely postpones issues. Or they would stay in her little shack with its lacquered furniture, everything so tiny, and its brave array of color.

"You're so little to be fighting all alone," he said once, stroking her hair, as she curled up among the cushions. He liked the intimacy and isolation of her houselet perched atop the hill. "Your mother should be here."

Her customary buoyancy slipped into a shadowy mood. He was becoming so dear!

She had never repeated more bluntly her suggestion about being invited to dine at his home, which had been her first reason for this stepping-stone. If only one of these wives took her up! As the weeks had brought him closer, it had become harder to phrase her request. Whenever she was with him, it seemed as though each moment must be made to count.

"It's hard, Buzzer, awf'ly hard. You've got to keep your fur up, and ready to scratch. They talk so. They say I'm bad. You know better. I don't get plastered. I'm decent. It's not what you do, though, that stamps you. It's what you pretend. But that was the only way I could attract notice."

"No, I couldn't bring my mother here. She wouldn't leave my father. You couldn't understand, Buzzer, how a white woman could care so for an Oriental. And my father—" Her voice broke, then steadied.

"HE'S no ordinary Chink. He's a—a philosopher. Knows important things . . . the doctrines of Confucius. Picture me spending a wild evening listening to Connie's script!"

"I could marry well—a Chinaman. And have Oriental luxuries and jewels. Just for him to see, though. 'Magine what my life would be."

"Buzzer, it's dark for a woman, down there. Here, there's sunlight. I'm going on and on . . . and up. I'm half white and I feel all white!"

"Gimmy-Gam, honey." He muffled her sobs with a clumsy hand that tried to be tender. "You're usually so confident and gay—"

"Do you think I'd let them see?" Her lips curled.

Close to him, she pressed her lips against his shoulder. Just a hurt, tired little girl. Tired of wanting and fighting and not getting. Her hair carried a strange scent in its shiny black—sandalwood and the breath of lotus. He mustn't let himself go . . .

"Honey, I wish I could help." He was gloomy in his inability to give her that precious equality. "I couldn't make them take you up. Unless—unless I were free. But I love you so. I love you."

"You don't," asked a very small voice, "love your wife?"

Her eyes, pools of black set in warm ivory, were question-marks.

"No, Gimmy. Not—not like I love . . . you."

So the marriage of the Kingsleys, publicized as the happiest couple in filmdom, was threatened because of an ambitious Chink flapper whom Hollywood had ticketed.

Mid-day at Montmartre. Gracious blonde queens sweltering in ermine, mincing lamb chops and pineapple. Soft laces and trilling laughter. Crowds of ogling tourists, their plates heaped with spaghetti untouched.

The waiter shouldn't have seated Agnes at the table for two in the corner. But what does a "situation" mean to a waiter in a crowded café?

GIM-GAM! Inscrutable dark eyes met startled blue ones and struck flint. Agnes half rose, glanced about, conscious that the chatter had hushed. She took in swiftly the barrage of waiting eyes, and limply sat down.

"What's wrong with this picture?" Gim-Gam stifled a giggle.

"You're Gim-Gam, aren't you?" Agnes forced a smile. "I don't believe we've ever met. However, I'm sure we have much . . . in common . . . to talk about. And I'm quite interested in Oriental . . . things."

"Yes? Well, I've found some *white* things that sort of amuse me."

Desultory talk followed. Agnes said evenly that she had been busy with her home, planting a new garden, and attending the Bowl concerts. They spoke vaguely of the new talkies, of the latest styles.

The interchange of pleasantries was followed by a constrained silence. Agnes broke it, in her characteristic forward way.

"Now that you're getting Buster away from me," she said, "just what do you propose to do?"

Gim-Gam steeled her nerves. "Make it so darned hot for you that you'll divorce him. Then marry him."

"His career? The American public would never keep him an idol."

"The right publicity could fix it into a beautiful romance. And Europe isn't so particular. Until it blows over."

Was there no limit to the girl's audacity?

"If you lose on your gamble? People wouldn't accept you. That's what you want him for, isn't it?"

Gim-Gam picked at her salad nervously.

"No. Does it occur to you that I might care for Buster? It's not just what he could do for me." Agnes tried to discredit the truth in those unwavering dark eyes, no longer impertinent, and couldn't.

"I'm going to tell you the truth. You'll find it out some day, anyway. My father's a common Chink. It's dirty and rotten down there. My mother—" Her eyes misted. "Her life's hell—plain hell. I made up my mind they wouldn't beat me down to that."

"Through Buster I wanted to get respectability. Then he began to care. For me, the real me, not the me that I wear on the outside. Not the flip me. See what I mean? He was a sort of symbol. Of the decent things I hadn't ever had. But now he's everything."

"But don't you see that you couldn't keep him? You're crazy!"

AGNES saw something beneath the bravado and the crimson silk sweater and the ruby loops dangling from her ears, a pitiful straining in her slanted eyes. Bosh! She was mad and hurt, and struck back! "Has he seen your people? Have you tested this infatuation?"

At Gim-Gam's negative, she began dimly to see a way out.

"Why not take him down to Chinatown? You can't ever entirely separate yourself from them. You may think you can, but blood is a strong tie. And you couldn't make Buster a part of that."

"He'll be big and fine enough," Gim-Gam bridled, "to want me, anyhow."

"How could he? Buster's very sensitive. If you have such faith—"

Gim-Gam's little black head in its rakish beret went back defiantly.



"I will . . . But you're a funny wife," suspiciously. "Where do you come in?"

"I EXPECT," Agnes replied slowly, "that he will come back to me."

"Buster may care for you, but not the way he loves me. If I couldn't hold him, how could you?"

"With his home. It isn't romantic or stimulating," the words rested on a sigh, "but it will bring a husband back, every time. It's a—habit."

"You would take him back." Gim-Gam's tone held a curious wonder. "I wouldn't. Just the pieces—the left-overs. I wouldn't."

"Yes, I'd take back the 'left-over pieces,'" Agnes said, dully. "And make the best of them. After all, wives are sort of builders. Home. Children. Respectability. Tradition. They're our monuments."

Gim-Gam flipped her puff from her red vanity and patted her nose, deftly applied a lip-stick. Her little mouth was firm again, for her belief was firm. She'd squelch this woman with her white skin and blue eyes!

"O. K. Tonight. You're a darn good sport. You're staking a lot."

"I'll play fair," Agnes spoke slowly. "If he—and you—want to go on with it. Incompatibility. I'll not even name you."

Gim-Gam rose. "I'll go first. It'll look better, for you. Let's shake hands. Give 'em something to cackle over."

Before the pertness of her challenge, Agnes was game. Their hands clasped. She followed Gim-Gam leisurely. Stupefied glances trailed her. Giggles, amounting to hysteria.

"Well, can you beat *that*? Tell it to a scenario writer, quick! A plot walks right in here and out!"

Her eyes impersonal, Agnes went down the steps and into the sunlight of the Boulevard.

\* \* \*

WITH nerves clamped as though in a vise, Gim-Gam walked up the flight of rickety steps, with an apprehensive Buster at her heels.

As they entered a room, a babble greeted them and a tumbling mass of little yellow arms and legs, round moon faces framed in coarse black hair, fell upon her. Stooping, she gave each a perfunctory embrace. No, she hadn't brought them anything. She had to see her father. They must not bother. Slanted eyes curious upon the man with her, they withdrew into a shadowy corner.

A man and a woman came from the back of the house. The woman seemed all flabby hills, hung together by creases. Drab hair hung about her soggy face. Like dough, pasty dough, Buster thought. Hugging her wrapper closer, she pecked a kiss on the smooth ivory cheek leaned toward her.

Her eyes, though, were bright fires. Questions leaped from them. As they passed over Buster, their light flamed.

"I—I want you to meet a friend of mine." Gim-Gam wet dry lips and whispered, "Buzzer, this is my mother."

Gim-Gam's mother? The dancer-mother of whom a poetic story had been woven? . . . Buster stirred, murmured something.

"And this is my father."

His eyes met cold, dark pin-points in oblique slits. A yellowed face criss-crossed like a much-thumbed parchment. His extended hand touched clammy fingers. Talons! Instinctively, his withdrew.

A silence fell. If only that yellow specter of a man would speak! Why didn't those kids sprawling in the corner, silent eyes glued upon him, make some noise? Their shrill chatter which had grated upon his ears would be a welcome break. If only the woman would take her burning eyes off of him!

"I know it's an awful shock, Buzzer. My father keeps a vegetable store. Sells stuff the Chink truck gardeners bring in. But my mother—" Defiance ruffed her voice. "Try to look underneath all this. She taught me

how to get out—the right things. The good in me—what you love—my mother gave it to me."

Buster's dull eyes rested upon Gim-Gam, the only color in her face the crimson cleavage of her lips.

"But Gim-Gam! Why did you make up such a story?"

"First, to help me in pictures. Pride, too. I didn't want them to laugh. Then—I couldn't tell you, because I wanted you to care."

Fear was pressing against her, having seen his involuntary shudder. She swayed toward him, and back, abruptly. Her yearning seemed to ripple on, to him.

Buster looked about the dimly lighted room. It had a nauseating odor, as of many people living there cramped together. Cheap furniture. Cracked mirror. Dirty silk cushions. Bead curtains rattling at the doorway.

HIS eyes went to the man standing immobile. A wizened Chinaman who sold vegetables, in one of those dumps down the street.

A light flickered across the Chinaman's eyes.

"Melican ways foolishness. No good. Whites no likee. She come back. Li Hung take her, mally her, mebbe."

As suddenly as the words had come from the slit in his yellow face, they ceased. Silently he slipped through the bead curtains and was gone.

"No! No!" With a cry the woman rushed forward, pudgy arms encircling the sun of her life. The fear that had held her taut snapped. "Not that pock-marked Chink laundryman! Don't you come back, Honeysuckle. You've got out, where you belong. Stay there. Your—he—he looks like a fine young man. You goin' to marry my girl?"

Apathy hadn't snuffed out that mother-love. He saw the cheap tawdriness of the room; but, too, he saw the spirit that had sent *Gim-Gam-Fah* out to carve the path of her birthright. Hadn't she done a still finer thing, to lift herself out of this?

"If it can be arranged," he said, quietly, "I will try to make her happy."

A wildness combining incredulity and ecstasy shot across Gim-Gam's eyes, followed by a twinge of pain. Her face was a poignant mating of pathos and of new resolve. She loosened her mother's clasp.

"No, Buzzer. I didn't realize, until I saw you here. In Hollywood, it seemed possible. You'd be bound to turn in time, though. I'd rather keep that than marry you and maybe see you change. 'Sides, it would ruin our careers. And I'm terribly ambitious. That was," she drew a deep breath, "the main thing. You'd lose out, then where would I be? It's too much of a risk."

"I don't know where I belong, but I'll find out some day." A smile quivered, hung with brave determination. "You can't tell what may happen. Buzzer, I tell you what." A flush erased the drawn lines. "You go back to your wife. She's your kind. She loves you—heaps more than I do. Stop dreaming crazy dreams and settle down to work. I couldn't make you, but *she* can."

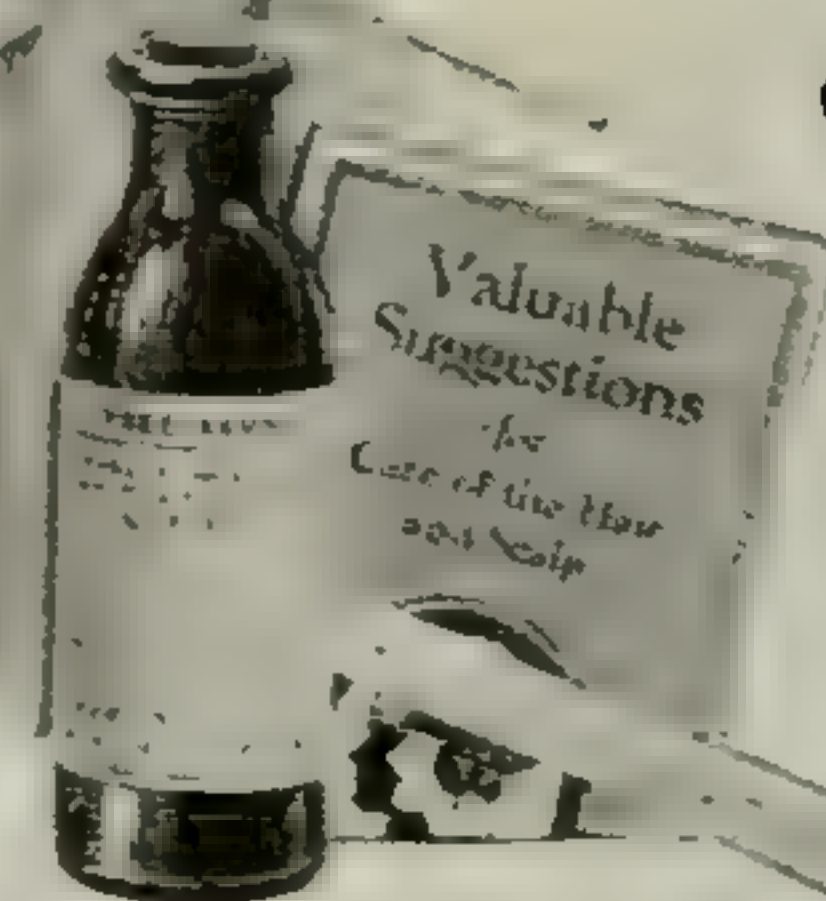
SHE turned a sob into a high-pitched giggle. Evading his protesting hand, she gently pushed him through the doorway. He stumbled down the steps, through the twisting streets into the clear air. Through his bewilderment, he felt a sense of freedom.

Released from the last hour's emotional storm, he was inspirited, but peculiarly at rest. What a mess he had made of things! The night hid his shame, as the silent houses, slit with streams of light, slipped past.

Out of his inertia came gradually a new desire. These fellows who lived in all these houses had made good in the ordinary business of life. Why hadn't he? *Couldn't* he, still? Aggie—wasn't she always a brick?

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The road welcomed him, and with each turn his resolution grew.

"Aggie," his words flooded down to her. "I've been an awful rotter. To you. Not to her. I tried to fix that right, but she wouldn't have it. Gim-Gam's finer than anybody would believe."

"She sent you away?"

"Yes, I'm not much." His lips twisted in the first self-abnegation he had ever felt. "But you've put up with my faults. We—we're sort of used to each other. Ag, I've been a fool. I'll try to be what you want me to be. I need you!"

"SO the pieces have come back," she whispered. She didn't cry. She wanted to lean against him, to feel clinging and dependent. Instead, she smiled at the silly thought, and said, casually, "As a husband, I can't say you're exactly dependable. But wives have to have something. I guess we're each responsible for our own man."

Didn't she love him because of his very weakness?

What a colossal fool he would make of himself without her!

"You—you'd still believe in me, Aggie?"

"No, I won't feel sure of you. But you'll always come back. I only hope that every time you fall in love, she will really care for you."

Buster thought that a queer thing for her to say. Women were so peculiar, but wonder-

ful, too. They talked crazy—and did marvelous things.

\* \* \*

**GIM-GAM?** No, she didn't marry Li Hung. She is still rolling her own career, very expertly. She had caught a glimpse of the sun on the hilltops and, though she sometimes realizes the futility, she keeps on climbing. There is a new dignity in her work. Off-screen, she is gay and pert. She slings verbal brickbats from red lips. She flirts outrageously.

"Let that be a lesson," Rocky scolded her. "Your little 'gimme' game didn't work, eh?" he chuckled. "Good boy, Buster. Got out in time. Fine wife, too. Real sport. You can't understand her kind, kid. She'll keep him from all you gold-digging gimme-girls."

"Brakes! Get back in the cheese, Rocky darling, there's one hole missing. I should annoy myself and raise a wrinkle . . . Rocky, I met a ducky fellow. The fish's footprints, and some oil can he's got for aerial racing! . . . Listen, Rocky, I'll tell you something maybe you don't know. Life's a funny thing . . . but a pretty damn good thing . . . even for a gimme-girl."

Something in her eyes stopped his retort. For, you see, hard-boiled Gim-Gam knows, as she dances on her dreams, as she leads the cops a merry chase in her low-slung scarlet roadster—oh, Gim-Gam knows that your prosaic thing, which would be her ultimate treasure, is not for her!



Joan Crawford adds her footprints to the famous collection at the Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Lucky for Joan she has small feet to go down to posterity



# Casts of Current Photoplays

## Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AFTER THE FOG"—BEACON PROD.—From the story by George Terwilliger. Adapted by George Terwilliger and Arthur M. Statter. Directed by Leander de Cordova. The cast: *Faith Barker*, Mary Philbin; *Joshua Barker*, Russell Simpson; *John Temple*, Edmund Burns; *Letitia Barker*, Margaret Seddon; *Winifred Blake*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Bill Reynolds*, Joe Bennett; *Phil Langhorne*, Allan Simpson.

"APPLAUSE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Beth Brown. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *Kitty Darling*, Helen Morgan; *April Darling*, Joan Peers; *Hitch Nelson*, Fuller Mellish, Jr.; *Joe King*, Jack Camerson; *Tony*, Henry Wadsworth.

"BROADWAY SCANDALS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard Green. Continuity by Gladys Lehman. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Mary*, Sally O'Neil; *Ted Howard*, Jack Egan; *Valeska*, Carmel Myers; *Bill Gray*, Tom O'Brien; *Le Maire*, J. Barney Sherry; *Pringle*, John Hyams; *Jack*, Radio Announcer, Charles Wilson; *Bobby*, Doris Dawson; *George Halloway*, Gordon Elliott.

"CONDEMNED"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story "Condemned to Devil's Island" by Blair Niles. Scenario by Sidney Howard. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Michel*, Ronald Colman; *Madam Vidal*, Ann Harding; *Vidal*, Dudley Digges; *Jacques*, Louis Wolheim; *Pierre*, William Elmer; *Felix*, Albert Kingsley; *Vidal's Orderly*, William Vaughn.

"DULCY"—M-G-M.—From the story by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Adapted by Wanda Tuckock. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Dulcy*, Marion Davies; *Gordon*, Elliott Nugent; *Bill*, Raymond Hackett; *Leach*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mrs. Forbes*, Julia Faye; *Mr. Forbes*, William Holden; *Van Dyke*, Donald Ogden Stewart; *Angela*, Sally Starr; *Perkins*, George Davis; *Grandma*, Ruby Lafayette.

"EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE"—CARLSBAD PROD.—From the story by Jack Irwin. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Jack Irwin. The cast: *Dr. Ezra Holt*, Tom Santschi; *Mrs. Hetty Holt*, Blanche Mehaffey; *Diamond*, Philo McCullough; *Bob Hershey*, Reed Howes; *Allen Grant*, Donald Keith; *Scout*, Ted Wells; *Wannah*, Mrs. Ted Wells; *Jane*, Marjorie Keyes; *Opium*, Gene Laymon; *Jane's Father*, Tom Murray; *Trapper*, Billy Franey; *Indian Fighter*, Mark Hamilton.

"GENERAL CRACK"—WARNERS.—From the story by George Preedy. Adapted by Walter Anthony. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *General Crack*, John Barrymore; *Arch Duchess Maria Louisa*, Marian Nixon; *Emperor Leopold*, Lowell Sherman; *Fidelia*, Gypsy Girl, Armida; *Hensdorff*, Hobart Bosworth; *Countess Carola*, Jacqueline Logan; *Gabor*, Otto Matiesen; *Lieutenant Dennis*, Douglas Gerrard; *Colonel Pons*, Andres de Seguro; *Court Lady*, Julianne Johnson; *Captain Schmidt*, William Von Brincker; *Captain Banning*, Theodore Lodi; *Mme. Frump*, Mme. Daumery; *Crack's Aide*, Kurt Reahseld; *Pietro*, Gus Schocht; *Nina's Son*, Philippe de Lacy.

"GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by J. P. McEvoy. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: *Gloria Hughes*, Mary Eaton; *Buddy*, Edward Crandall; *Barbara*, Olive Shea; *Miller*, Dan Healy; *Mooney*, Kaye Renard; *Gloria's Mother*, Sarah Edwards; also Rudy Vallée and his orchestra; *Helen Morgan*, and *Eddie Cantor*.

"HALF WAY TO HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Here Comes the Bandwagon" by H. L. Gates. Adapted by George Abbott. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Ned Lee*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Greta Nelson*, Jean Arthur; *Nick*, Paul Lukas; *Madame Elsie*, Helen Ware; *Manager*, Oscar Apfel; *Mrs. Lee*, Edna West; *Slim*, Irvin Bacon; *Blackie*, Al Hill; *Doris*, Lucille Williams; *Klein*, Richard K. French; *Tony*, Freddy Anderson; *Eric*, Nestor Aber; *Station Master*, Ford West; *Farmer*, Guy Oliver.

"HIS FIRST COMMAND"—PATHE.—From the story by Jack Jungmeyer and James Gleason. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The cast: *Terry Culver*, William Boyd; *Judy Gaylord*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Lieut. Allen*, Gavin Gordon; *Jane*, Helen Parrish; *Col. Gaylord*, Alphonz Ethier; *Major Hall*, Howard Hickman; *Sergeant Westbrook*, Paul Hurst; *Corporal Jones*, Jules Cowles; *Mrs. Pike*, Rose Tapley; *Mrs. Sargent*, Mabel Van Buren; *Homer*, Charles Moore.

"HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the play "Olympia" by Ferenc Molnar. Screen story by Willard Mack. Directed by Lionel Barrymore. The cast: *Captain Kovacs*, John Gilbert; *Princess Orsolini*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Eugenie*, Nance O'Neil; *Krehl*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Mrs. Collingswood Stratton*, Hedda Hopper; *Priscilla Stratton*, Doris Hill; *Prince Luigi Caprilli*, Tyrrell Davis; *Lord York*, Gerald Barry; *Lady York*, Madeline Seymour; *Count Albert*, Richard Carle; *Countess Lina*, Eva Dennison; *Von Bergman*, Youcca Troubetzkoy; *General Ellinger*, Peter Gawthorne.

"HOLD YOUR MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the

story by Maxine Alton. Adapted by Harold Shumate. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: *Mary*, Laura La Plante; *Jack*, Scott Kolk; *Beno*, Eugene Borden; *Rhea*, Mildred Van Dorn.

"HOLLYWOOD STAR, A"—EDUCATIONAL-SENNETT.—From the story by John A. Waldron, Earle Rodney and Phil Whitman. Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: *Harry Gribbon*, Andy Clyde; *Marjorie Beebe*, Patsy O'Leary, Bert Swor.

"HURRICANE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Evelyn Campbell and Norman Springer. Continuity by Enid Hibbard. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Hurricane Martin*, Hobart Bosworth; *Dan*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Mary Stevens*, Leila Hyams; *Captain Black*, Allan Roscoe; *Dugan*, Tom O'Brien; *Mrs. Stevens*, Leila McIntyre; *Pete*, Joe Bordeaux; *Bull*, Eddie Chandler.

"IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?"—WARNERS.—From the story by Joseph Jackson and James A. Starr. Scenario by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: *Ted Todd*, Ted Lewis; *Gail Wilson*, Alice Day; *Lena Schmidt*, Ann Pennington; *Victor Molnar*, Lawrence Grant; *Mrs. Molnar*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Stage Manager*, Purnell Pratt; *Landlord*, Otto Hoffman.

"ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Crittenden Marriot. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Frank Howard*, Jason Robards; *Dorothy Renwick*, Virginia Valli; *Aunt Emma*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Captain Forbes*, Noah Beery; *Jackson*, the Detective, Robert O'Connor; *Gallagher*, Harry Cording; *Mrs. Gallagher*, Margaret Fielding; *Mother Burke*, Katherine Ward; *Mr. Burke*, Robert Homans; *Harry*, Jack Ackroyd; *Sam*, Sam Baker.

"IT'S A GREAT LIFE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Leonard Praskins. Adapted by Byron Morgan and Al Block. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Babe Hogan*, Vivian Duncan; *Casey Hogan*, Rosetta Duncan; *Mr. Parker*, Jed Prouty; *Benny Friedman*, Benny Rubin; *Jimmy Dean*, Lawrence Gray.

"JAZZ HEAVEN"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Pauline Forney and Dudley Murphy. Adapted by Cyrus Wood and Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Barry Holmes*, John Mack Brown; *Ruth Morgan*, Sally O'Neil; *Max Langley*, Clyde Cook; *Mrs. Langley*, Blanche Frederici; *Herman Kemple*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Walter Klucke*, Albert Conti; *John Parker*, J. Barney Sherry; *Miss Dunn*, Adele Watson; *Prof. Rowland*, Ole M. Ness; *Tony*, Henry Armetta.

"LONE STAR RANGER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by John Hunter Booth and Seton I. Miller. Directed by A. F. Erickson. The cast: *Buck Duane*, George O'Brien; *Mary Aldridge*, Sue Carol; *Phil Lawson*, Walter McGrail; *Bowery Kid*, Warren Hymer; *Col. Morgan Aldridge*, Russell Simpson; *Red Kane*, Lee Shumway; *Capt. McNally*, Roy Stewart; *Tom Laramie*, Colin Chase; *Jim Fletcher*, Richard Alexander; *Hank Jones*, Joel Franz; *Spike*, Joe Rickson; *Lem Parker*, Oliver Eckhardt; *Mrs. Lem Parker*, Caroline Rankin; *Sarah Martin*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Bud Jones*, Billy Butts; *Baby Jones*, Delmar Watson; *First Deputy*, William Steele; *Second Deputy*, Bob Fleming; *Stage Driver*, Ralph LeFevre.

"LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel "Ramblin' Kid" by Earl W. Bowman. Adapted by Howard Green. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *The Ramblin' Kid*, Hoot Gibson; *June*, Sally Eilers; *Ophelia*, Kathryn McGuire; *Mike Wilson*, James Mason; *Gyp*, Archie Ricks; *Skinny Rawlins*, Walter Brennan; *Col. Josh*, Howard Truesdell.

"LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH"—FOX.—From the story by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer. Adapted by Dana Burnet. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Luigi*, George Jessel; *Margarita*, Lila Lee; *Pasquale Gallupi*, David Rollins; *Enrico*, Henry Kolker; *Dr. Price*, Kenneth McKenna; *Mario*, John Reinhardt; *Mike*, Dick Winslow Johnson; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Sylvia*, Marcia Manon; *Barber*, Jerry Mandy.

"MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Children" by Edith Wharton. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *Judith Wheeler*, Mary Brian; *Marlin Boyne*, Frederic March; *Joyce Wheeler*, Lilyan Tashman; *Cliffe Wheeler*, Huntly Gordon; *Zinnia LaCrosse*, Kay Francis; *Lord Wrench*, William Austin; *Rose Sellers*, Seena Owen; *Terry*, Philippe de Lacy; *Blanca*, Anita Louise; *Zinnie*, Little Mitzi; *Astoria* (Bun), Billy Seay; *Beatrice* (Beechy), Ruby Parsley; *Chipstone* (Chip), Donald Smith; *Sybil Lullmer*, Jocelyn Lee; *Aunt Julia Langley*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Gerald Omerod*, David Newell; *Prince Matriano*, Armand Kaliz; *Miss Scopy*, Joan Standing; *Mr. Delafield*, Gordon DeMain.

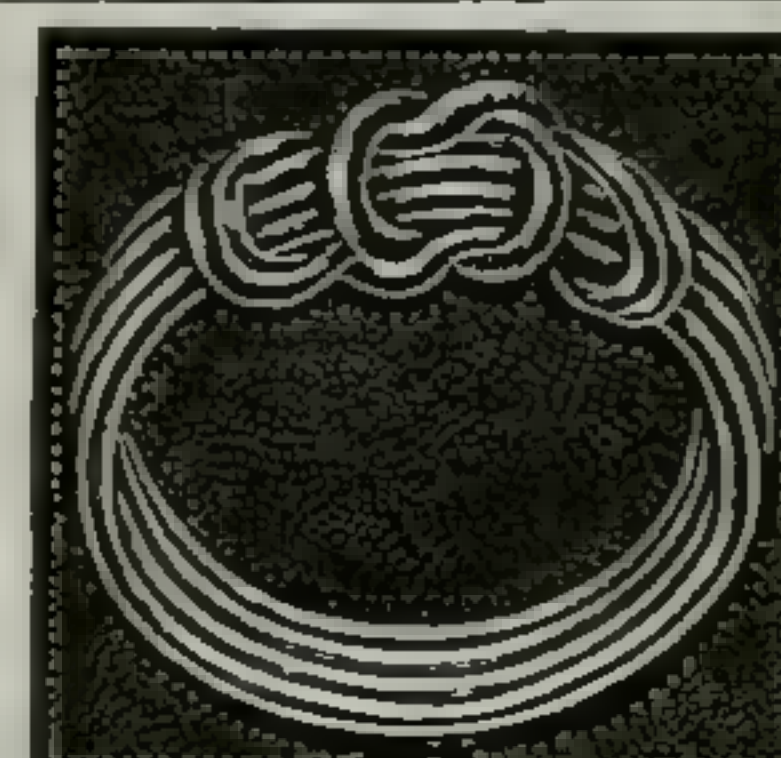
"NAVY BLUES"—M-G-M.—From the story by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Kelly*, William Haines; *Alice*, Anita Page; *Swede*, Karl Dane; *Mr. Brown*, J. C. Nugent; *Mrs. Brown*, Edythe Chapman; *Hilda*, Gertrude Sutton; *Chief Petty Officer*, Wade Boteler.



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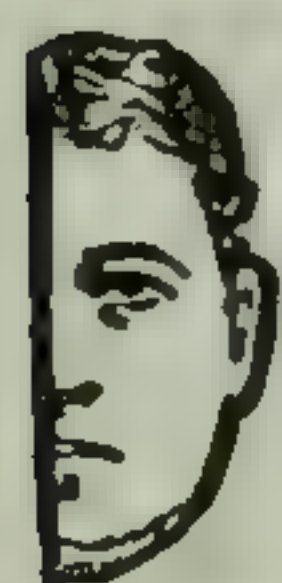
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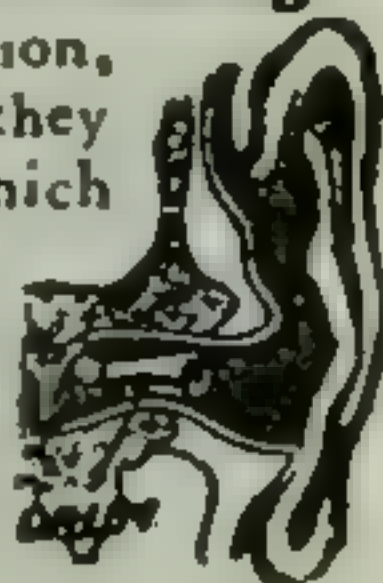
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see page 17

**"NIX ON DAMES"**—Fox.—From the story by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Maude Fulton and Frank Gay. Directed by Donald Gallagher. The cast: Jackie Lee, Mae Clarke; Bert Wills, Robert Ames; Johnny Brown, William Harrigan; Stella Foster, Maude Fulton; Ed Foster, George MacFarlane; Baring, Frederick Graham; Miss Woods, Camille Rovellet; Bonnie Tucker, Grace Wallace; Jim Tucker, Hugh McCormack; Cliff, Benny Hall; Billy, Marshall Ruth; Hoffman, Billy Colvin; Magnolia, Louise Beaver.

**"PARIS"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Martin Brown. Screen version by Hope Loring. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: Vivienne Rolland, Irene Bordoni; Guy Pennell, Jack Buchanan; Cora Sabbot, Louise Closser Hale; Andrew Sabbot, Jason Robards; Brenda Kaley, Margaret Fielding; Harriet, ZaSu Pitts.

**"RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Adapted by Basil Dean and Garrett Fort. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: Sherlock Holmes, Clive Brook; Dr. Watson, H. Reeves-Smith; Mary Watson, Betty Lawford; Captain Longmore, Charles Hay; Roger Longmore, Phillips Holmes; Colonel Moran, Donald Crisp; Prof. Moriarty, Harry T. Morey; Sergeant Grippier, Hubert Druce; Sparks, Arthur Mack.

**"ROAD SHOW, THE"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Bess Meredyth. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: Carlie, Bessie Love; Terry, Charles King; Eddie, Jack Benny; Lester, George K. Arthur; Polly, Polly Moran; Peggy, Gwen Lee; Daphne, Nita Martan; Cordova, Eddie Phillips; Bonnie, Marie Dressler; Lanning, Youcca Trubetzkoy.

**"ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE"**—Fox.—From the novel by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Pablo, Warner Baxter; Carlotta, Mary Duncan; Manuelita, Mona Maris; Juan, Antonio Moreno; Don Fernando, Robert Edeson; Vincente, Agostino Borgato; Padre Miguel, Albert Roccardi; Catalina, Solidad Jimenez; Dorry Wayne, Majel Coleman; Dick Rivers, Charles Byers; Luca, Merrill McCormick.

**"SEVEN FACES"**—Fox.—From the story by Richard Connell. Dialogue by Dana Burnett. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: Papa Chibou (and other characters), Paul Muni; Helen Berthelot, Marguerite Churchill; George Dufeyel, Young Lawyer, Russell Gleason; Judge Berthelot, Lester Loneragan; Madame Vallon, Eugenie Besserer; Henry Vallon, Walter Rogers; M. Pratouchy, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Catherine of Russia, Salka Steiner-mann.

**"SHANGHAI LADY"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John Colton. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: Cassie Cook, Mary Nolan; McKinney, James Murray; Repen, Wheeler Oakman; Mandarin, Anders Randolph; Polly Voo Frances, Lydia Yeamans Titus; Lizzie, Yola d'Avril; Rose, Mona Rico; Golden Almond, Irma Lowe.

**"SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by James Gleason. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Mickey Shannon, James Gleason; Emma Shannon, Lucille Webster Gleason; Swansey, Charles Grapewin; Tessie, Mary Philbin; Chuck, John Breeden; Bradford, Tom Santschi; E'die Allen, Harry Tyler; Alice Allen, Gladys Crohus; Minerva, Helen Mehrmann; Albee, Robert T. Haines;

Newt, Slim Summerville; Burt, Tom Kennedy; Hez, Walter Brennan.

**"SINS OF THE CRADLE"**—GOODWILL.—From the story by Annie L. MacDonald. Directed by Frank Mattison. The cast: Sister Regina, May Regan; Mrs. Mary Fields, Lydia Rogers; Louise Fields, June Marlowe; Mary Fields, Ann Preston; Malcolm Barber, Bob Seiter; Alonzo Burke, Charles Darrah; Mother Superior, Gertrude Kasal; Patsy, Cecelia Evans.

**"SKINNER STEPS OUT"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry Irving Dodge. Adapted by Matt Taylor. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: Skinner, Glenn Tryon; "Honey," Merna Kennedy; Jackson, E. J. Ratcliffe; McLaughlin, Burr McIntosh; Perkins, Lloyd Whitlock; Crosby, William Welsh; Mrs. Crosby, Katherine Kerrigan; Gates, Frederick Lee; Neighbor, Jack Lipson; Neighbor's Wife, Edna Marian.

**"SOUTH SEA ROSE"**—Fox.—From the story by Tom Cushing. Scenario by Sonya Levien. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Rosalie Dumay, Lenore Ulric; Captain Briggs, Charles Bickford; Dr. Tom Winston, Kenneth McKenna; Hackett, Farrell MacDonald; Sarah, Elizabeth Patterson; Willie Gump, Tom Patricola; Maid, Ilka Chase; Tavern Keeper and Trader, George MacFarland; Cabin Boy, Ben Hall; Mrs. Nott, Daphne Pollard; Ship's Cook, Roscoe Ates; Mother Superior, Charlotte Walker.

**"THIS THING CALLED LOVE"**—PATHE.—From the story by Edwin Burke. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: Robert Collings, Edmund Lowe; Ann Marvin, Constance Bennett; Harry Bertrand, Roscoe Karns; Clara Bertrand, ZaSu Pitts; Alvarez Guerra, Carmelita Geraghty; DeWitt, John Roche; Fred, Stuart Erwin; Dolly, Ruth Taylor; Dumary, Wilson Bengie; Secretary, Adele Watson.

**"3 SISTERS, THE"**—Fox.—From the story by George Brooks and Marion Orth. Screen play by James K. McGuinness and George Brooks. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: Maria, Louise Dresser; Tony, Tom Patricola; Count d'Amati, Kenneth McKenna; The Sisters (Carlotta), Joyce Compton, (Elena) June Collyer, (Antonia) Addie McPhail; Pasquale, Clifford Saum; Rinaldi, Paul Porcasi; Judge, John Sainpolis; Tilo, Sidney DeGrey.

**"VAGABOND LOVER, THE"**—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by James A. Creelman, Jr. Dialogue by James A. Creelman, Jr. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: Rudy, Rudy Vallée; Jean, Sally Blane; Mrs. Whitehall, Marie Dressler; Officer Tuttle, Charles Sellen; Swiftie, Norman Peck; Sam, Danny O'Shea; Sport, Eddie Nugent; Mrs. Tod Hunter, Nella Walker; Ted Grant, Malcolm Waite; Manager, Alan Roscoe; and Rudy Vallée's Connecticut Yankees.

**"VENUS"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Jean Vignaud. Directed by Louis Mercanton. The cast: Princess Beatrice Doriani, Constance Talmadge; De Valroy, Andre Roanne; Capt. Franqueville, Jean Murat; Zarkie, Max Maxudian; Captain of "Venus," Baron Fils; L'Enfant, Jean Mercanton.

**"WHISPERING WINDS"**—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the story by Jean Plannette. Continuity by Jean Plannette. Directed by James Flood. The cast: Dora, Patsy Ruth Miller; Jim, Malcolm McGregor; Eve Benton, Eve Southern; Jim's Mother, Eugenie Besserer; Pappy, James Marcus.



I have listened to but one talkie. I have it to thank for a prison sentence. And I am glad I listened to it! For the time being I am a number—not a man. I have been since early spring and it will be still another spring before I get my "outside money"—and see another talkie. Yet I am thankful that Mary Pickford and John Mack Brown played in "Coquette."

Imagine a fugitive with a reward on his head—think of him broke, and discouraged—picture him thinking of the wife and mother fate had caused him to leave behind. Then picture a "touch" for a "butt" and a "coffee and"—followed by a conversation and an invitation to a talkie

—after months back in the "sticks." Remember the sacrifice portrayed in "Coquette"? Picture that fugitive in the audience thinking of all the sacrifice he was causing.

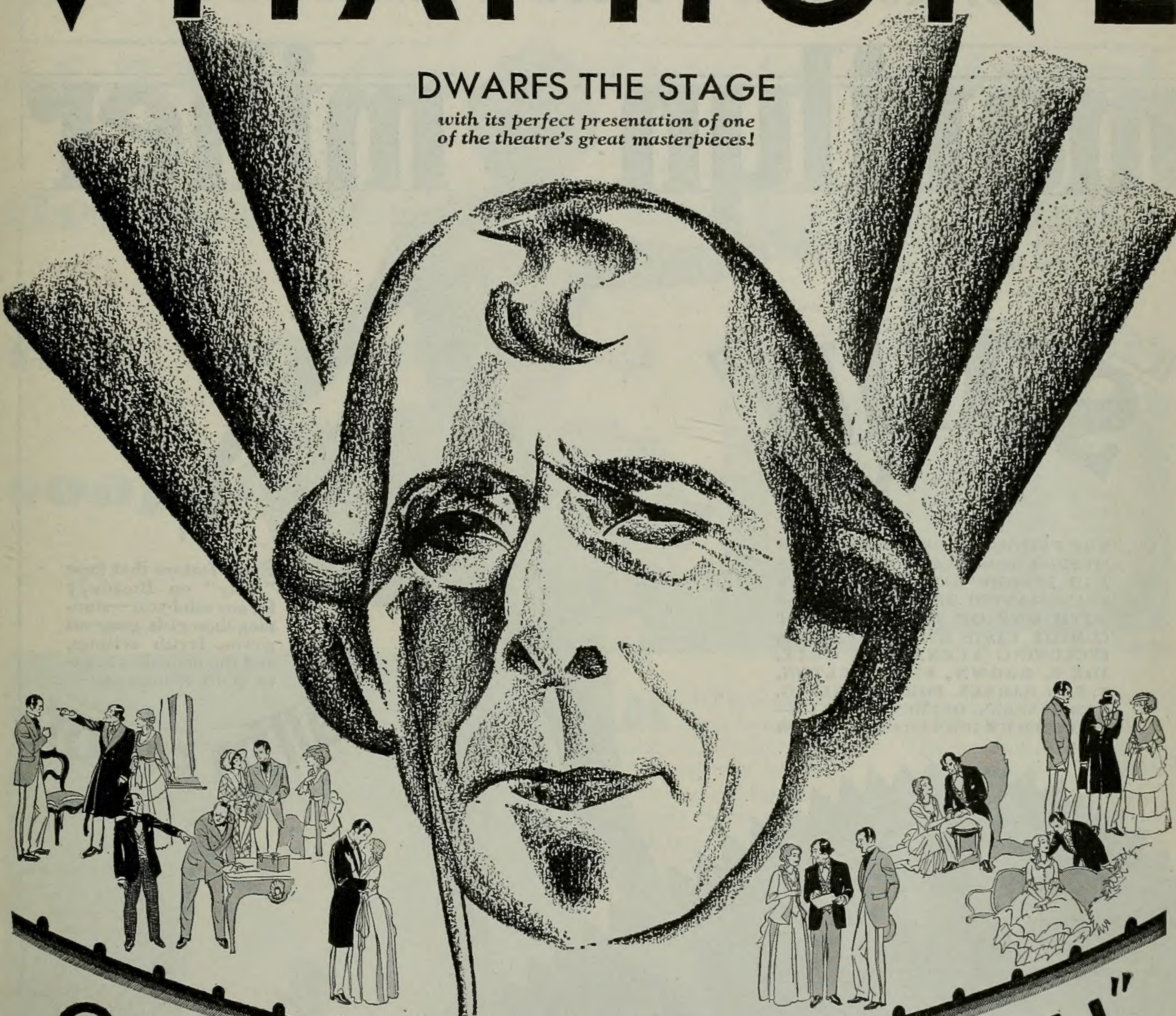
What more can I say? The following day I gave myself up, was tried, sentenced to many months away from talkies—away from "coquette"—a sacrifice for a sacrifice—but Freedom—Freedom to write to those who waited for a man who took the easy way. Through you I want to thank Mary Pickford and John Mack Brown—and the old gentleman who gave me a cigarette, a fifty cent piece, and the talkie that sent me to prison. I am a number—yet I will again be a man. A Number.



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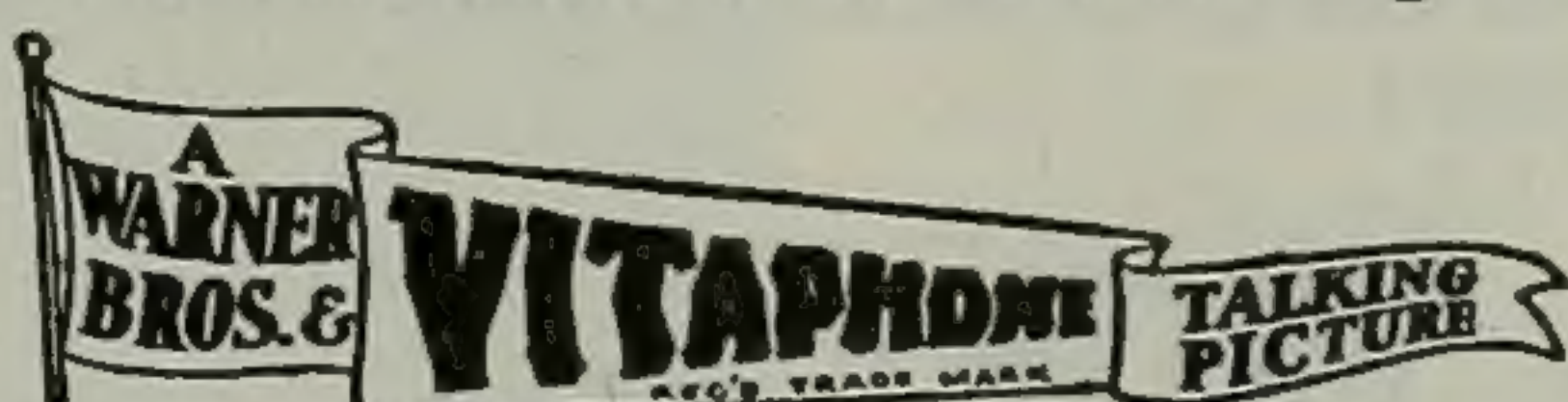
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ually mild complexion soap.

Just to assure you of the high standing of these dermatologists—fifty-six are professors in leading colleges of medicine; seventeen are consultants at metropolitan hospitals and clinics; all are leading physicians in their communities.

Now the only thing that remains is for you to discover that Camay is the gentlest, most fragrant friend your complexion *ever* had!

*Helen Chase*

**Face Your World With Loveliness**—is a free booklet of advice about skin care from 73 of America's leading dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-10, 509 Fifth Ave., New York.

## \*What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who

have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

*Dr. Allen Pusey*  
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)





You don't have to go to Paris to learn this: In 30 leading American cities, salespeople were asked which soap was safest for fine garments. In every single city, an overwhelming majority said, "Ivory."

## IN PARIS TOO...

*"But mademoiselle,  
one should always use Ivory for fine things"*

A friend of mine who got back from Paris three weeks ago was hardly off the boat before she said, "I have something to tell you about Ivory." . . . And this was the "something":

In one of her favorite Paris shops she had complained: "Some of the underwear you made for me last year faded rather badly."

"Ah, mademoiselle, a pity!" was the answer, with a vivid French gesture. "But you could not have washed it properly. You should always use your Ivory Soap—then we know our lingerie will *not* fade."

(And this was Paris—where a cake of Ivory Soap costs 20¢ and a 10¢ box of Ivory Flakes costs 28¢!)

I thanked my friend for her story, but I added, "You didn't have to go to Paris to learn that. You could have got advice like that in any good store right at home."

She laughed. "True, darling, but I seem to be one of those unfortunates who always have to learn from painful experience."

SALESPEOPLE ALL OVER AMERICA ADVISE IVORY  
Salespeople in leading American stores who probably know more about the practical care of delicate clothes

than anybody else, will tell you that when you use Ivory—in cake or flake form—you never need worry about your soap.

"Ivory is pure and safe," say salespeople from San Francisco to New York. "No complaints from customers who use Ivory." "Many other soaps cut and rot silks in time." "Woolens are fluffier when washed with Ivory—silks keep their color." "The manufacturers we deal with advise Ivory."

You yourself will hear statements like these when you inquire in the leading stores. And you will find that Ivory is the *only* soap which is never criticised by salespeople as being "too strong" for delicate woolens and fine silks.

Briefly, you don't have to ruin a precious garment, or go to Paris, to learn which soap is safest for your nice things. You can just go into any good store and ask.

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

*Free*—A little book, "Thistledown treasures—their selection and care," gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VV-10, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# IVORY



*—kind to everything it touches—*

99 44/100% PURE